THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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Second Edition

2 O'CLOCK

☞ THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

A RUNAWAY BOY.

TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE COUNTRY CIRCUS.

He Finds Himself Miles From Home Without the Means to Return—Another Instance Where All That Glitters is not Gold.

There is always some kind of a story connected with a circus, or a show like a circus and the "Country Circus" which is here now furnishes a little story with runaway boys as principals. The circus always has attractions for youngsters and in every town there are to be found youths who become stage and circus struck.

When the "Country Circus" showed in Washington recently three boys who saw it were fascinated by the splendor of the last act. Two lived in Washington, the other in Baltimore. When the show left Washington two weeks ago these three boys left with it, running away from home. They boarded the cars in which the animals are transported and applied for a "job." They claim, or at least one of them claims, that they were promised work.

They staid with the company doing odd jobs, until yesterday, when they reached Lowell. While here, one of them, Conrad Neaman, aged 16 years of Washington, was told by the man who has charge of the horses, to get out of the car and not go near it again. This was a hard blow for the boy who has no money or friends.

He met a SUN reporter whom he told a story which, if true, shows hard experience. He said he was given hopes of getting a job, and went with the company cleaning horses and cars, and sleeping in the cars, and sometimes in a stable. For pay, for the two weeks, young Neaman said he received not over 75 cents. Some days the boss would give him 10 cents, but never more than 25 cents. He could not write home as the show played to one night stands, and as he was kept working all the time. The best meal he had had since going with the circus was a plate of beans and a cup of coffee. In regard to his trouble here in Lowell he said that he was cleaning out a car, and his hands were numb with the cold. Going to where there was a stove he sat down to warm his hands, and was told to get out and not come near the place again. His breakfast and dinner yesterday consisted of four rolls. The boy admits that he was never hired to work on the cars. He was in a sad plight yesterday afternoon when Daniel F. Carey, the well known horse clipper of Church street heard his story. Mr. Carey taking pity on the lad gave him some old clothes, food and a night's lodging. The boy is now waiting for a chance to get home. His two companions are content with their lot and are willing to follow the show.

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY

Is Recommended to be Returned to His Present Pastorate.

The quarterly conference of the Central M.E. church was held last night, Presiding Elder J.W. Lindsay, D.D., acted as moderator.

The pastor reported an increase of 61 new members, 24 by letter, and 37 after probation, and have still 42 on probation, a net gain of 84.

Financially, the times considered, the church has flourished on its plan of free seats and weekly offerings, and is only $200 behind its usual receipts. The church and pastor have worked together very harmoniously.

The church then adopted the following: "Resolved, That this quarterly conference do and will stand by and indorse our pastor, Mr. Montgomery, in all lines of the gospel work he is at present carrying on among us."

It was also unanimously voted to request the return of Brother Montgomery to this church for another year.

The following church officers and committees were then chosen: Trustees, George T. Whitney, James Nixon, David True, William S. McBrayne, William Delmage, W. L. Hill, Richard Pendergast, A. J. Bixby and C. D. Washburn.

Stewards—George E Maker, W. W. Ingalls, C. S. Hill, Osborn Merrill, Henry O. Brooks, Mrs. J. Harper, E. B. Bailey, John S. Crawford, Thomas R. Atkinson, C. W. Locke, Chas. S. Ranlett, Charles Burnham, Mrs. Mary A. Seymour; district steward, Charles W. Locke; recording steward, Henry O. Brooks.

Educational committee—Martin S. Thompson, Helen C. Montgomery, Chas. W. Locke, Jessie Bailey, Lewis E. McBrayne.

Sunday school—Henry A. Mead, Charles S. Ranlett, George Lemond, Henry H. Warner, Mrs. William Coote, Edna Harper, George Frost, Guy S. Mitchell.

Church music—E. B. Bailey, Henry O. Brooks, Martin B. Thompson.

Parsonage and furniture—C. D. Washburn, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Coote.

Church records—C. D. Washburn, E. B. Bailey.

Estimating—Richard Pendergast, W. L. Hill, C. D. Wasburn, J. McAskie, Martin B. Thompson.

Missionary—Stewards and trustees.

Tracts—Mrs. M. B. Thompson, Mrs. A. Fisher, Mrs. Harper.

Temperance—Frank Hart, Idella Wilson, Mrs. Rogers, J. McAskie, Joseph Noyes.

Auditing—Charles W. Locke, Martin B. Thompson.

Church extension—Stewards and class leaders.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Catherine Provost took place this morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church in Graniteville, where a high mass of requiem was offered up by Rev. Fr. Shaw. The funeral was very well attended and there were several floral offerings. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery in this city.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hogan will take place tomorrow afternoon.

Can Use Memorial Hall.

The lands and buildings committee held a brief session yesterday forenoon and voted to allow the Wauhatchi Command Union Veterans' Union, the use of Memorial hall. After the meeting the committee visited the school houses of the city.

The street committee meet this afternoon and the First street extension may be considered.

SOME PERTINENT TALK.

HOW A YOUNG MAN'S TALENT WAS WELL RECOGNIZED.

He Turns His Hand to Newspaper Work and Outstrips the Veterans and Outwits a Dozen of Gotham's Detectives—Some Opinions on Other Interesting Matters.

A well known young man about town—that is he is used to be about town—who recently disappeared from view and showed up a few weeks ago in the train of a theatrical company, told a pretty good romance of his wanderings. He is gifted with "gab" to an abnormal degree and so his romance was taken by his friends with more than the traditional grain of salt.

To tell it very much after his own style will give the story flavor; "Well," said he, "I was a little strapped so I went out to H—— and went into the theatrical business. I had pretty good luck in the summer and when business was good I made $1200. But business got bad again and I lost nearly all the $1200.

"I was getting tired of the town so I thought I'd go to New York. I blew into town and lived on champagne for quite a while. Then I found that my money did not hold out so I had to make a living somehow. I went to the Hoffman house and got a room; then I thought I'd try newspaper work for a while. I sailed over to the World office and went right up to the editor's room."

"I said to him 'I'm a student and want to go to work on your paper doing police court. I can do it and you want a good man in that line of work.'

"Said the editor to me 'I'll put your name on the list.'

"I said: 'Now, Mr. Editor, you know that won't do; I'm hard up; I've got to work to get money to buy my meals; you can give me a trial right away.'

"The editor said: 'Well, we have enough legal reporters just at present, and I don't know as we can use you.'"

"I said 'you must, because I can do good work.'

"Then the editor asked 'Where are you stopping?'

"I said 'At the Hoffman.'

"'Well, I'll tell you what to do,' said the editor, 'you go to the hotel across the street, recross it and then write me a column of it.'

"I said 'all right' and I went over to the Hoffman. I crossed the street, and didn't see anything; I recrossed it and didn't see anything. I tell you I was discouraged, so I went to the barroom and got some encouragement.

"I crossed and recrossed the street again and didn't see anything; again I got encouragement in the barroom. I went out again and crossed and recrossed the street; again more encouragement.

"The next time I crossed the street I thought I saw something and after more encouragement in the barroom I was certain I saw something. I took more encouragement, and crossed and recrossed the street seven or eight times; then I ordered a bottle of brandy and cigars and went up to my room.

"I sat down and dashed off a column and a half story; then I put out the light and turned in.

"The next morning I took the story down to the World office and gave it to the editor. He said he would look it over. I didn't believe it would amount to anything as I simply dashed it off and forgot to read what I had written.

"That afternoon I bought a World and there was the story under a big heading. I was surprised I can tell you, but I went down to the office and talked with the editor.

"He said it was a pretty good story, and had been copied by all the papers. 'You'll do!' so he assigned me to the police court work, and to work up the cases where the police wouldn't give out any information. I ran down a great case where there were twelve detectives chasing a man. I knew all about the case and where the man was, so I said to the editor, 'I can hunt that man up and give you a big 'scoop' on it.' The editor replied, 'Then you'd better take hold of the case; don't spare any expense, and give us the details'

"I know I had a hard case, so I drew $500 and started after the man who was in Chicago. I knew the detectives, but they didn't know me, so I outwitted them. I got pretty 'chummy' and blew in a pile of cash getting familiar; but I got the story and when the detectives landed their man the World was the only paper to have the story.

"While I was out in Chicago I incidentally looked over the World's Fair, and I didn't hurry either, for the paper was paying the bills.

"When I came back to New York, the editor said: 'That's a pretty good piece of work you did; we'll use you again.' So a little later he wanted me to 'write up' a cattle steamer. The paper was to make all the arrangements and the office gave me five hundred dollars. I was to sail on a certain day. When the day came I went to the steamer and found that the paper had failed to make arrangements. The captain, who was a very nice chap, said he was sorry he couldn't take me. Of course I told him I didn't want him to do anything wrong, and I would not bother him. I dined with him and had a jolly time. When I returned to my hotel I wrote to the editor and told him the circumstances returning the $500. I did not want to impose upon the paper after its kindness. Then as there was no imporant business to do I came home."

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There is a barber not far from the post office who is an artist in arranging an improvised chair. Having had occasion for sometime to form a temporary makeshift for a chair he finally became very skillful in supplementing the form of the customer with a backing of pillows and cushions which followed the curvature of the spine, the roundness of the shoulders, the easy bend of the limbs and the support of the head. Indeed the chairs were so easy that customers who settled down in them fell asleep right away and many after waking wanted to buy the chair that had such a power to lure sweet slumbers. This barber thus evolved the idea of constructing a sleeping chair, one in which the most sleepless mind will sink in sweetest slumbers. This gentleman intends to apply for a patent on some of his sleep producing chairs and as he is yet a Young man if he continues to evolve new ideas in the form of easy chairs he may be wealthy before he dyes.

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Mr. T. C—— of Belvidere is not a pugilist, he never trained as a boxer, but he is not unacquainted with the weight of a stove or the secret of making out a good plumbing bill in the winter when the pipes get frozen. But he is remarkably well informed on the subject of prize fighting. There is hardly a fighter of any prominence in the country whose record he cannot repeat verbatim and he is sought by many of the sporting fraternity for his views on the merits of boxers, light and heavy weights, and upon the probable outcome of pending challenges. The men who want to bet on a fight usually get his opinion before placing their bets. His memory on such matters is good and his judgment is better.

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There is now a desire among some young ladies to take up kindergarten work at the kindergarten training school. A good story is told by Supt. Whitcomb of an applicant for admission—her name was not mentioned of course—who gave as proof of her qualification the fact that she belonged to a very large family and would therefore have a sort of intimate knowledge of kindergarten work. The superintendent did not seem to catch her idea and the lady soon disappeared.

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The popularity of manual training with the boys in the highest grammar grade of each school is surprising. No matter how distant their homes within the city limits they arrive punctually on time usually at 7 o'clock and work till 9 with the closest attention to their business. Each pupil has an exercise to perform—they do not all work upon the same exercise at the same time—and each makes a drawing indicating what is to be done. Each exercise embodies a principle such as the making of a joint, wood splicing, dovetailing, etc., and in each different tools are usually required. Thus any complete exercise comprises first the drawing which must be neat and accurate, next the application of the various tools required and finally the test or measurement as to accuracy. During the process of the work many problems arise requiring the exercise of the judgment, close observation and manual dexterity. All these are developed in manual training and hence the branch is as truly educational as is the study of arithmetic or geometry. Parents of pupils should call at the old city hall any evening and see how the work progresses. They will be surprised to find their boys making such rapid progress.

Why this hurrah over the "popular interest in Shakespeare?" Why this pointing a moral to managers and critics? "Henry VIII," is now given in sumptuous manner at the Tremont Theatre. Who is the hero: Shakespeare or the stage carpenter?—Journal.

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Irving and Miss Terry are people of great social prestige. Miss Terry shows more real art than does the great theatrical star in whose rays she is allowed to bask. Irving as a tragedian is a pronounced failure. His voice is weak, his face is almost a blank so far as expression goes, and his action is of the most common place kind. In his Henry VIII. when he played Cardinal Wolsey he had one of the finest opportunities for a display of talent in Wolsey's soliloquy on his fall from greatness. The speech is perhaps the finest in the language and although Irving exerted himself in it he did not attain anything like the distinct and pronounced effect of voice and action usually achieved by great tragedians in impassioned Irving is more of a fad than most people imagine. The scenic effects produced are gorgeous and but for these the rendition of some of of Shakespeare's finest inspirations as given by Irving would fall flat.

BOWLING NEWS.

The Lowell Highlands bowled and were defeated in a very close game on the Oxford alleys at Lynn, last night. It was a game where the last box was necessary to decide the contest. The margin for the Oxford's victory was eight pins. The score was as follow:

OXFORDS.				Totals.
Keene	152	172	141	465
Connor	140	140	158	438
Hay	213	161	148	522
Purrington	139	176	219	534
Lord	160	159	153	472
Totals	864	808	819	2491
LOWELL HIGHLANDS				
Shaw	148	147	175	470
Anderson	161	166	136	463
Chandler	180	164	161	505
Cheney	172	164	157	493
Barnwell	177	153	162	492
Totals	838	794	791	2423

In the Vesper schedule last night these scores were made:

Team Three—Bean 429, Holmes 489, Mitchell 452, Battles 422, Kimball 364, total 2151.

Team Two—Leigh 420, J. K. Whittier 489, Sidebottom 360, Corner 360, Muckland 360, total 1998.

The Lowells defeated a picked team from the Highlands last night, in a game of high scores, as follows:

Lowells—McCurdy 522, Kerwin 458, French 447, Swift 496, Murray 488, total 2411.

Highland Juniors—Morse 473, Smith 454, Peabody 526, Brown 438, Dickerman 468, total 2339.

Capt. Conant's team fought a hard game against Team Five in the L. C. A. A. schedule last night and was defeated, even while J. B. Swift put up a score of 557.

Team Five—Clogston, 469; Sherwood, 451; Grant, 464; Butcher, 412; Comber, 451; total, 2238.

Team Four—Swift, 557; Conant, 445; Edwards, 433; Myers, 427; Illsley, 305; total, 2173.

The Bankers in teams Six and Three fought out a lively match yesterday and the latter won by a margin of 112 pins. The scores were:

Team Six—L. H. Swift 442, G. Coburn 372, F. Coburn 441, Perley 300, total 1553.

Team Three—Murphy 471, Gibson 355, Hurd 417, Butterfield 424, total 1667.

A team from the Highland club defeated a picked team from the Melrose club, on the Boylston alleys in Boston last night, with fair scores as follows:

Highlands—Sturtevant 457, Kirby 510, Saunders 471, Paulint 402, Ela 460; total, 2300.

Melrose—Bruce 548, Burnham 397, Evans 337, Dennison 441, Tilston 454; total, 2224.

The big cry of the bowlers around town is "Give us an inter club tournament on Les Miserables' alleys." Early in the season THE SUN said a tournament would be started to be known as a "city tournament" for local championship, the league teams to be debarred. It is probable that at the end of the L. C. A. A. tournament the city tournament will be started. The Lowell, Pastimes, Highland juniors, Vesper juniors, Miserables juniors, L. C. A. A., Raleigh and police teams are ready to enter.

It would be possible to make the tournament lively by arranging the schedule so that each team meets each of its opponents in two games. This plan is being carried out in the L. C. A. A. tournament and is very successful. When one team is defeated by another in the first round the defeated team makes up its mind to defeat the victorious team on the second round. This plan does away with the one-sideness, for a strong team in the first half is pretty certain of falling in the second. If the membership of the city tournament should include a number of teams, the schedule could be arranged for four teams to bowl each night.

Dan Donohoe has a three string total of 584 on Miserables alleys, and Frank Rawson holds the single string total of 228.

The Waverleys defeated the Salems on the Hyde Park alleys last night in a league match, 2340 to 2126. Four of the Salem men were under 423, and only Hull bowled in decent form with 476.

The Miserables attributed waxed alleys as the cause of their defeat Wednesday at Roxbury. The same trouble prevailed at their previous defeat. The Vespers bowled on waxed alleys at Newton Thursday night and won with big scores. The league rules prohibit wax and a kick was made on the Lowell alleys, yet other clubs are permitted to violate the rule.

MR. CHILDS

Philadelphia's Millionaire Has Passed Away.

THE END CAME EARLY THIS MORNING.

Sketch of the Great Philanthropist's Career.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—George Childs' illness ended in his death at 3.01 this morning. At midnight his physicians issued a bulletin, stating that his respiration, which became embarrassed at 10 p. m., was steadily growing worse; that his pulse was lagging, and his condition was beyond hope. After midnight the patient sank rapidly, and it soon became certain that the end was very near.

At the bedside when the beloved journalist and philanthropist passed away were George C. Thomas and James W. Paul of the firm of Drexel & Co.; Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel; Miss Peterson, niece of Mrs. Childs; Miss Stanley, companion to Mrs. Childs, and Colonel Edward De Morrell.

Mr. Childs was not conscious from 10 o'clock, at which hour the final change became noticeable, up to the time of his death

He faded gradually away, his respiration and pulse becoming fainter as the minutes slipped away, until they ceased altogether, and Dr. Leidy, who held the dying man's wrist, announced that all was over and Mr. Childs was no more.

Sketch of His Career.

George W. Childs gave his money away in the most practical and the most impractical fashion. He pensioned all who wore out in his service, which was very practical. He would subscribe to put a stained glass window in a church in memory of a poet who had been dead two centuries, though an ocean rolled between that church and Mr. Childs' business office. This was very impractical. The truth is that Mr. Childs' charities were so numerous and embraced so wide a range that they touched the extremities.

George William Childs was born in Baltimore in 1829. The practical part of his makeup was born with him. When he was 12 years of age he spent a summer vacation as errand boy in a book store at a salary of $2 a week and enjoyed it. Soon after he removed to Philadelphia and entered a store, doubtless as a mixture of clerk and errand boy.

When he became of age he went into business with Mr. Peterson under the firm name of R. E. Peterson & Co. The only interval in his business career was 15 months in the United States navy when he was 18, but he couldn't abide the navy.

One of the first successful books published by Peterson & Childs was Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." Then the firm got out Parson Brownlow's book, selling 50,000 copies in advance. This was another remarkable success, which was followed by others not far behind.

In 1864 Mr. Childs purchased The Public Ledger. The war, by greatly increasing the cost of labor and material, chiefly white paper, had made it impossible to continue, save at a loss, the publication of The Ledger as a penny paper. It had been sold at a cent ever since it was started in 1836, and Messrs. Swain & Abell, then the proprietors, thought they had lost over $100,000 by keeping the rate at 6 1-4 cents a week, were averse to a change.

Built Up the Ledger.

Mr. Childs had good business judgment, but it required something more than judgment to pay $150,000 for a piece of property losing that amount annually—it required pluck. The owner at the end of the first week doubled the price and advanced the advertising rate. There was a considerable falling off of advertisements, but the paper had become a medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends, and the first loss of patronage was soon regained, and from then till now The Ledger has grown in prosperity. It paid Mr. Childs at the time of his death more than $1000 a day clear profit.

Of Mr. Childs' charities, even those which are known are too numerous to catalogue. But doubtless the unknown charities surpassed those which were manifest. He gave away a fortune every year. One who once saw a private record of his charities has said that, though the period covered was only one month, the total given was $28,000.

Mr. Childs' private sanctum in the Philadelphia Ledger office was at once a reception room and a gathering place for curios and objects of art from every part of the globe. The walls are almost entirely covered with the portraits of the editor's friends, while the cabinets and tables are loaded with relics.

An ivory miniature of Washington, set in gold, has a lock of his hair in the back of the locket under glass. Tom Moore's college gown hangs on a chair, a faded, rusty garment in which it is said the poet graduated, and his harp, 18 inches in height, painted green and gilded, stands under a glass cover on the table.

There are Japanese carvings of bamboo wood and Cloisonne, royal Worcester china, Sevres china, a Moorish repousse silver gilt pitcher 700 years old, an exquisite little silver jewel casket which belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, a carved Japanese stone (very rare), a Buddhist hanging lamp and some relics of the Greely expedition. General Grant's picture hangs above Mr. Childs' desk, and the tall Dutch clock presented by Mrs. Grant marks the passing hours.

Mr Childs' residence is in keeping with so splendid an office. The library is particularly rich in rare books, original letters from all the presidents of the United States, and many other distinguished personages. There are also the original copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," which probably set the printers into a frenzy of bewilderment.

Lord Byron's writing desk is another interesting relic, as well as the "Black Book of Taymouth" in a rich binding of black calf, with the tooling in clear gold. The shelves of the library are filled with presentation copies of books from leading authors of England and America, each one containing the autograph of the donor.

In 1888 there was a movement made to bring Mr. Childs' name forward for the presidency, but he peremptorily declined to permit his friends to do so. Other less important offices have been often suggested for him, but he always seemed to [illegible]

One of Mr. Childs' hobbies was the cultivation of distinguished people, but while he aspired to be intimate with those in power he took equal pride in the friendship of those whose fame brought with it no substantial influence.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A Finely Planned Robbery Which Failed to Materialize.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb 3.—One of the most daring schemes at robbery ever concocted in this city was revealed when Victor H. Echorn of the Pennsylvania Salt Works company endeavored to steal $15,000 of the company's money from the runner of the Southwark bank. It was a finely matured scheme, and was carried out in every detail, with the exception that instead of getting the $15,000 the man got a bag full of bricks and paper, and was himself caught red-handed.

Echorn's plan was to have the runner from the Southwark bank, bringing $15,000 to meet the bi-weekly payroll, waylaid and robbed. He needed an assistant or two, and on Jan. 14 he inserted an advertisement in a morning paper "for men of nerve." George C. Thomas of New York, who was in this city seeking employment, answered the advertisement, as did also Frank J. Mullins, and both were engaged, but they "blew" to the police, and when the company's messenger walked out of the bank yesterday he carried a "dummy" canvas pouch marked $12,500 in big letters.

According to prearrangement, the details of which were all known to the police, Thomas was stationed in the hall leading to the company's office and Mullins was posted on the steps outside, while a wagon stood on Letitia street, just above the corner of Chestnut. The bank wagon stopped in front of the door and the messenger jumped out with his "dummy," and as soon as he reached the hall he was met by Thomas, who grabbed the pouch and ran.

The two men hastened to the wagon, jumped in and started for Market street.

Just as they reached the corner of Second they were joined by Echorn, who carried a small hand satchel. Before he could be comfortably seated, however, two detectives mounted the vehicle and took him into custody.

Thomas was to get $2500, Mullins $1500 and the rest was to go to Echorn.

GLAD TO GET HOME.

Seamen From Brazil's Warships Tell of Inhuman Treatment.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The steamer Wordsworth, from Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco, brought parts of the crews of the Brazilian cruisers America and Nictheroy. From the former there were 42 officers and men and from the latter five men. No complaint was heard from them against their treatment by the Brazilian government.

The seamen, however, have a good deal to say against the America's officers, who, they declare, treated them at times almost inhumanly. James Oxford, a seaman, hailing from Bangor, Me., declared that the food offered was repulsive. At Pernambuco he was put on shore without money. He slept on the street pavements of Pernambuco and went without food for 48 hours.

In all, Oxford said, there were 56 men sent ashore at the time he was sent, and that three were left on shore for dead, while one, George Cameron, had become insane and was sent to an asylum. The men say that they are going to the office of Charles R. Flint & Co. to endeavor to obtain a balance that they claim is due them.

On the other hand, the officers say that the "Indians," as they called the seamen, had nothing to complain of. They were a drunken, mutinous set of men, who could be subjected only by severe treatment. All the officers unite in condemning the storing of liquor on the vessel. They say that this was done by the Brazilian government. The men broke open the storehouse and helped themselves freely. Thence originated all the trouble.

A Beautiful Sight.

NICE, Feb. 3.—One of the principal features of the carnival was the battle of flowers, which occurred yesterday. Many carriages contested for the prize offered for the most beautiful arrangement of flowers. The first prize was awarded to a carriage ornamented with yellow flowers.

New Customs Collectors.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The senate made public these confirmations: To be collectors of customs—Thomas C. Day, for the district of Barnstable, Mass.; William C. Waters, district of Salem and Beverly, Mass.

Miners Wouldn't Stand a Cut.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 3.—Coal mines about Bellaire on the Ohio river are closed by a strike. Over 2000 persons are out of employment. The cause is assigned to a cut in wages from 70 to 50 cents a ton.

Nine Months at Three Per Cent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Morgan & Bartlett have placed a loan of $1,000,000 for the city of Boston to run nine months, or until Nov. 1, at 3 per cent interest, to be paid when the loan matures

PERSONAL.

Mr. William P. Phelps, the artist, met with a serious accident at his residence at Chetham, N. H., recently. While going down cellar, carrying a lamp, he fell and fractured two ribs. He managed to crawl up stairs, where he lay on the floor for some time in great agony, as he was alone in the house at the time.

Miss Helen Montgomery, daughter of Rev. Hugh Montgomery, has accepted the position of teacher of languages at Bernston academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Phelps, (the latter born Miss Grace E Besse) of Dorchester, are happy over the advent of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Putnam and Mr. James Bayles sail next Wednesday for the West Indies to be gone a month.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Isabella Dean, aged 28 years, died yesterday at her home, 218 Lawrence street. She leaves a husband and one child.

Mrs. Ruth W. Smith, aged 76 years died yesterday afternoon at her home in Chelmsford.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

Look Out For Her.

People residing in the Highlands, are being called upon by a woman who seeks funds, claiming that she desires to go to her home in Michigan and has not sufficient money to pay her fare.

She represents to those whom she approaches that she was sent by some prominent resident whose names she gives.

Who does your printing? The Sun job print would do it well and save you money.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

GOVERNOR GREENHALGE

LECTURES UPON GOOD READING AT HIGHLAND CLUB.

It Was the Usual Eloquent Effort and the Governor Informally Received at its Conclusion—The Occasion Quite Enjoyable.

For the first time since its organization, Governor Greenhalge visited the Highland club house last evening and entertained the members and their friends with a delightful lecture on "Good Reading."

The governor was accompanied by Private Secretary Thomas and reached the club house about 7.30 o'clock. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause, which was renewed when Rev. F. O. Hall arose and in a few well chosen word introduced His Excellency to the select audience.

The governor expressed his pleasure at being able to be present with the members of the Highland club, and said that though he is a member of the club, this was the first time he has ever been in the elegantly appointed home. Proceeding to the subject of the lecture he said:

Some of the best expressions in our language are to be found in the works of the poet, but some of these expressions cannot be properly presented from a public platform. He had learned to make a distinction between those things which should be read in the presence of an audience that has a particular liking for some special poet, and the utterance that strike us all at once as pat and appropriate.

There is something charming and attractive even in the popular songs, such even as the "Bowery," "Daisy Belle" and the "Two Little Girls in Blue."

Shakespeare and Milton cannot be properly understood at a single reading. During the lecture the governor read two poems by Edward Roland Lill, entitled, "Words, Words, Words," and "The Fool's Prayer," and closed with "Sabine" which was delivered in a masterly manner.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the governor, held a brief reception and shook hands with all those present. He took the 9.25 train for Boston.

SPORTING NEWS.

Thomas Flaherty and Johnny T. Cairns signed articles to spar to a finish last night the contest to be at catch weights for a purse of $200 before a Boston club and is to be pulled off during the present month. The match will create considerable interest about town.

The Metropole club of Providence has again been given a license to run sparring exhibitions.

Ike O'Neil Weir says: "I am entirely agreeable to a meeting with Jerry Barnett in New York, and let him weigh 124 pounds. I am giving him six pounds. My sole ambition in finish fighting is a match with George Dixon. I have a new woodcut of myself which I am going to use on my envelopes and letterheads. I shall have "Featherweight Champion of the World' printed beneath it, and Dixon, Griffo, Griffin or any featherweight who disputes my right to the title can come and fight me. I am not so hard to please as fighters who have managers."

LOCAL NOTES.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

The February gala week will be the Putnam Guards bazaar, opening Monday week. You can spare $1 for a season ticket.

Six lessons and a good banjo or guitar for $10, $5 in advance. This hard time offer good for a few weeks only. J. A. Handly, assistant to W. E. Stratton, 40 P. O. block.

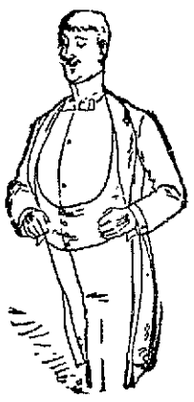
The marriage of William Conners and Miss Annie Cullinan occurred Wednesday evening at the parochial residence of the Immaculate Conception church. J. Cassidy was best man and Miss Agnes L. Cullinan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. The couple were the recipients of many presents. They will reside in Bartlett street.

At the Sacred Heart parochial residence Wednesday evening, Rev. Fr. Lavole united in marriage Mr. John McLean and Miss Rose Baxter. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Lincoln street. Mr. John Crowley was best man and Miss Ida Baxter bridesmaid.

The Lowell Reform club and the ladies' auxiliary gave a charity party at Columbia hall last evening, which was a great success both socially and financially. The dance order contained 30 numbers and music was furnished by McElroy's orchestra. E. M. Bowers was general manager; Hugh F. Williams floor director, and R. I. Hallowell chairman of the reception committee.

The box party given by the Burkes Temperance Institute at its hall on Middle street, last evening, was attended by about 50 couples. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock and continued till midnight. At 11 o'clock an intermission was taken and the boxes were auctioned. The officers in charge were as follows; Patrick H. Kane, manager, assisted by John H. McGinnis, floor director, Daniel Donohoe; aids, Joseph Murphy, Thomas Farrell, Thomas Higgins and John Maguire.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.



No instructed man nowadays will appear after 6 o'clock p. m. at a formal social entertainment in anything but a dress suit.

The question of evening dress has been simplified by Rogers, Peet & Co., who provide dress suits that are made better and fit better than those turned out by most custom tailors, and for about half the cost.

We furnish these suits made with all the latest touches, $25 to $45, with one of less expensive material for $21.

We have also all that is necessary to complete the evening outfit.

Full Dress White Vests, Full Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties, and French Lawn Bows.

Full Dress Shields, Evening Gloves, Black Hosiery, Silk Hats and Cape Overcoats.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

A CLEVER SWINDLE.

Bottle of Cold Tea Replaces a Bottle of Whiskey.

Another clever swindle was worked on a local saloon keeper a few nights ago. A young man went into a saloon about six o'clock and asked the clerk for a pint of the best whiskey, 75 cent goods. The clerk filled a pint bottle from the barrel and gave it to the customer who put it in his pocket and began fumbling in his pockets for the money to pay for his pint. He found that he hadn't enough and asked the clerk to trust him. The latter couldn't see it, and the would-be customer gave him back the bottle saying, "Leave that aside, I will be back with the money in a few minutes." He went out and fifteen minutes afterwards when the proprietor returned, he had not come for his pint. The proprietor noticed the bottle on the shelf and asked about, the clerk relating the circumstance. "That doesn't look like the best whiskey," said the boss as he took up the bottle. He then removed the cork and tasted the beverage. It was cold tea. The customer had swapped bottles and the house was out 75 cents.

MR. PEARSON'S NAME

Said to Have Been Discussed by Capt. Hanscom and P. M. G. Bissell.

The following despatch from Washington to the Globe relating to the Lowell postmastership is of interest: The contest over the appointment of a postmaster at Lowell, which has been attracting some little attention of late, has been settled, so far as Representative Stevens is concerned, by his having recommended to the postmaster general the name of Gardner W. Pearson for the office.

Capt. Hanscom, who was an applicant for the place, is in Washington, and has called upon Postmaster General Bissell, and it is understood, has told Mr. Bissell that Pearson's appointment would not be the most satisfactory that could be made.

It was stated some time ago in this connection that ex-Assistant Secretary of State Quincy had indorsed Michael Corbett for the place and would oppose any nomination which Mr. Stevens might make except Corbett's

There is little foundation for this. In view of these facts it is believed that Mr. Pearson's name will shortly be sent to the senate by the president.

Don't forget to call at J. J. Gaynor & Co.'s, 35 Prescott street. You can save money by buying your house furnishing goods there.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 373-4.

Money deposited in the Savings Department of the

Traders' National Bank

Before 9 P. M. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3d, 1894, Will Draw INTEREST at the rate of

4 Per Cent. Per Annum,

From February 1st COMPOUNDING TWICE in Each Year.

Banking House. 30 Middlesex Street. Lowell, Mass.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXI. NO. 53. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

2 O'CLOCK

☞ THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

A RUNAWAY BOY.

TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE COUNTRY CIRCUS.

He Finds Himself Miles From Home Without the Means to Return—Another Instance Where All That Glitters is not Gold.

There is always some kind of a story connected with a circus, or a show like a circus and the "Country Circus" which is here now furnishes a little story with runaway boys as principals. The circus always has attractions for youngsters and in every town there are to be found youths who become stage and circus struck.

When the "Country Circus" showed in Washington recently three boys who saw it were fascinated by the splendor of the last act. Two lived in Washington, the other in Baltimore: When the show left Washington two weeks ago these three boys left with it, running away from home. They boarded the cars in which the animals are transported and applied for a "job." They claim, or at least one of them claims, that they were promised work.

They staid with the company doing odd jobs, until yesterday, when they reached Lowell. While here, one of them, Conrad Neaman, aged 16 years of Washington, was told by the man who has charge of the horses, to get out of the car and not go near it again. This was a hard blow for the boy who has no money or friends.

He met a SUN reporter whom he told a story which, if true, shows hard experience. He said he was given hopes of getting a job, and went with the company cleaning horses and cars, and sleeping in the cars, and sometimes in a stable. For pay, for the two weeks, young Neaman said he received not over 75 cents. Some days the boss would give him 10 cents, but never more than 25 cents. He could not write home as the show played to one night stands, and as he was kept working all the time. The best meal he had had since going with the circus was a plate of beans and a cup of coffee. In regard to his trouble here in Lowell he said that he was cleaning out a car, and his hands were numb with the cold. Going to where there was a stove he sat down to warm his hands, and was told to get out and not come near the place again. His breakfast and dinner yesterday consisted of four rolls. The boy admits that he was never hired to work on the cars. He was in a sad plight yesterday afternoon when Daniel F. Carey, the well known horse clipper of Church street heard his story. Mr. Carey taking pity on the lad gave him some old clothes, food and a night's lodging. The boy is now waiting for a chance to get home. His two companions are content with their lot and are willing to follow the show.

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY

Is Recommended to be Returned to His Present Pastorate.

The quarterly conference of the Central M.E. church was held last night. Presiding Elder J.W. Lindsay, D.D., acted as moderator.

The pastor reported an increase of 61 new members, 24 by letter, and 37 after probation, and have still 43 on probation, a net gain of 84.

Financially, the times considered, the church has flourished on its plan of free seats and weekly offerings, and is only $200 behind its usual receipts. The church and pastor have worked together very harmoniously.

The church then adopted the following: "Resolved, That this quarterly conference do and will stand by and indorse our pastor, Mr. Montgomery, in all lines of the gospel work he is at present carrying on among us."

It was also unanimously voted to request the return of Brother Montgomery to this church for another year.

The following church officers and committees were then chosen: Trustees, George T. Whitney, James Nixon, David True, William S. McBrayne, William Delmage, W. L. Hill, Richard Pendergast, A. J. Bixby and C. D. Washburn.

Stewards—George E. Maker, W. W. Ingalls, C. S. Hill, Osborn Merrill, Henry O. Brooks, Mrs. J. Harper, E. B. Bailey, John S. Crawford, Thomas R. Atkinson, C. W. Locke, Chas. S. Ranlett, Charles Burnham, Mrs. Mary A. Seymour; district steward, Charles W. Locke; recording steward, Henry O. Brooks.

Educational committee — Martin S. Thompson, Helen C. Montgomery, Chas. W. Locke, Jessie Bailey, Lewis E. McBrayne.

Sunday school—Henry A. Mead, Charles S. Ranlett, George Lemond, Henry H. Warner, Mrs. William Coote, Edna Harper, George Frost, Guy S. Mitchell.

Church music—E. B. Bailey, Henry O. Brooks, Martin B. Thompson.

Parsonage and furniture—C. D. Washburn, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Coote.

Church records—C. D. Washburn, E. B. Bailey.

Estimating—Richard Pendergast, W. L. Hill, C. D. Washburn, J. McAskie, Martin B. Thompson.

Missionary—Stewards and trustees.

Tracts—Mrs. M. B. Thompson, Mrs. A. Fisher, Mrs. Harper.

Temperance—Frank Hart, Idelia Wilson, Mrs. Rogers, J. McAskie, Joseph Noyes.

Auditing—Charles W. Locke, Martin B. Thompson.

Church extension—Stewards and class leaders.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Catherine Provost took place this morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church in Graniteville, where a high mass of requiem was offered up by Rev. Fr. Shaw. The funeral was very well attended and there were several floral offerings. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery in this city.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hogan will take place tomorrow afternoon.

Can Use Memorial Hall.

The lands and buildings committee held a brief session yesterday forenoon and voted to allow the Wauhatchi Command Union Veterans' Union, the use of Memorial hall. After the meeting the committee visited the school houses of the city.

The street committee met this afternoon and the First street extension may be considered.

SOME PERTINENT TALK.

HOW A YOUNG MAN'S TALENT WAS WELL RECOGNIZED.

He Turns His Hand to Newspaper Work and Outstrips the Veterans and Outwits a Dozen of Gotham's Detectives—Some Opinions on Other Interesting Matters.

A well known young man about town—that is he used to be about town—who recently disappeared from view and showed up a few weeks ago in the train of a theatrical company, told a pretty good romance of his wanderings. He is gifted with "gab" to an abnormal degree and so his romance was taken by his friends with more than the traditional grain of salt.

To tell it very much after his own style will give the story flavor: "Well," said he, "I was a little strapped so I went out to H—— and went into the theatrical business. I had pretty good luck in the summer and when business was good I made $1200. But business got bad again and I lost nearly all the $1200.

"I was getting tired of the town so I thought I'd go to New York. I blew into town and lived on champagne for quite a while. Then I found that my money did not hold out so I had to make a living somehow. I went to the Hoffman house and got a room; then I thought I'd try newspaper work for a while. I sailed over to the World office and went right up to the editor's room."

"I said to him 'I'm a student and want to go to work on your paper doing police court. I can do it and you want a good man in that line of work.'

"Said the editor to me 'I'll put your name on the list.'

"I said: 'Now, Mr. Editor, you know that won't do; I'm hard up; I've got to work to get money to buy my meals; you can give me a trial right away.'

"The editor said: 'Well, we have enough legal reporters just at present, and I don't know as we can use you.'"

"I said 'you must, because I can do good work.'

"Then the editor asked 'Where are you stopping?'

"I said 'At the Hoffman.'

"'Well, I'll tell you what to do,' said the editor, 'you go to the hotel cross the street, recross it and then write me a column of it.'

"I said 'all right' and I went over to the Hoffman. I crossed the street, and didn't see anything; I recrossed it and didn't see anything. I tell you I was discouraged, so I went to the barroom and got some encouragement.

"I crossed and recrossed the street again and didn't see anything; again I got encouragement in the barroom. I went out again and crossed and recrossed the street; again more encouragement.

"The next time I crossed the street I thought I saw something and after more encouragement in the barroom I was certain I saw something. I took more encouragement, and crossed and recrossed the street seven or eight times; then I ordered a bottle of brandy and cigars and went up to my room.

"I sat down and dashed off a column and a half story; then I put out the light and turned in.

"The next morning I took the story down to the World office and gave it to the editor. He said he would look it over. I didn't believe it would amount to anything as I simply dashed it off and forgot to read what I had written.

"That afternoon I bought a World and there was the story under a big heading. I was surprised I can tell you, but I went down to the office and talked with the editor.

"He said it was a pretty good story, and had been copied by all the papers. 'You'll do?' so he assigned me to the police court work, and to work up the cases where the police wouldn't give out any information. I ran down a great case where there were twelve detectives chasing a man. I knew all about the case and where the man was, so I said to the editor, 'I can hunt that man up and give you a big 'scoop' on it.' The editor replied, 'Then you'd better take hold of the case; don't spare any expense, and give us the details.'

"I know I had a hard case, so I drew $500 and started after the man who was in Chicago. I knew the detectives, but they didn't know me, so I outwitted them. I got pretty 'chummy' and blew in a pile of cash getting familiar; but I got the story and when the detectives landed their man the World was the only paper to have the story.

"While I was out in Chicago I incidentally looked over the World's Fair, and I didn't hurry either, for the paper was paying the bills.

"When I came back to New York, the editor said: 'That's a pretty good piece of work you did; we'll use you again.' So a little later he wanted me to 'write up' a cattle steamer. The paper was to make all the arrangements and the office gave me five hundred dollars. I was to sail on a certain day. When the day came I went to the steamer and found that the paper had failed to make arrangements. The captain, who was a very nice chap, said he was sorry he couldn't take me. Of course I told him I didn't want him to do anything wrong, and I would not bother him. I dined with him and had a jolly time. When I returned to my hotel I wrote to the editor and told him the circumstances returning the $500. I did not want to impose upon the paper after its kindness. Then as there was no important business to do I came home."

***

There is a barber not far from the post office who is an artist in arranging an improvised chair. Having had occasion for sometime to form a temporary makeshift for a chair he finally became very skilful in supplementing the form of the customer with a backing of pillows and cushions which followed the curvature of the spine, the roundness of the shoulders, the easy bend of the limbs and the support of the head. Indeed the chairs were so easy that customers who settled down in them fell asleep right away and many after waking wanted to buy the chair that had such a power to lure sweet slumbers. This barber thus evolved the idea of constructing a sleeping chair, one in which the most sleepless mind will sink in sweetest slumbers. This gentleman intends to apply for a patent on some of his sleep producing chairs and as he is yet a young man if he continues to evolve new ideas in the form of easy chairs he may be wealthy before he dyes.

***

Mr. T. C—— of Belvidere is not a pugilist, he never trained as a boxer, but he is not unacquainted with the weight of a stove or the secret of making out a good plumbing bill in the winter when the pipes get frozen. But he is remarkably well informed on the subject of prize fighting. There is hardly a fighter of any prominence in the country whose record he cannot repeat verbatim and he is sought by many of the sporting fraternity for his views on the merits of boxers, light and heavy weights, and upon the probable outcome of pending challenges. The men who want to bet on a fight usually get his opinion before placing their bets. His memory on such matters is good and his judgment is better.

***

There is now a desire among some young ladies to take up kindergarten work at the kindergarten training school. A good story is told by Supt. Whitcomb of an applicant for admission—her name was not mentioned of course—who gave as proof of her qualification the fact that she belonged to a very large family and would therefore have a sort of intimate knowledge of kindergarten work. The superintendent did not seem to catch her idea and the lady soon disappeared.

***

The popularity of manual training with the boys in the highest grammar grade of each school is surprising. No matter how distant their homes within the city limits they arrive punctually on time usually at 7 o'clock and work till 9 with the closest attention to their business. Each pupil has an exercise to perform—they do not all work upon the same exercise at the same time—and each makes a drawing indicating what is to be done. Each exercise embodies a principle such as the making of a joint, wood splicing, dovetailing, etc., and in each different tools are usually required. Thus any complete exercise comprises first the drawing which must be neat and accurate, next the application of the various tools required and finally the test or measurement as to accuracy. During the process of the work many problems arise requiring the exercise of the judgment, close observation and manual dexterity. All these are developed in manual training and hence the branch is as truly educational as is the study of arithmetic or geometry. Parents of pupils should call at the old city hall any evening and see how the work progresses. They will be surprised to find their boys making such rapid progress.

Why this hurrah over the "popular interest in Shakespeare?" Why this pointing a moral to managers and critics? "Henry VIII," is now given in sumptuous manner at the Tremont Theatre. Who is the hero: Shakespeare or the stage carpenter?—Journal.

***

Irving and Miss Terry are people of great social prestige. Miss Terry shows more real art than does the great theatrical star in whose rays she is allowed to bask. Irving as a tragedian is a pronounced failure. His voice is weak, his face is almost a blank so far as expression goes, and his action is of the most common place kind. In his Henry VIII. when he played Cardinal Wolsey he had one of the finest opportunities for a display of talent in Wolsey's soliloquy on his fall from greatness. The speech is perhaps the finest in the language and although Irving exerted himself in it he did not attain anything like the distinct and pronounced effect of voice and action usually achieved by great tragedians in impassioned Irving is more of a fad than most people imagine. The scenic effects produced are gorgeous and but for them the rendition of some of of Shakespeare's finest inspirations (as given by Irving would fall flat.

BOWLING NEWS.

The Lowell Highlands bowled and were defeated in a very close game on the Oxford alleys at Lynn, last night. It was a game where the last box was necessary to decide the contest. The margin for the Oxford's victory was eight pins. The score was as follow:

OXFORDS.				Totals.
Keene	152	172	141	465
Connor	140	140	158	438
Hay	213	161	148	522
Purrington	139	176	219	534
Lord	160	159	153	472
Totals	804	808	819	2431
LOWELL HIGHLANDS				
Snow	143	147	175	470
Anderson	161	168	136	465
Chandler	189	164	161	505
Chaney	172	164	157	493
Hartwell	177	159	162	492
Totals	838	794	791	2423

In the Vesper schedule last night these scores were made:

Team Three—Bean 420, Holmes 480, Mitchell 452, Battles 422, Kimball 364, total 2151.

Team Two—Leigh 420, J. K. Whittier 489, Sidebottom 360, Corner 360, Markland 360, total 1998.

The Lowells defeated a picked team from the Highlands last night, in a game of high scores, as follows:

Lowells—McCurdy 522, Kerwin 458, French 447, Swift 406, Murray 428, total 2411.

Highland Juniors—Morse 473, Smith 454, Peabody 526, Brown 438, Dickerman 468, total 2359.

Capt. Conant's team fought a hard game against Team Five in the L. C. A. A. schedule last night and was defeated, even while J. B. Swift put up a score of 557.

Team Five—Clogston, 400; Sherwood, 451; Grant, 464; Butcher, 412; Comber, 451; total, 2238.

Team Four—Swift, 557; Conant, 445; Edwards, 430; Myers, 427; Illsley, 305; total, 2173.

The Bankers in teams Six and Three fought out a lively match yesterday and the latter won by a margin of 112 pins. The scores were:

Team Six—L. H. Swift 442, G. Coburn 372, F. Coburn 441, Perley 360, total 1553.

Team Three—Murphy 471, Gibson 355, Hurd 417, Butterfield 424, total 1667.

A team from the Highland club defeated a picked team from the Melrose club, on the Boylston alleys in Boston last night, with fair scores as follows:

Highlands—Sturtevant 467, Kirby 510, Saunders 471, Paulint 402, Ela 460; total, 2300.

Melrose—Bruce 548, Burnham 397, Evans 387, Dennison 441, Tilston 454; total, 2224.

The big cry of the bowlers around town is "Give us an inter club tournament on Les Miserables' alleys." Early in the season THE SUN said a tournament would be started to be known as a "city tournament" for local championship, the league teams to be debarred. It is probable that at the end of the L. C. A. A. tournament the city tournament will be started. The Lowell, Pastimes, Highland juniors, Vesper juniors, Miserables juniors, L. C. A. A., Raleigh and police teams are ready to enter.

It would be possible to make the tournament lively by arranging the schedule so that each team meets each of its opponents in two games. This plan is being carried out in the L. C. A. A. tournament and is very successful. When one team is defeated by another in the first round the defeated team makes up its mind to defeat the victorious team on the second round. This plan does away with the one sideness, for a strong team in the first half is pretty certain of falling in the second. If the membership of the city tournament should include a number of teams, the schedule could be arranged for four teams to bowl each night.

Dan Donohoe has a three string total of 584 on Miserables alleys, and Frank Rawson holds the single string total of 228.

The Waverlys defeated the Salems on the Hyde Park alleys last night in a league match, 2340 to 2120. Four of the Salem men were under 423, and only Hull bowled in decent form with 470.

The Miserables attributed waxed alleys as the cause of their defeat Wednesday at Roxbury. The same trouble prevailed at their previous defeat. The Vespers bowled on waxed alleys at Newton Thursday night and won with big scores. The league rules prohibit wax and a kick was made on the Lowell alleys, yet other clubs are permitted to violate the rule.

MR. CHILDS

Philadelphia's Millionaire Has Passed Away.

THE END CAME EARLY THIS MORNING.

Sketch of the Great Philanthropist's Career.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—George Childs' illness ended in his death at 8:01 this morning. At midnight his physicians issued a bulletin, stating that his respiration, which became embarrassed at 10 p. m., was steadily growing worse; that his pulse was lagging, and his condition was beyond hope. After midnight the patient sank rapidly, and it soon became certain that the end was very near.

At the bedside when the beloved journalist and philanthropist passed away were George C. Thomas and James W. Paul of the firm of Drexel & Co.; Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel; Miss Peterson, niece of Mrs. Childs; Miss Stanley, companion to Mrs. Childs, and Colonel Edward De Morrell.

Mr. Childs was not conscious from 10 o'clock, at which hour the final change became noticeable, up to the time of his death.

He faded gradually away, his respiration and pulse becoming fainter as the minutes slipped away, until they ceased altogether, and Dr. Leidy, who held the dying man's wrist, announced that all was over and Mr. Childs was no more.

Sketch of His Career.

George W. Childs gave his money away in the most practical and the most impractical fashion. He pensioned all who were out in his service, which was very practical. He would subscribe to put a stained glass window in a church in memory of a poet who had been dead two centuries; though an ocean rolled between that church and Mr. Childs' business office. This was very impractical. The truth is that Mr. Childs' charities were so numerous and embraced so wide a range that they touched the extremities.

George William Childs was born in Baltimore in 1829. The practical part of his makeup was born with him. When he was 12 years of age he spent a summer vacation as errand boy in a book store at a salary of $1 a week and enjoyed it. Soon after he removed to Philadelphia and entered a store, doubtless as a mixture of clerk and errand boy.

When he became of age he went into business with Mr. Peterson under the firm name of R. E. Peterson & Co. The only interval in his business career was 15 months in the United States navy when he was 18, but he couldn't abide the navy.

One of the first successful books published by Peterson & Childs was Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." Then the firm got out Parson Brownlow's book, selling 50,000 copies in advance. This was another remarkable success, which was followed by others not far behind.

In 1864 Mr. Childs purchased The Public Ledger. The war, by greatly increasing the cost of labor and material, chiefly white paper, had made it impossible to continue, save at a loss, the publication of The Ledger as a penny paper. It had been sold at a cent ever since it was started in 1836, and Messrs. Swain & Abell, then the proprietors, thought they had lost over $100,000 by keeping the rate at 6 1-4 cents a week, were averse to a change.

Built Up the Ledger.

Mr. Childs had good business judgment, but it required something more than judgment to pay $150,000 for a piece of property losing that amount annually—it required pluck. The owner at the end of the first week doubled the price and advanced the advertising rate. There was a considerable falling off of advertisements, but the paper had become a medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends, and the first loss of patronage was soon regained, and from then till now The Ledger has grown in prosperity. It paid Mr. Childs at the time of his death more than $1000 a day clear profit.

Of Mr. Childs' charities, even those which are known are too numerous to catalogue. But doubtless the unknown charities surpassed those which were manifest. He gave away a fortune every year. One who once saw a private record of his charities has said that, though the period covered was only one month, the total given was $28,000.

Mr. Childs' private sanctum in the Philadelphia Ledger office was at once a reception room and a gathering place for curios and objects of art from every part of the globe. The walls are almost entirely covered with the portraits of the editor's friends, while the cabinets and tables are loaded with relics.

An ivory miniature of Washington, set in gold, has a lock of his hair in the back of the locket under glass. Tom Moore's college gown hangs on a chair, a faded, rusty garment in which it is said the poet graduated, and his harp, 18 inches in height, painted green and gilded, stands under a glass cover on the table.

There are Japanese carvings of bamboo wood and Cloisonne, royal Worcester china, Sevres china, a Moorish repousse silver gilt pitcher 700 years old, an exquisite little silver jewel casket which belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, a carved Japanese stone (very rare), a Buddhist hanging lamp and some relics of the Greely expedition. General Grant's picture hangs above Mr. Childs' desk, and the tall Dutch clock presented by Mrs. Grant marks the passing hours.

Mr. Childs' residence is in keeping with so splendid an office. The library is particularly rich in rare books, original letters from all the presidents of the United States, and many other distinguished personages. There are also the original copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," which probably set the printers into a frenzy of bewilderment.

Lord Byron's writing desk is another interesting relic, as well as the "Black Book of Taymouth" in a rich binding of black calf, with the tooling in clear gold. The shelves of the library are filled with presentation copies of books from leading authors of England and America, each one containing the autograph of the donor.

In 1888 there was a movement made to bring Mr. Childs' name forward for the presidency, but he peremptorily declined to permit his friends to do so. Other less important offices have been often suggested for him, but he always seemed to [illegible]

One of Mr. Childs' hobbies was the cultivation of distinguished people, but while he aspired to be intimate with those in power he took equal pride in the friendship of those whose fame brought with it no substantial influence.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A Finely Planned Robbery Which Failed to Materialize.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—One of the most daring schemes at robbery ever concocted in this city was revealed when Victor H. Echorn of the Pennsylvania Salt Works company endeavored to steal $15,000 of the company's money from the runner of the Southwark bank. It was a finely matured scheme, and was carried out in every detail, with the exception that instead of getting the $15,000 the man got a bag full of bricks and paper, and was himself caught red-handed.

Echorn's plan was to have the runner from the Southwark bank, bringing $15,000 to meet the bi-weekly payroll, waylaid and robbed. He needed an assistant or two, and on Jan. 14 he inserted an advertisement in a morning paper "for men of nerve." George C. Thomas of New York, who was in this city seeking employment, answered the advertisement, as did also Frank J. Mullins, and both were engaged, but they "blew" to the police, and when the company's messenger walked out of the bank yesterday he carried a "dummy" canvas pouch marked $12,500 in big letters.

According to prearrangement, the details of which were all known to the police, Thomas was stationed in the hall leading to the company's office and Mullins was posted on the steps outside, while a wagon stood on Letitia street, just above the corner of Chestnut. The bank wagon stopped in front of the door and the messenger jumped out with his "dummy," and as soon as he reached the hall he was met by Thomas, who grabbed the pouch and ran.

The two men hastened to the wagon, jumped in and started for Market street.

Just as they reached the corner of Second they were joined by Echorn, who carried a small hand satchel. Before he could be comfortably seated, however, two detectives mounted the vehicle and took him into custody.

Thomas was to get $2500, Mullins $1000 and the rest was to go to Echorn.

GLAD TO GET HOME.

Seamen From Brazil's Warships Tell of Inhuman Treatment.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The steamer Wordsworth, from Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco, brought parts of the crews of the Brazilian cruisers America and Nictheroy. From the former there were 42 officers and men and from the latter five men. No complaint was heard from them against their treatment by the Brazilian government.

The seamen, however, have a good deal to say against the America's officers, who, they declare, treated them at times almost inhumanly. James Oxford, a seaman, hailing from Bangor, Me., declared that the food offered was repulsive. At Pernambuco he was put on shore without money. He slept on the street pavements of Pernambuco and went without food for 48 hours.

In all, Oxford said, there were 56 men sent ashore at the time he was sent, and that three were left on shore for dead, while one, George Cameron, had become insane and was sent to an asylum. The men say that they are going to the office of Charles R. Flint & Co. to endeavor to obtain a balance that they claim is due them.

On the other hand, the officers say that the "Indians," as they called the seamen, had nothing to complain of. They were a drunken, mutinous set of men, who could be subjected only by severe treatment. All the officers unite in condemning the storing of liquor on the vessel. They say that this was done by the Brazilian government. The men broke open the storehouse and helped themselves freely. Thence originated all the trouble.

A Beautiful Sight.

NICE, Feb. 3.—One of the principal features of the carnival was the battle of flowers, which occurred yesterday. Many carriages contested for the prize offered for the most beautiful arrangement of flowers. The first prize was awarded to a carriage ornamented with yellow flowers.

New Customs Collectors.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The senate made public these confirmations: To be collectors of customs Thomas C. Day, for the district of Barnstable, Mass.; William C. Waters, district of Salem and Beverly, Mass.

Miners Wouldn't Stand a Cut.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 3.—Coal mines about Bellaire on the Ohio river are closed by a strike. Over 2000 persons are out of employment. The cause is assigned to a cut in wages from 70 to 50 cents a ton.

Nine Months at Three Per Cent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Morgan & Bartlett have placed a loan of $1,000,000 for the city of Boston to run nine months, or until Nov. 1, at 3 per cent interest, to be paid when the loan matures.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William P. Phelps, the artist, met with a serious accident at his residence at Chelsea, N. H., recently. While going down cellar, carrying a lamp, he fell and fractured two ribs. He managed to crawl up stairs, where he lay on the floor for some time in great agony, as he was alone in the house at the time.

Miss Helen Montgomery, daughter of Rev. Hugh Montgomery, has accepted the position of teacher of languages at Berkeley academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Phelps, (the latter born Miss Grace E. Besse) of Dorchester, are happy over the advent of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Putnam and Mr. James Bayles sail next Wednesday for the West Indies to be gone a month.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Isabella Dean, aged 38 years, died yesterday at her home, 278 Lawrence street. She leaves a husband and one child.

Mrs. Ruth W. Smith, aged 70 years died yesterday afternoon at her home in Chelmsford.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

Look Out For Her.

People residing in the Highlands, are being called upon by a woman who seeks funds, claiming that she desires to go to her home in Michigan and has not sufficient money to pay her fare.

She represents to those whom she approaches that she was sent by some prominent resident whose names she gives.

Who does your printing? The Sun Job print would do it well and save you money.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

GOVERNOR GREENHALGE

LECTURES UPON GOOD READING AT HIGHLAND CLUB.

It Was the Usual Eloquent Effort and the Governor Informally Received at Its Conclusion—The Occasion Quite Enjoyable.

For the first time since its organization, Governor Greenhalge visited the Highland club house last evening and entertained the members and their friends with a delightful lecture on "Good Reading."

The governor was accompanied by Private Secretary Thomas and reached the club house about 7.30 o'clock. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause, which was renewed when Rev. F. O. Hall arose and in a few well chosen word introduced His Excellency to the select audience.

The governor expressed his pleasure at being able to be present with the members of the Highland club, and said that though he is a member of the club, this was the first time he has ever been in the elegantly appointed home. Proceeding to the subject of the lecture he said:

Some of the best expressions in our language are to be found in the works of the poet, but some of these expressions cannot be properly presented from a public platform. He had learned to make a distinction between those things which should be read in the presence of an audience that has a particular liking for some special poet, and the utterance that strike us all at once as pat and appropriate.

There is something charming and attractive even in the popular songs, such even as the "Flowery," "Daisy Belle" and the "Two Little Girls in Blue."

Shakespeare and Milton cannot be properly understood at a single reading. During the lecture the governor read two poems by Edward Roland Hill, entitled, "Words, Words, Words," and "The Fool's Prayer," and closed with "Sublime" which was delivered in a masterly manner.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the governor, held a brief reception and shook hands with all those present. He took the 9.25 train for Boston.

SPORTING NEWS.

Thomas Flaherty and Johnny T. Cairns signed articles to spar to a finish last night the contest to be at catch weights for a purse of $200 before a Boston club and is to be pulled off during the present month. The match will create considerable interest about town.

The Metropole club of Providence has again been given a license to run sparring exhibitions.

Ike O'Neil Weir says: "I am entirely agreeable to a meeting with Jerry Barnett in New York, and let him weigh 124 pounds. I am giving him six pounds. My sole ambition in finish fighting is a match with George Dixon. I have a new wrinkle of myself which I am going to use on my envelopes and letterheads. I shall have "Featherweight Champion of the World" printed beneath it, and Dixon, Griffo, Griffin or any featherweight who disputes my right to the title can come and fight me. I am not so hard to please as fighters who have managers."

LOCAL NOTES.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

The February gala week will be the Putnam Guards bazaar, opening Monday week. You can spare $1 for a season ticket.

Six lessons and a good banjo or guitar for $10, $5 in advance. This hard time offer good for a few weeks only. J. A. Hendly, assistant to W. E. Stratton, 40 P. O. block.

The marriage of William Conners and Miss Annie Cullinan occurred Wednesday evening at the parochial residence of the Immaculate Conception church. J. Cassidy was best man and Miss Agnes L. Cullinan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. The couple were the recipients of many presents. They will reside in Bartlett street.

At the Sacred Heart parochial residence Wednesday evening, Rev. Fr. Lavoie united in marriage Mr. John McLean and Miss Rose Baxter. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Lincoln street. Mr. John Crowley was best man and Miss Ida Baxter bridesmaid.

The Lowell Reform club and the ladies' auxiliary gave a charity party at Columbia hall last evening, which was a great success both socially and financially. The dance order contained 30 numbers and music was furnished by McElroy's orchestra. E. M. Bowers was general manager; Hugh F. Williams floor director, and H. I. Hallowell chairman of the reception committee.

The box party given by the Burkes Temperance Institute at its hall on Middle street, last evening, was attended by about 50 couples. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock and continued till midnight. At 11 o'clock an intermission was taken and the boxes were auctioned. The officers in charge were as follows; Patrick H. Kane, manager, assisted by John H. McGinnis, floor director, Daniel Donohoe; aids, Joseph Murphy, Thomas Farrell, Thomas Higgins and John Maguire.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.

No instructed man nowadays will appear after 6 o'clock p. m. at a formal social entertainment in anything but a dress suit.

The question of evening dress has been simplified by Rogers, Peet & Co., who provide dress suits that are made better and fit better than those turned out by most custom tailors, and for about half the cost.

We furnish these suits made with all the latest touches, $25 to $45, with one of less expensive material for $21.

We have also all that is necessary to complete the evening outfit.

Full Dress White Vests, Full Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties, and French Lawn Bows.

Full Dress Shields, Evening Gloves, Black Hosiery, Silk Hats and Cape Overcoats.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

A CLEVER SWINDLE.

Bottle of Cold Tea Replaces a Bottle of Whiskey.

Another clever swindle was worked on a local saloon keeper a few nights ago. A young man went into a saloon about six o'clock and asked the clerk for a pint of the best whiskey, 75 cent goods. The clerk filled a pint bottle from the barrel and gave it to the customer who put it in his pocket and began fumbling in his pockets for the money to pay for his pint. He found that he hadn't enough and asked the clerk to trust him. The latter couldn't see it, and the would-be customer gave him back the bottle saying, "Leave that aside, I will be back with the money in a few minutes." He went out and fifteen minutes afterwards when the proprietor returned, he had not come for his pint. The proprietor noticed the bottle on the shelf and asked about, the clerk relating the circumstance. "That doesn't look like the best whiskey," said the boss as he took up the bottle. He then removed the cork and tasted the beverage. It was cold tea. The customer had swapped bottles and the house was out 75 cents.

MR. PEARSON'S NAME

Said to Have Been Discussed by Capt. Hanscom and P. M. G. Bissell.

The following despatch from Washington to the Globe relating to the Lowell postmastership is of interest: The contest over the appointment of a postmaster at Lowell, which has been attracting some little attention of late, has been settled, so far as Representative Stevens is concerned, by his having recommended to the postmaster general the name of Gardner W. Pearson for the office.

Capt. Hanscom, who was an applicant for the place, is in Washington, and has called upon Postmaster General Bissell, and it is understood, has told Mr. Bissell that Pearson's appointment would not be the most satisfactory that could be made.

It was stated some time ago in this connection that ex-Assistant Secretary of State Quincy had indorsed Michael Corbett for the place and would oppose any nomination which Mr. Stevens might make except Corbett's.

There is little foundation for this. In view of these facts it is believed that Mr. Pearson's name will shortly be sent to the senate by the president.

Don't forget to call at J. J. Gaynor & Co.'s, 35 Prescott street. You can save money by buying your house furnishing goods there.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 373-4.

Money deposited in the Savings Department of the

Traders' National Bank

Before 9 P. M. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3d, 1894, Will Draw INTEREST at the rate of

4 Per Cent. Per Annum,

From February 1st COMPOUNDING TWICE in Each Year.

Banking House. 30 Middlesex Street. Lowell, Mass.

THE TAX ON INCOMES.

Its Relation to the Rich and the General Welfare.

Some of the Objections Urged Against It.—Why It is Opposed by the Plutocrats—Views of "Great Financiers"—Relations of the Castles to the Hovels.

An income tax?

Yes, by all means. All the arguments that have been advanced against it are based upon the assumption, so pernicious and so contrary to the spirit of a republican form of government, that the state has no right to legislate for the general welfare.

Suppose it would be injurious to those who are the fortunate possessors of liberal incomes. Is it not also injurious to the sportsman that he cannot shoot game or fish out of season? Is it not a detriment to the farmer that he cannot pasture his cows in the common, to the lover of flowers that she cannot pick roses in the park? Is it not a misfortune to the head of a destitute family that he cannot help himself to bread at the baker's?

Can we never get our wiseacres, our so called statesmen and our editors to recognize a fact upon which rests the very bulwark of our form of government—namely, that all legislation should be considered in the relation that it bears to the general well being and not to its effects upon the primitive rights of the individual?

Nobody with a spoonful of brains will claim that an income tax would be a benefit to the rich. If it would, there would be no need of it. As it would not, as it would create a wider diffusion of moderate welfare, as it would tend to level the extremes of poverty and wealth, it is not merely the right but the imperative duty of a government of this kind to impose it.

So likewise the claim that an income tax "cannot be enforced" is, per se, not the slightest ground for opposing its enactment. The distillery tax, the oleomargarine law, the laws against all forms of crime, are difficult of enforcement, and their success depends very much upon the penalties imposed and the efforts of justice to enforce them. There would be little difficulty in enforcing such a law if everybody were honest, and the difficulty of enforcing a law where there is dishonesty is great in all cases.

But such a law would be a temptation to lead men into the vice of dishonesty, says some objector for the one hundredth time. Yes, and so are poverty and destitution temptations to vice and dishonesty. Nay, more. Want and destitution are the strongest temptations to crime with which man is afflicted. If the enforcement of an income tax would lead to more dishonesty, not mentioning crime, than is fertilized by the despair of destitution, then God help us all. An income tax has been systematically imposed and collected in England, France and Germany for years. Are the rich of the United States so much more unscrupulous that it cannot be done here? Is our form of government so much more plutocratic that it would be contrary to its spirit to enact it?

Most of the objections against imposing an income tax come from the only interests that the press has thus far consulted to secure an expression of opinion—"the great financiers of the country" and the Wall street bankers.

Mr. C. P. Huntington says he is opposed to an income tax because "it interferes with the people's economics." Probably it did not occur to this venerable moneybags that we have been interfering with the people's economics right along for the past 100 years, and that if we had not done so he would probably have very little income to be taxed. It would be laughable were it not irritating to hear millionaires, who owe all they have to an interference with economics, oppose and question legislation of the kind that tends to help a class that a government for the people is bound to make the subject of its first consideration. It reminds me of the howls that are made against a depreciated dollar from this same class and their sublime satisfaction over an appreciated one, which is far more pernicious, as it enriches the creditor who can take care of himself and robs the debtor who cannot.

But Russell Sage of New York is another individual who has been consulted on the subject. He says, "I am opposed to an income tax because—well, because I don't think it is fair." You don't mean what you say, Mr. Sage. Probably your feelings would have been more correctly defined if you had said, "I am opposed to an income tax because it would cause me to disgorge an infinitesimal fraction of my ill gotten gains, because it would not be legislating for the rich."

Richard Croker, the czar of Tammany Hall in New York, who has had no visible means of support since he was coroner, and who never earned a dollar of his great wealth, is opposed to an income tax because "it would, after all, fall heaviest upon poor people." He need not give himself any uneasiness about the poor people. If this government can be maintained in the spirit in which it was founded, the worthy poor will be able to take care of themselves. This cry that taxes fall upon the poor people is about as old as sin, yet no matter where they fall men of wealth will lie and steal and juggle and adopt any method, no matter how pitiful and paltry, to get rid of paying them.

True, the imposition of an income tax offers no great relief for the industrial disease from which the country is suffering. It will not turn enforced idleness, the greatest curse from which civilization can suffer, to leisure, its greatest blessing. It will mitigate but little that despairing present day cry for plenty of work, without which there can be no real prosperity, except that by increasing the revenue of the government it will give the means of carrying forward more public improvements.

But it is a step in the right direction. It will rightly compel those having large incomes to contribute more toward the support of the government than those possessed of small incomes. For every castle on the hilltop there are a hundred hovels in the valley. It may tend to reduce the castles, but it will also reduce the hovels correspondingly. Castles and hovels are equally inimical to the welfare of a government for, of and by the people.

After all, one of the strongest arguments in favor of an income tax is the fact that those who have large incomes oppose it. Possessors of large incomes are few. Those who have small incomes are many. Have we so far forgotten the spirit of our government that we refuse to legislate for the many against the few?

JEROME WOOD.

Pittsburg.

An Altruist Community.

C. W. Gibson, president of the Detroit Carbonic Acid Gas company and a capitalist, has made a proposition to the poor committee to take care of 60 needy families, who will become members of the Gibsonville altruist community, of which Mr. Gibson is president.

This community is located on 415 acres of the best farming land in Michigan, in Genesee county, near the town of Grand Blanc, five miles from Flint. The purpose of the community, which is organized under the laws of the state as a stock company, is to conduct the business of agriculture, manufacturing and merchandising for the benefit of all its members.

The community is strictly co-operative, and the women have as much say as the men in the arrangement of its affairs. The fruits of the labor of the members will be placed in a common treasury and divided at the end of each year. The number of days each member has worked during the year will be figured up, and half the proceeds will be divided pro rata among them.

The other half will be expended for public improvements and needs. Besides work in the broom and basket factories, there will be carried on all sorts of farming and gardening, and an immense creamery will be started in the spring.

A district school has already been established, and kindergartens and nurseries will also be established, where the women can leave their children during the day.

Mr. Gibson will furnish free transportation to all families who wish to enter the community and guarantees to see that all are comfortably housed, clothed and fed during this winter.—Detroit Special.

Pennoyer and the Critics.

Governor Pennoyer, replying to criticisms of the statement in his Christmas letter to President Cleveland that two-thirds of the people of Oregon were without employment, said:

"In one sense of the word all are employed—the tramp is employed in hunting from place to place for a job, and the mechanic out of work is employed in contemplating the sorrowful condition of his wife and children. What I meant was remunerative employment, and what I said was true. Business is paralyzed, and two-thirds of our people if not falling behind, are making no headway, nor will they until we have sufficient full legal tender currency—gold, silver and treasury notes—with which to effect a ready and complete interchange of commodity."

A London cablegram says that the war department, employing some 20,000 workmen, has adopted eight hours for a day's labor, with no deduction of wages. Logically the same course must now be taken in the navy department, and thus the government will be fully committed to the principle which the Labor party has been fighting for for years

Showing Her Sympathy

On a Grand River avenue street car the other afternoon was a man with a bandage over his eyes who had been put aboard by some friend down town. At his left sat a motherly woman, who fidgeted about for awhile, and then gained courage to inquire:

"Have you met with an accident, sir?"

"No, ma'am. I am being treated for cataract of the eye."

"In both eyes?"

"Yes'm."

"And can't you see at all?"

"Not the slightest."

"Dear me, but that is awful!"

During the next three or four minutes she seemed to be studying the case to see what she could do to prove her good will and sympathy. A newsboy finally boarded the car just as she was about to get off, and she hurriedly bought a paper, laid it on the blind man's knee, and tenderly said:

"Poor fellow! I know just how you must feel about it! Here's the evening paper for you to read and take your mind off your misfortune."—Detroit Free Press.

Did Not Want Trunks.

"Pardon me, madam," gently urged travel stained Rhodes as he struck the lady of the house at the alley gate, "have you an old pair of shoes you can spare a poor pilgrim on life's thorny path?"

Bidding him wait a moment, the good woman went into the house and returned with a pair of shoes, which she handed to him.

"Excuse me, good lady," he murmured hoarsely, "your husband is a Philadelphia policeman?"

"He is," she replied wonderingly. "How did you know?"

"By the size of these," was the sorrowful reply. "Here, madam, take them back. I wanted shoes to walk in. I could use these for trunks; but, alas! I have no need for such."

Then he drifted on, and the woman leaned against the gatepost and thought.—Philadelphia Call

LAST DITCH BUT ONE.

AFTER THIS THERE IS ONLY THE TRENCH IN POTTER'S FIELD.

Now Is the Pawnshop's Harvest, and Woman's Tears and Heart's Blood Fall Beneath the Reaper—Parting With Old Keepsakes Under Pressure of Bitter Need

The real pathos of the present condition of things is not to be found in the streets. Neither is it to be found in saloons or in the courts or police stations. But it is in the pawnshops and loan offices that scenes enough to melt a heart of stone are enacted daily, with only men inured by long experience to such sights as witnesses. All day long the pawnshops are crowded. Men, women and children are there, each with some trinket or garment on which they want to raise a few cents.

Several afternoons ago a young woman on whose face the marks of care and trouble were plainly to be seen walked down Park row from the direction of Chatham square. Her clothing was shabby, but carefully brushed. She wore an old hat, with a couple of time worn feathers and a ruffled artificial rose for decorations, while in her arms she carried a baby not much more than a year old, around which an old and tattered shawl was carefully wrapped. The woman's face was pale and thin. Her dark brown eyes were sunken deep in her head, and she trembled like a leaf in the cold wind. Reaching the corner of William street, she strode swiftly around to the private entrance of the pawnshop and entered.

"C-can you let me have $5 on this?" she said timidly, pulling a plain band ring from her finger and handing it to the man.

The man looked at it and smiled.

"Well, hardly," he said, not unkindly.

"It's real gold. I know it," said the woman.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but it wouldn't be worth much more than $2 melted up. I'll give you $2.50 on it if that'll do."

"I ca—can't do without $5," replied the woman. "I must have it. Oh, my God, what shall I do?" and she burst out into tears. The clerk said nothing. The proprietor looked disgusted. Suddenly the woman wiped away her tears, and a look of complete despair and misery came over her face. Throwing aside the shawl which covered the baby, she took from the child's neck a thin gold chain, with a small locket attached. Throwing them down on the counter, she said: "Is that worth $2? Take it all and let me have $5."

"Certainly," said the clerk, and he brushed the trinkets to one side, made out two tickets and handed them, with a $5 note, to the woman. The latter then folded the shawl carefully around the child, weeping softly all the while, and then went out of the private entrance and disappeared down Park row.

"Hum," said the clerk to a gentleman standing near by. "Kinder tough. Let's see," examining the ring. "'Jack to Henrietta, 1893.' Well, there's dozens more like her—poor devils. Not a year married, I guess, and pawning the wedding ring so soon." Then the clerk opened the locket. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "That can't be the same," and he showed the gentleman the contents of the locket—a small tintype of an exceedingly pretty girl.

"Yes, it is," said the gentleman. "Same eyes—no mistake there. Tough, by gad! Tough," and he walked away as the clerk did the trinkets up in a small piece of newspaper and placed them in the safe.

A clerk in one of the biggest pawnshops in this city said to a Sun reporter the other day that never in the 15 years he has been in the business had he seen things quite as prosperous. "Of course we profit by the misfortunes of others," he said, "and, as there are always plenty of unfortunates around, business is always pretty lively with us. But for the past few weeks we have been overrun.

"The pawned articles include everything from watches and diamonds down to old hats and soiled vests. We're not quite so hard hearted about these matters as the general public seem to think. Of course it's simply business with us right through, but more than one hungry looking woman has come in this place within the past few days and tried to raise $1 on some article that never cost more than 50 cents and gone away with the $1 too. Mr. ——, the proprietor, knows it's clean loss to him, as the article will of course never be redeemed. Of course we have to carry the reputation of being avaricious and hard hearted just because we're in this business, but let me tell you that the average pawnbroker does a great deal more good than the average business man, and that, too, without getting a bit of credit for it.

"Some of the scenes I have witnessed in this place in the past few weeks have been simply heartrending. A women came in here the other day and wanted $5 on a silver backed hairbrush. It was plated stuff and not worth that much, and of course we couldn't let her have the money. The way she went on was pitiable. She wasn't violent and didn't rant or tear her hair. She simply wept quietly and agreed to take the $2 we offered her. We had just given her the money when she threw up her hands and fainted dead away. An ambulance surgeon who was summoned said that woman was starving to death. She had a gentle face, but I learned afterward that when they undressed her at the hospital they discovered that she hadn't a particle of underclothing on and was suffering as much from exposure as lack of food. That's only one of dozens of similar cases we have every day.

"If I had time, I could tell you of dozens of such cases. The pawnshop is the place for the philanthropist to hang around if he wants to find worthy objects of charity. It isn't the beggars that come here. It's the men and women who have seen better days and who have lost everything but their pride that come here to raise a little money on keepsakes and momentos of time gone by."—New York Sun.

Getting Over It Easily.

"Carrie," said the bashful youth, with a gasp. "If you liked somebody else about the same as you like me, would you care to marry him?"—Chicago News-Record.

Defined.

"What must one do to get into the Four Hundred?"

"Nothing."—Vogue.

HOW TO SLEEP.

THE MATTER OF POSITION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

How to Make Oyster Soup—How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun—Other Hints For Practical Use.

In sleeping, much depends on securing a comfortable position. Lying on the back would seem to give the most ease, but general experience and practice prove that it does not, and it is liable to some definite objections. In a weakly state of the heart and blood vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to produce troublesome dreams. Persons who have contracted chills, and who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so in that position.

For these and other reasons it is therefore better to lie on the side, and in lung disease to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand. It is well to choose the right side, because, when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines.

Sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated, but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles in the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches and dreams.

The best sleep is obtained when the shutters are closed so as to make the room dark and the windows are adjusted so as to admit plenty of fresh air.

How to Make Oyster Soup.

Two quarts of oysters, a quart of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, a teacupful of hot water, pepper, salt. Strain all the liquor from the oysters, add the water and heat. When near the boil, add the seasoning; then the oysters. Cook about five minutes from the time they begin to simmer until they "ruffle." Stir in the butter, cook one minute and pour into the tureen. Stir in the boiling milk and send to table.

How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun.

It may be pretty generally known that the spots on the sun can be quite easily seen with an opera glass. The spots on the sun observe, with considerable regularity, a period. At the minimum the spots are small and very few in number, so that a telescope of some power is needed, but at the maximum they are numerous and of large size. This period is about 11 years, and it is now nearly at its maximum.

To appreciate this properly it is well to remember the magnitude of the object we are observing, and from that one can easily judge the size of the spots. The diameter of the sun is about 880,000 miles, and in comparison to the earth is as a large carriage wheel to a marble. If, therefore, the spots observed appear to be about one-twentieth the diameter of the disk, they occupy space about 44,000 miles in diameter.

To view the sun, take a hazy morning or evening, when the intervening mist gives it the appearance of a dull red ball, or get a couple of pieces of glass large enough to cover the eye pieces of the opera glass and smoke one of them until you can look at the sun through it easily. Put two strips of card between the ends with the smoked surface inside and attach to the instrument with a similar rubber band.

It will be best to get your opera glasses accurately focused on some distant object before adjusting the darkened glasses to them.

Timely Hints as to the Acquisition of Loveliness.

The hot bath is the bath most esteemed by our world famed beautiful women, so hot at first to be carefully entered; this done with due caution, let the water be fragrant with benzoin and foaming with the finest of soap. Use a linen or Turkish washrag and rub and scrub every inch of the body until it is glowing with healthy vigor. After the scrub, let out the hot water very gradually while the cold spigot empties the cold into the bath—but you must not get out—and the temperature of the bath will be so gradually reduced that no shock will be felt; then rinse as carefully as possible, and you will rise from it feeling splendidly.

The diet is of almost as much import as bathing. Avoid pastry, French sweets, fat meat and gravies. Eschew pork if you would have a beautiful skin. Choose cereals, lean meat, beef, mutton, fowls, fish, fruit and all vegetables, salads, greens and lettuce simply dressed. Avoid every kind of diet that is of oleaginous nature. For an oily face use benzoin lotion frequently and a triweekly vapor bath. Freckles are stubborn things to many, but the use of lemon juice and borax very often meets with great success.

How to Prevent Cold Feet.

Do not wear the same stockings on two successive days, but keep two pairs going alternately, hanging each to dry and air when not in use. Every night bathe the feet in tepid water and rub hard with a coarse towel.

How to Make Virginia Eggnog.

To make a gallon of eggnog take one dozen eggs; separate the whites and the yolks very carefully. Beat each until it becomes as light as practicable. Add a pound of pulverized white sugar to the yolks and mix. Then add a quart of cognac brandy and half pint of Jamaica rum, pouring them in a small stream while stirring actively. Add half a gallon of rich milk. Then add not less than three-fourths of the bulk of the whites. The remainder of the whites should be put upon the surface merely as an ornament. A large portion of the white of the eggs should always be mixed to render it light and wholesome.

Popular.

Primus—My fiancee is not only beautiful, but to know her is to love her.

Secundus—Yes. I have heard that to meet her is to be engaged to her.—Life.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY ROOM AND VIOLET COLORINGS.

An Invisible Woodbox—The Charm of Blue China—Brewing the Tea—Domestic Recipes.

Violet is an odd color to choose for the decoration of a bedroom, but an English lady of taste has used it in the refitting of a room in her London house in a manner which is extremely pleasing. The woodwork and furniture are all in white enamel, and the wall paper has a design of violet figures on a white ground, with a deep frieze of the purple clematis.

Chintz hangings at windows and doorways show the wistaria blossom, and the bed is draped with violet silk, elaborately embroidered with the same purple flowers. Purple velours is used for upholstering the divan, which is heaped with pillows in white and white and heliotrope combined, and the dressing table is draped like the bed with the soft violet silk. On the white frame of the mirror is painted a spray of clematis, and all the linen covers and toilet mats are dotted with tiny purple blossoms, wrought with the needle in washable silks.

A large carpet rug with a very light ground covers the center of the floor, and this is supplemented with white goatskin rugs placed wherever they are needed.

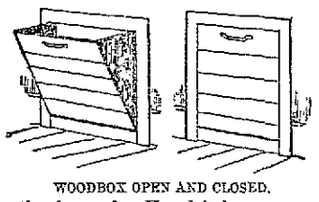
This scheme of color may be carried out in a less expensive manner by using the chintz both for bed and table draperies as well as for the covering of the couch, but care must be taken to keep the color within the limits of the different violet tones in all the decorations, and white alone should be used for woodwork and furniture. White wooden lattices, which Harper's Bazar says may be made at home, would add much to the beauty of a room decorated in this way, and the additional expense would be so trifling that it need not be considered.

Pommes Souffles.

This is a very tempting form of potato. Peel some nice sized potatoes, and cut them in slices about one-quarter inch thick, dry them well in a clean cloth, put them into a frying basket, and fry in plenty of boiling lard or fat till they are cooked, but not colored. It is on this first cooking that their success depends, and they should be just so cooked that, while quite soft, they should bite crisp and short if you put a piece in your mouth. Now have ready a second pan of fat, throw a few of the cooked potato slices into the basket, and fry them in the fat till they color prettily and puff out on both sides. Put these to drain in a hot corner, and continue till all are colored and light.

An Invisible Woodbox.

Where the kitchen adjoins a porch or woodshed, it is possible to make a woodbox in the partition so that the box can be filled from the porch or shed, and the wood need not be brought into the kitchen at all. The Country Gentleman tells how a wood box can be constructed so that it need occupy no space whatever in the kitchen—a most desirable feature. The box is made



WOODBOX OPEN AND CLOSED.

in the form of a V and is hung so as to swing on the point at the bottom or on a spindle passing from the partition through the box just at the point

When the box is shut up on the kitchen side, it projects on the other side of the partition and can be filled. When wood is desired in the kitchen, the box is swung into the room, a few sticks of wood removed and the box swung back again. Its weight will of course hold it in either position.

The Charm of Blue China.

It was Charles Lamb, with his "almost feminine partiality for old China," as well as "old and pretty" wares, who understood and expressed the vague enchantment of "those little, lawless, azure tinted grotesques that under the notion of men and women float about uncircumscribed by any element in that world before perspective—a china teacup. Here is a young and courtly mandarin handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream! Farther on, if far or near can be predicted of their world, see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays. Here a cow and rabbit, couchant and coextensive—so objects show seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay." In the world of blue china there are no right angles of incidence, no stubborn facts, but only a sweet unreasonableness—a happy and blessed inconsequence.

Good Sauce For Any Steamed Puddings.

Here is a good sauce for all kinds of steamed puddings: Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream, into which beat gradually one cupful of powdered sugar. When the mixture becomes light and smooth, add one unbeaten egg and beat rapidly for three minutes. Now add the grated yellow rind of one lemon and about one-third of a nutmeg grated. Then gradually pour half a cupful of hot milk into the bowl. Beat well and serve at once.

Brewing the Tea.

The excellence of all teas depends much upon the method of brewing. Freshly boiled water poured quickly upon the leaves, covered tightly and allowed to stand in a hot place (but never where it can boil) for five minutes is the accepted time for perfect tea making. Cream should not be served with tea, a slice of lemon in the cup, and either with or without sugar as preferred, represents the correct fashion.

Cocoanut Cakes.

Grate 2 ounces of cocoanut, and let it dry for a day or two; spread out on paper. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to snow and stir in one-quarter pound of fine sugar and the cocoanut, and with a teaspoon or a forcing pipe drop the cakes onto a sheet of white paper placed on an oven tin. Bake in a cool oven till hard—about half an hour.

Snow Cake.

Beat half a pound of fresh butter to a cream, add 2 well beaten eggs, 6 ounces of sifted sugar and a pound of farina or corn flour. Beat all together for 20 minutes and bake on a flat buttered tin in a slow oven. Do not let it color. When all is done, cut into squares.

The Crushed Author.

"So your great work on 'The Subconsciousness of the Normal Apperception' was rejected?"

"Yes. The publisher said his presses were going to be so busy with Clara Jeeps Chippy's new novel, 'Only the Second Chambermaid,' that he couldn't think of bringing out anything frivolous this season."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Reason Why.

I do not understand the reason why,
Though we toil all the day,
My Jock and I,
Yet poverty sits in our cottage door,
And each day wears the look that yester wore.

My Jock hath brawn and muscle, aye, and brain!
Yet duller men in chariots pass us by;
The reason why
I cannot say—but this I know,
No nobler heart than Jock's could God bestow.

We eat our simple fare in thankfulness,
Nor crave the dainties spread before the high,
My Jock and I;
They quaff life's wine, and we the lees—
And who can tell the reason why?

And haply, a little while, we'll understand,
When cowslips grow and long grass waves
Upon our humble graves,
It shall be well with my dear Jock and I—
We shall be happy with God's reason why.

—Mattie Holland Swann.

Could Not Talk a Little Bit.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy.

"I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him.

"Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance,' said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop. I've got to go there; and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.'

"Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success.

"The proprietor walked hurriedly, and I after him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears.

"Looking at my man, I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket, 'Now, tell me all about it!'

"He smiled sardonically as he said this, and I could have murdered him. It was impossible to say a word, and so I went right out. It was a darn mean trick."—New York Herald.

Preparing For a Hurricane.

Speaking of hurricanes at the island of St. Thomas, ex-Consul Horne said: "We had one that scared me a good deal more than it hurt me. One day when the sun was shining brightly I suddenly heard four guns fired from the fort. Everybody began jumping around and shutting up things. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Hurry up,' said the clerk, 'that's the signal. There's a storm coming.' And in the street the people were running in all directions, and blinds were banging. All the houses have heavy, solid outside shutters, and my clerk was shutting these as fast as he could. Soon I was left in total darkness entirely alone. Everybody goes into the lower stories of the houses during a hurricane, as they are built of stone and the upper part of the buildings are of wood. In an earthquake they use the wooden story. Well, the storm came up and banged and howled around, and I would have given $5 for even a black companion. I expected to see the whole place in ruins, but when I opened the shutters and got a breath of fresh air the people were beginning to walk about again, and the sun was shining, and everything was lovely. They're used to little things like hurricanes there and don't mind them. That's the way all rainstorms come up—out of a clear sky."—Hartford Courant.

India.

The civilization of today is indebted to the old time civilization of India. Without it there could scarcely have been an Athens or a Rome, and without a Rome no France or England, as we know them.

Do not imagine India as a country inhabited by a single race. You might as well say that the creole in the streets of New Orleans belongs to the same race as the Yankees because they live in the same country. India is densely populated by a large number of races, the people of which are widely separated by caste. Between the high and low castes there can be no affiliation. It is hard to convert these people to Christianity. The high caste would prefer hell to the idea of a heaven where he would be obliged to mingle with inferiors. Then, too, the native gravely answers when asked to change his religion that if his own faith were wrong his forefathers would surely have discovered it.—Lecturer Frank R. Roberson.

What Shall We Call Him?

Professor Muybridge, the artist who first succeeded in photographing an animal on the run or on the jump, writes his first name Eadweard. This is odd, but there is a man in West Virginia who writes his thus: Llewellyn Phthelognyrrh. His given name is not hard to read, but the other is a puzzler until you take it to pieces and determine the sounds of the letters and combinations by the following words: Phth, in phthisic; olo, in colonel; gn, in cologne; yrrh, in myrrh.—Harper's Young People.

The Storage Battery.

It is maintained very stoutly by expert electricians that the storage battery is, after all, a success for commercial work; that the new processes for manufacturing them have cheapened their cost, and that in train lighting they are especially efficient and economical. It is estimated that $85 per horse power is the annual cost of the accumulator.—Inventive Age.

James Wormley, son of the Washington hotel keeper, recently found stowed away in a closet a coffee wood cane, highly polished, engraved upon the head of which was this inscription, "Hon. Charles Sumner, from a citizen of Liberia." The stick had in turn been presented to Mr. Wormley.

Somebody still "reads Dickens," after all. A group of children was found not long ago placing flowers at the feet of the novelist's statue in a park at Sydney. When asked why they were doing it, little Australians answered simply, "It's the story writer."

On the night of the 11th of June, 1852, there were heavy frosts all over New England, and in Livingstone county, N. Y., 300 sheep that had been sheared a few days before were frozen to death.

Ice artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures is not a late idea by any means, the invention dating back to 1783.

Oceans of It.

Traveler (in haste)—Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank, porter?

Porter—Plenty of time, sir—10:50 tomorrow morning.—Tit-Bits.

Difficult.

His Friend—What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?

Footlights—Trying to live on the salary I told my friends I was drawing.—

THE KIND THAT CURES

WILLIAM BURKE,
Springfield, Mass.

"It's The Kind That Cures"
SAYS
WILLIAM BURKE.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,
GENTLEMEN,—For the past eight years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, fearful headaches and a tired feeling constantly—unable to work most of the time. I was induced to try DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, and after using three bottles I felt better than I had for three years. At times I could not eat for two or three days at a time—now I feel like a new man. My appetite is ravenous—can eat anything. Headache all gone, and I can say I feel entirely cured. I can fully warrant

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

to do all it claims—and to any suffering, I recommend it. Try it and be convinced. "It's the Kind That Cures."

Yours very truly, WM. BURKE
Springfield, Mass.

SIRS.—Mr. Burke is well known in Springfield, especially in sporting circles as owner of the running horse "Rugby." His testimony is reliable. Respy yours,
W. B. NOBLE, Druggist.
167 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

Boston and Maine.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40 3.25, 5 10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5 10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m, 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell,

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, ¶6 50, *7 45, *8 50, ¶9 25, *9 50, 11 00 a. m., *12 10, 1 35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, *5 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7 45, 8 45, *9 15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston.—5 48, 6 34, ¶6 53, 7 01, *7 18, *7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 28, *9 35, *9 38, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 38, 2 13, ¶3 03, 4 02, 4 33, *5 33, ¶5 43, *6 28, 7 52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 17, *7 27, *7 48, 8 48, *9 20 a. m.; 4 25, 6 03 p. m.

or Woburn, 6 30, §7 01, 7 35, *7 45, 11 09 a.m.; 1 35, 4.30, *5 33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m. §4 25, §6 03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6 30, 10 00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5 50 p m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7 15 p m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7 35 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12 57, 1.47, 2.43, (7.00 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.49 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00. a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8 13, 8.49 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), 8 13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 p m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m ; 1.47 and 8 13.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m., 12 11, 8.13 p. m

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; 8.13 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ (Daily for Montreal.

J. W. SANBORN, General Manager.
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LOWEST PRICES TELEPHONE 55-5.

All Honor to the Board of Health,

For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox—typhoid fever, is amongst us; but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health, and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If that is so, the remedy is easy, don't take it raw—cool it; that is, boil it, and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different: there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk. Every doctor will tell you that. Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever: we cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat, but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body—wine, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else. Now, if these remedies are good in case of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c. per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which others ask $1 25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, best California, 25 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to

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Globe Hotel, City.

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THE TAX ON INCOMES.

Its Relation to the Rich and the General Welfare.

Some of the Objections Urged Against It.—Why It is Opposed by the Plutocrats—Views of "Great Financiers"—Relations of the Castles to the Hovels.

An income tax?

Yes, by all means. All the arguments that have been advanced against it are based upon the assumption, so pernicious and so contrary to the spirit of a republican form of government, that the state has no right to legislate for the general welfare.

Suppose it would be injurious to those who are the fortunate possessors of liberal incomes. Is it not also injurious to the sportsman that he cannot shoot game or fish out of season? Is it not a detriment to the farmer that he cannot pasture his cows in the common, to the lover of flowers that she cannot pick roses in the park? Is it not a misfortune to the head of a destitute family that he cannot help himself to bread at the baker's?

Can we never get our wiseacres, our so called statesmen and our editors to recognize a fact upon which rests the very bulwark of our form of government—namely, that all legislation should be considered in the relation that it bears to the general well being and not to its effects upon the primitive rights of the individual?

Nobody with a spoonful of brains will claim that an income tax would be a benefit to the rich. If it would, there would be no need of it. As it would not, as it would create a wider diffusion of moderate welfare, as it would tend to level the extremes of poverty and wealth, it is not merely the right but the imperative duty of a government of this kind to impose it.

So likewise the claim that an income tax "cannot be enforced" is, per se, not the slightest ground for opposing its enactment. The distillery tax, the oleomargarine law, the laws against all forms of crime, are difficult of enforcement, and their success depends very much upon the penalties imposed and the efforts of justice to enforce them. There would be little difficulty in enforcing such a law if everybody were honest, and the difficulty of enforcing a law where there is dishonesty is great in all cases.

But such a law would be a temptation to lead men into the vice of dishonesty, says some objector for the one hundredth time. Yes, and so are poverty and destitution temptations to vice and dishonesty. Nay, more. Want and destitution are the strongest temptations to crime with which man is afflicted. If the enforcement of an income tax would lead to more dishonesty, not mentioning crime, than is fertilized by the despair of destitution, then God help us all. An income tax has been systematically imposed and collected in England, France and Germany for years. Are the rich of the United States so much more unscrupulous that it cannot be done here? Is our form of government so much more plutocratic that it would be contrary to its spirit to enact it?

Most of the objections against imposing an income tax come from the only interests that the press has thus far consulted to secure an expression of opinion—"the great financiers of the country" and the Wall street bankers.

Mr. C. P. Huntington says he is opposed to an income tax because "it interferes with the people's economics." Probably it did not occur to this venerable moneybags that we have been interfering with the people's economics right along for the past 100 years, and that if we had not done so he would probably have very little income to be taxed. It would be laughable were it not irritating to hear millionaires, who owe all they have to an interference with economics, oppose and question legislation of the kind that tends to help a class that a government for the people is bound to make the subject of its first consideration. It reminds me of the howls that are made against a depreciated dollar from this same class and their sublime satisfaction over an appreciated one, which is far more pernicious, as it enriches the creditor who can take care of himself and robs the debtor who cannot.

But Russell Sage of New York is another individual who has been consulted on the subject. He says, "I am opposed to an income tax because—well, because I don't think it is fair." You don't mean what you say, Mr. Sage. Probably your feelings would have been more correctly defined if you had said, "I am opposed to an income tax because it would cause me to disgorge an infinitesimal fraction of my ill gotten gains, because it would not be legislating for the rich."

Richard Croker, the czar of Tammany Hall in New York, who has had no visible means of support since he was coroner, and who never earned a dollar of his great wealth, is opposed to an income tax because "it would, after all, fall heaviest upon poor people." He need not give himself any uneasiness about the poor people. If this government can be maintained in the spirit in which it was founded, the worthy poor will be able to take care of themselves. This cry that taxes fall upon the poor people is about as old as sin, yet no matter where they fall men of wealth will lie and steal and juggle and adopt any method, no matter how pitiful and paltry, to get rid of paying them.

True, the imposition of an income tax offers no great relief for the industrial disease from which the country is suffering. It will not turn enforced idleness, the greatest curse from which civilization can suffer, to leisure, its greatest blessing. It will mitigate but little that despairing present day cry for plenty of work, without which there can be no real prosperity, except that by increasing the revenue of the government it will give the means of carrying forward more public improvements.

But it is a step in the right direction. It will rightly compel those having large incomes to contribute more toward the support of the government than those possessed of small incomes. For every castle on the hilltop there are a hundred hovels in the valley. It may tend to reduce the castles, but it will also reduce the hovels correspondingly. Castles and hovels are equally inimical to the welfare of a government for, of and by the people.

After all, one of the strongest arguments in favor of an income tax is the fact that those who have large incomes oppose it. Possessors of large incomes are few. Those who have small incomes are many. Have we so far forgotten the spirit of our government that we refuse to legislate for the many against the few?

JEROME WOOD.

Pittsburg.

An Altruist Community.

C. W. Gibson, president of the Detroit Carbonic Acid Gas company and a capitalist, has made a proposition to the poor committee to take care of 60 needy families, who will become members of the Gibsonville altruist community, of which Mr. Gibson is president.

This community is located on 415 acres of the best farming land in Michigan, in Genesee county, near the town of Grand Blanc, five miles from Flint. The purpose of the community, which is organized under the laws of the state as a stock company, is to conduct the business of agriculture, manufacturing and merchandising for the benefit of all its members.

The community is strictly co-operative, and the women have as much say as the men in the arrangement of its affairs. The fruits of the labor of the members will be placed in a common treasury and divided at the end of each year. The number of days each member has worked during the year will be figured up, and half the proceeds will be divided pro rata among them.

The other half will be expended for public improvements and needs. Besides work in the broom and basket factories, there will be carried on all sorts of farming and gardening, and an immense creamery will be started in the spring.

A district school has already been established, and kindergartens and nurseries will also be established, where the women can leave their children during the day.

Mr. Gibson will furnish free transportation to all families who wish to enter the community and guarantees to see that all are comfortably housed, clothed and fed during this winter.—Detroit Special.

Pennoyer and the Critics.

Governor Pennoyer, replying to criticisms of the statement in his Christmas letter to President Cleveland that two-thirds of the people of Oregon were without employment, said:

"In one sense of the word all are employed—the tramp is employed in hunting from place to place for a job, and the mechanic out of work is employed in contemplating the sorrowful condition of his wife and children. What I meant was remunerative employment, and what I said was true. Business is paralyzed, and two-thirds of our people if not falling behind, are making no headway, nor will they until we have sufficient full legal tender currency—gold, silver and treasury notes—with which to effect a ready and complete interchange of commodity."

A London cablegram says that the war department, employing some 20,000 workmen, has adopted eight hours for a day's labor, with no deduction of wages. Logically the same course must now be taken in the navy department, and thus the government will be fully committed to the principle which the Labor party has been fighting for for years

Showing Her Sympathy.

On a Grand River avenue street car the other afternoon was a man with a bandage over his eyes who had been put aboard by some friend down town. At his left sat a motherly woman, who fidgeted about for awhile, and then gained courage to inquire:

"Have you met with an accident, sir?"

"No, ma'am. I am being treated for cataract of the eye."

"In both eyes?"

"Yes'm."

"And can't you see at all?"

"Not the slightest."

"Dear me, but that is awful!"

During the next three or four minutes she seemed to be studying the case to see what she could do to prove her good will and sympathy. A newsboy finally boarded the car just as she was about to get off, and she hurriedly bought a paper, laid it on the blind man's knee, and tenderly said:

"Poor fellow! I know just how you must feel about it! Here's the evening paper for you to read and take your mind off your misfortune."—Detroit Free Press.

Did Not Want Trunks.

"Pardon me, madam," gently urged travel stained Rhodes as he struck the lady of the house at the alley gate, "have you an old pair of shoes you can spare a poor pilgrim on life's thorny path?"

Bidding him wait a moment, the good woman went into the house and returned with a pair of shoes, which she handed to him.

"Excuse me, good lady," he murmured hoarsely, "your husband is a Philadelphia policeman?"

"He is," she replied wonderingly. "How did you know?"

"By the size of these," was the sorrowful reply. "Here, madam, take them back. I wanted shoes to walk in. I could use these for trunks; but, alas! I have no need for such."

Then he drifted on, and the woman leaned against the gatepost and thought. —Philadelphia Call

LAST DITCH BUT ONE.

AFTER THIS THERE IS ONLY THE TRENCH IN POTTER'S FIELD.

Now Is the Pawnshop's Harvest, and Woman's Tears and Heart's Blood Fall Beneath the Reaper—Parting With Old Keepsakes Under Pressure of Bitter Need

The real pathos of the present condition of things is not to be found in the streets. Neither is it to be found in saloons or in the courts or police stations. But it is in the pawnshops and loan offices that scenes enough to melt a heart of stone are enacted daily, with only men inured by long experience to such sights as witnesses. All day long the pawn shops are crowded. Men, women and children are there, each with some trinket or garment on which they want to raise a few cents.

Several afternoons ago a young woman on whose face the marks of care and trouble were plainly to be seen walked down Park row from the direction of Chatham square. Her clothing was shabby, but carefully brushed. She wore an old hat, with a couple of time worn feathers and a ruffled artificial rose for decorations, while in her arms she carried a baby not much more than a year old, around which an old and tattered shawl was carefully wrapped. The woman's face was pale and thin. Her dark brown eyes were sunken deep in her head, and she trembled like a leaf in the cold wind. Reaching the corner of William street, she strode swiftly around to the private entrance of the pawnshop and entered.

"C-can you let me have $5 on this?" she said timidly, pulling a plain band ring from her finger and handing it to the man.

The man looked at it and smiled.

"Well, hardly," he said, not unkindly.

"It's real gold. I know it," said the woman.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but it wouldn't be worth much more than $3 melted up. I'll give you $2.50 on it if that'll do."

"I ca—can't do without $5," replied the woman. "I must have it. Oh, my God, what shall I do?" and she burst out into tears. The clerk said nothing. The proprietor looked disgusted. Suddenly the woman wiped away her tears, and a look of complete despair and misery came over her face. Throwing aside the shawl which covered the baby, she took from the child's neck a thin gold chain, with a small locket attached. Throwing them down on the counter, she said: "Is that worth $2? Take it all and let me have $5."

"Certainly," said the clerk, and he brushed the trinkets to one side, made out two tickets and handed them, with a $5 note, to the woman. The latter then folded the shawl carefully around the child, weeping softly all the while, and then went out of the private entrance and disappeared down Park row.

"Hum," said the clerk to a gentleman standing near by. "Kinder tough. Let's see," examining the ring. "'Jack to Henrietta, 1893.' Well, there's dozens more like her—poor devils. Not a year married, I guess, and pawning the wedding ring so soon." Then the clerk opened the locket. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "That can't be the same," and he showed the gentleman the contents of the locket—a small tintype of an exceedingly pretty girl.

"Yes, it is," said the gentleman. "Same eyes—no mistake there. Tough, by gad! Tough," and he walked away as the clerk did the trinkets up in a small piece of newspaper and placed them in the safe.

A clerk in one of the biggest pawn shops in this city said to a Sun reporter the other day that never in the 15 years he has been in the business had he seen things quite as prosperous. "Of course we profit by the misfortunes of others," he said, "and, as there are always plenty of unfortunates around, business is always pretty lively with us. But for the past few weeks we have been overrun.

"The pawned articles include everything from watches and diamonds down to old hats and soiled vests. We're not quite so hard hearted about these matters as the general public seem to think. Of course it's simply business with us right through, but more than one hungry looking woman has come in this place within the past few days and tried to raise $1 on some article that never cost more than 50 cents and gone away with the $1 too. Mr. ——, the proprietor, knows it's clean loss to him, as the article will of course never be redeemed. Of course we have to carry the reputation of being avaricious and hard hearted just because we're in this business, but let me tell you that the average pawnbroker does a great deal more good than the average business man, and that, too, without getting a bit of credit for it.

"Some of the scenes I have witnessed in this place in the past few weeks have been simply heartrending. A woman came in here the other day and wanted $5 on a silver backed hairbrush. It was plated stuff and not worth that much, and of course we couldn't let her have the money. The way she went on was pitiable. She wasn't violent and didn't rant or tear her hair. She simply wept quietly and agreed to take the $2 we offered her. We had just given her the money when she threw up her hands and fainted dead away. An ambulance surgeon who was summoned said that woman was starving to death. She had a gentle face, but I learned afterward that when they undressed her at the hospital they discovered that she hadn't a particle of underclothing on and was suffering as much from exposure as lack of food. That's only one of dozens of similar cases we have every day.

"If I had time, I could tell you of dozens of such cases. The pawnshop is the place for the philanthropist to hang around if he wants to find worthy objects of charity. It isn't the beggars that come here. It's the men and women who have seen better days and who have lost everything but their pride that come here to raise a little money on keepsakes and mementos of time gone by." —New York Sun.

Getting Over It Easily.

"Carrie," said the bashful youth, with a gasp. "If you liked somebody else about the same as you like me, would you care to marry him?"—Chicago News-Record.

Defined.

"What must one do to get into the Four Hundred?"

"Nothing."—Vogue.

HOW TO SLEEP.

THE MATTER OF POSITION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

How to Make Oyster Soup—How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun—Other Hints For Practical Use.

In sleeping, much depends on securing a comfortable position. Lying on the back would seem to give the most ease, but general experience and practice prove that it does not, and it is liable to some definite objections. In a weakly state of the heart and blood vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to produce troublesome dreams. Persons who have contracted chests, and who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so in that position.

For these and other reasons it is therefore better to lie on the side, and in lung disease to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand. It is well to choose the right side, because, when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines.

Sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated, but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles in the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches and dreams.

The best sleep is obtained when the shutters are closed so as to make the room dark and the windows are adjusted so as to admit plenty of fresh air.

How to Make Oyster Soup.

Two quarts of oysters, a quart of milk, 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, a teacupful of hot water, pepper, salt. Strain all the liquor from the oysters, add the water and heat. When near the boil, add the seasoning; then the oysters. Cook about five minutes from the time they begin to simmer until they "ruffle." Stir in the butter, cook one minute and pour into the tureen. Stir in the boiling milk and send to table.

How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun.

It may be pretty generally known that the spots on the sun can be quite easily seen with an opera glass. The spots on the sun observe, with considerable regularity, a period. At the minimum the spots are small and very few in number, so that a telescope of some power is needed, but at the maximum they are numerous and of large size. This period is about 11 years, and it is now nearly at its maximum.

To appreciate this properly it is well to remember the magnitude of the object we are observing, and from that one can easily judge the size of the spots. The diameter of the sun is about 880,000 miles, and in comparison to the earth is as a large carriage wheel to a marble. If, therefore, the spots observed appear to be about one-twentieth the diameter of the disk, they occupy space about 44,000 miles in diameter.

To view the sun, take a hazy morning or evening, when the intervening mist gives it the appearance of a dull red ball, or get a couple of pieces of glass large enough to cover the eye pieces of the opera glass and smoke one of them until you can look at the sun through it easily. Put two strips of card between the ends with the smoked surface inside and attach to the instrument with a similar rubber band.

It will be best to get your opera glasses accurately focused on some distant object before adjusting the darkened glasses to them.

Timely Hints as to the Acquisition of Loveliness.

The hot bath is the bath most esteemed by our world famed beautiful women, so hot at first to be carefully entered; this done with due caution, let the water be fragrant with benzoin and foaming with the finest of soap. Use a linen or Turkish washrag and rub and scrub every inch of the body until it is glowing with healthy vigor. After the scrub, let out the hot water very gradually while the cold spigot empties the cold into the bath—but you must not get out—and the temperature of the bath will be so gradually reduced that no shock will be felt; then rinse as carefully as possible, and you will rise from it feeling splendidly.

The diet is of almost as much import as bathing. Avoid pastry, French sweets, fat meat and gravies. Eschew pork if you would have a beautiful skin. Choose cereals, lean meat, beef, mutton, fowls, fish, fruit and all vegetables, salads, greens and lettuce simply dressed. Avoid every kind of diet that is of oleaginous nature. For an oily face use benzoin lotion frequently and a triweekly vapor bath. Freckles are stubborn things to many, but the use of lemon juice and borax very often meets with great success.

How to Prevent Cold Feet.

Do not wear the same stockings on two successive days, but keep two pairs going alternately, hanging each to dry and air when not in use. Every night bathe the feet in tepid water and rub hard with a coarse towel.

How to Make Virginia Eggnog.

To make a gallon of eggnog take one dozen eggs; separate the whites and the yolks very carefully. Beat each until it becomes as light as practicable. Add a pound of pulverized white sugar to the yolks and mix. Then add a quart of cognac brandy and half pint of Jamaica rum, pouring them in a small stream while stirring actively. Add half a gallon of rich milk. Then add not less than three-fourths of the bulk of the whites. The remainder of the whites should be put upon the surface merely as an ornament. A large portion of the white of the eggs should always be mixed to render it light and wholesome.

Popular.

Primus—My fiancee is not only beautiful, but to know her is to love her.

Secundus—Yes. I have heard that to meet her is to be engaged to her.—Life.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY ROOM AND VIOLET COLORINGS.

An Invisible Woodbox—The Charm of Blue China—Brewing the Tea—Domestic Recipes.

Violet is an odd color to choose for the decoration of a bedroom, but an English lady of taste has used it in the refitting of a room in her London house in a manner which is extremely pleasing. The woodwork and furniture are all in white enamel, and the wall paper has a design of violet figures on a white ground, with a deep frieze of the purple clematis.

Chintz hangings at windows and doorways show the wistaria blossom, and the bed is draped with violet silk, elaborately embroidered with the same purple flowers. Purple velours is used for upholstering the divan, which is heaped with pillows in white and white and heliotrope combined, and the dressing table is draped like the bed with the soft violet silk. On the white frame of the mirror is painted a spray of clematis, and all the linen covers and toilet mats are dotted with tiny purple blossoms, wrought with the needle in washable silks.

A large carpet rug with a very light ground covers the center of the floor, and this is supplemented with white goatskin rugs placed wherever they are needed.

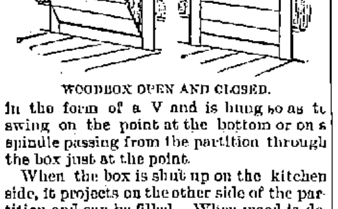
This scheme of color may be carried out in a less expensive manner by using the chintz both for bed and table draperies as well as for the covering of the couch, but care must be taken to keep the color within the limits of the different violet tones in all the decorations, and white alone should be used for woodwork and furniture. White wooden lattices, which Harper's Bazar says may be made at home, would add much to the beauty of a room decorated in this way, and the additional expense would be so trifling that it need not be considered.

Pommes Souffles.

This is a very tempting form of potato. Peel some nice sized potatoes, and cut them in slices about one-quarter inch thick, dry them well in a clean cloth, put them into a frying basket, and fry in plenty of boiling lard or fat till they are cooked, but not colored. It is on this first cooking that their success depends, and they should be just so cooked that, while quite soft, they should bite crisp and short if you put a piece in your mouth. Now have ready a second pan of fat, throw a few of the cooked potato slices into the basket, and fry them in the fat till they color prettily and puff out on both sides. Put these to drain in a hot corner, and continue till all are colored and light.

An Invisible Woodbox.

Where the kitchen adjoins a porch or woodshed, it is possible to make a woodbox in the partition so that the box can be filled from the porch or shed, and the wood need not be brought into the kitchen at all. The Country Gentleman tells how a woodbox can be constructed so that it need occupy no space whatever in the kitchen—a most desirable feature. The box is mad



WOODBOX OPEN AND CLOSED.

in the form of a V and is hung so as to swing on the point at the bottom or on a spindle passing from the partition through the box just at the point.

When the box is shut up on the kitchen side, it projects on the other side of the partition and can be filled. When wood is desired in the kitchen, the box is swung into the room, a few sticks of wood removed and the box swung back again. Its weight will of course hold it in either position.

The Charm of Blue China.

It was Charles Lamb, with his "almost feminine partiality for old China," as well as "old and pretty" wares, who understood and expressed the vague enchantment of "those little, lawless, azure tinted grotesques that, under the notion of men and women float about uncircumscribed by any element in that world before perspective—a china teacup. Here is a young and courtly mandarin handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream! Farther on, if far or near can be predicted of their world, see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays. Here a cow and rabbit, couchant and coextensive—so objects show seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay." In the world of blue china there are no right angles of incidence, no stubborn facts, but only a sweet unreasonableness—a happy and blessed inconsequence.

Good Sauce For Any Steamed Puddings.

Here is a good sauce for all kinds of steamed puddings: Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream, into which beat gradually one cupful of powdered sugar. When the mixture becomes light and smooth, add one unbeaten egg and beat rapidly for three minutes. Now add the grated yellow rind of one lemon and about one-third of a nutmeg grated. Then gradually pour half a cupful of hot milk into the bowl. Beat well and serve at once.

Brewing the Tea.

The excellence of all teas depends much upon the method of brewing. Freshly boiled water poured quickly upon the leaves, covered tightly and allowed to stand in a hot place (but never where it can boil) for five minutes is the accepted time for perfect tea making. Cream should not be served with tea, a slice of lemon in the cup, and either with or without sugar as preferred, represents the correct fashion.

Cocoanut Cakes.

Grate 3 ounces of cocoanut, and let it dry for a day or two; spread out on paper. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to snow and stir in one-quarter pound of fine sugar and the cocoanut, and with a teaspoon or a forcing pipe drop the cakes onto a sheet of white paper placed on an oven tin. Bake in a cool oven till hard—about half an hour.

Snow Cake.

Beat half a pound of fresh butter to a cream, add 2 well beaten eggs, 6 ounces of sifted sugar and a pound of farina or corn flour. Beat all together for 20 minutes and bake on a flat buttered tin in a slow oven. Do not let it color. When all is done, cut into squares.

The Crushed Author.

"So your great work on 'The Subconsciousness of the Normal Apperception' was rejected?"

"Yes. The publisher said his presses were going to be so busy with Clara Jeeps Chippy's new novel, 'Only the Second Chambermaid,' that he couldn't think of bringing out anything frivolous this season."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Reason Why.

I do not understand the reason why,
Though we toil all the day,
My Jock and I,
Yet poverty sits in our cottage door,
And each day wears the look that yester wore,

My Jock hath brawn and muscle, aye, and brain!
Yet duller men in chariots pass us by;
The reason why
I cannot say—but this I know,
No nobler heart than Jock's could God bestow.

We eat our simple fare in thankfulness,
Nor crave the dainties spread before the high,
My Jock and I;
They quaff life's wine, and we the lees—
And who can tell the reason why?

And haply, a little while, we'll understand,
When cowslips grow and long grass waves
Upon our humble graves,
It shall be well with my dear Jock and I—
We shall be happy with God's reason why.

—Mattie Holland Swann.

Could Not Talk a Little Bit.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy.

"I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him.

"Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance,' said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop. I've got to go there; and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.'

"Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success.

"The proprietor walked hurriedly, and I after him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears.

"Looking at my man, I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket, 'Now, tell me all about it!'

"He smiled sardonically as he said this, and I could have murdered him. It was impossible to say a word, and so I went right out. It was a darn mean trick."—New York Herald.

Preparing For a Hurricane.

Speaking of hurricanes at the island of St. Thomas, ex-Consul Horne said: "We had one that scared me a good deal more than it hurt me. One day when the sun was shining brightly I suddenly heard four guns fired from the fort. Everybody began jumping around and shutting up things. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Hurry up,' said the clerk, 'that's the signal. There's a storm coming.' And in the street the people were running in all directions, and blinds were banging. All the houses have heavy, solid outside shutters, and my clerk was shutting these as fast as he could. Soon I was left in total darkness entirely alone. Everybody goes into the lower stories of the houses during a hurricane, as they are built of stone and the upper part of the buildings are of wood. In an earthquake they use the wooden story. Well, the storm came up and banged and howled around, and I would have given $5 for even a black companion. I expected to see the whole place in ruins, but when I opened the shutters and got a breath of fresh air the people were beginning to walk about again; and the sun was shining, and everything was lovely. They're used to little things like hurricanes there and don't mind them. That's the way all rainstorms come up—out of a clear sky."—Hartford Courant.

India.

The civilization of today is indebted to the old time civilization of India. Without it there could scarcely have been an Athens or a Rome, and without a Rome no France or England, as we know them.

Do not imagine India as a country inhabited by a single race. You might as well say that the creole in the streets of New Orleans belongs to the same race as the Yankees because they live in the same country. India is densely populated by a large number of races, the people of which are widely separated by caste. Between the high and low castes there can be no affiliation. It is hard to convert these people to Christianity. The high caste would prefer hell to the idea of a heaven where he would be obliged to mingle with inferiors. Then, too, the native gravely answers when asked to change his religion that if his own faith were wrong his forefathers would surely have discovered it.—Lecturer Frank R. Roberson.

What Shall We Call Him?

Professor Muybridge, the artist who first succeeded in photographing an animal on the run or on the jump, writes his first name Eadweard. This is odd, but there is a man in West Virginia who writes his thus: Llewellyn Phtholognyrrh. His given name is not hard to read, but the other is a puzzler until you take it to pieces and determine the sounds of the letters and combinations by the following words: Phth, in phthisic; olo, in colonel; gn, in cologne; yrrh, in myrrh.—Harper's Young People.

The Storage Battery.

It is maintained very stoutly by expert electricians that the storage battery is, after all, a success for commercial work; that the new processes for manufacturing them have cheapened their cost, and that in train lighting they are especially efficient and economical. It is estimated that $85 per horse power is the annual cost of the accumulator.—Inventive Age.

James Wormley, son of the Washington hotel keeper, recently found stowed away in a closet a coffee wood cane, highly polished, engraved upon the head of which was this inscription, "Hon. Charles Sumner, from a citizen of Liberia." The stick had in turn been presented to Mr. Wormley.

Somebody still "reads Dickens," after all. A group of children was found not long ago placing flowers at the feet of the novelist's statue in a park at Sydney. When asked why they were doing it, little Australians answered simply, "It's the story writer."

On the night of the 11th of June, 1852, there were heavy frosts all over New England, and in Livingstone county, N. Y., 300 sheep that had been sheared a few days before were frozen to death.

Ice artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures is not a late idea by any means, the invention dating back to 1783.

Oceans of It.

Traveler (in haste)—Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank, porter?

Porter—Plenty of time, sir—10:50 tomorrow morning.—Tit-Bits.

Difficult.

His Friend—What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?

Footlights—Trying to live on the salary I told my friends I was drawing.—

THE KIND THAT CURES

WILLIAM BURKE, Springfield, Mass.

"It's The Kind That Cures" SAYS WILLIAM BURKE.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—For the past eight years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, fearful headaches and a tired feeling constantly—unable to work most of the time. I was induced to try DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, and after using three bottles I felt better than I had for five years. At times I could not eat for two or three days at a time—now I feel like a new man. My appetite is ravenous—can eat anything. Headache all gone, and I can say I feel entirely cured. I can fully warrant

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

to do all it claims—and to any suffering, I recommend it. Try it and be convinced. "It's the Kind That Cures."

Yours very truly, WM. BURKE. Springfield, Mass.

SIRS:—Mr. Burke is well known in Springfield, especially in sporting circles as owner of the running horse "Rugby." His testimony is reliable. Resp'y yours, W. H. NOBLE, Druggist. 167 Chesnut St., Springfield, Mass.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

Boston and Maine.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls So. co and Portland 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell,

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *850, ¶9.25, *9.50, 11.00 a. m.; *12.10, 1.35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.23, *9.35, *9.59, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.38, 2.13, ¶3.03, 4.02, 4.33, *5.33, ¶5.43, *6.28, 7.52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, ¶7.48, 8.48, *9.20 a. m.; §1.25, 6.03 p. m.

or Woburn, 6.30, §7.01, 7.35, *7.45, 11.00 a. m.; 1.35, 4.30, *§5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03, p. m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.15 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.11 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a. m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.43, (5.03 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.43 p. m. SUNDAYS 10.09 a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), †8.43 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a. m.; 1.47 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a. m.; 1.47 and †8.43.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞†Daily for Montreal.

J. W. SANBORN, General Manager.
D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Western Div.
C. E. FAIGE, Gen. Agent So. Div.

JAMES MEEK,

HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.

Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.

LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

All Honor to the Board of Health,

For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox—typhoid fever, is amongst us; but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health, and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If that is so, the remedy is easy; don't take it raw—cook it; that is, boil it and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different; there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk. Every doctor will tell you that. Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever; we cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat, but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body —wine, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else. Now, if these remedies are good in case of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c. per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which others ask $1.25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, best California, 35 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to JOHN WARBURTON, Globe Hotel, City.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PIHL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

COR. CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.

Where all kinds of new and second-hand furniture can be bought at lowest prices

SLIGHT GAIN

In the Financial and Industrial Centers.

THE WOOL TRADE IS YET DEMORALIZED.

Some Shoe Factories are Better Employed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—A fresh impulse has been given to business this week by the success of the treasury in obtaining gold for its reserve, thus strengthening confidence in its ability to maintain gold payments. Gradual improvement in business explains the appearance of more commercial paper in the market this week than has been seen for a long time, though as yet the vast accumulation of idle funds is proof enough that trade has by no means regained normal proportions.

Industrial recovery continues, though it is but gradual, in response to the demand of a people whose consumption at its lowest is greater than that of any other country, and more mills are now at work.

Stocks have been stronger since the result as to the bonds were foreshadowed. Other speculative markets have been almost stagnant.

Wheat has advanced about half a cent, because western reports were only 1,446,404 bushels for the week, against 2,893,000 last year, though there are no signs of material decrease in the enormous visible supply, and Atlantic exports dwindled to 413,990 bushels for the week, against 1,404,471 last year.

Smaller receipts and exports of corn have not prevented a slight decline, and pork products are dull without important change.

Cotton and Wool.

Cotton advanced a shade, but closed without change from last week, receipts from plantations still exceeding last year's, though less than of late, while exports continue larger than a year ago. Foreign consumption is heavy, but American mills are taking much less than a year ago. The market for cotton goods has a better tone and more staples have been taken, particularly print cloths, with a slight advance in price, but all qualities are extremely low, and scarcely any increase in the working force is seen.

Some demoralization is again reported in prices of woolens, friezes having been reduced in price and trade in overcoatings is not satisfactory. There is more activity in suitings since the date for new duties was deferred, but not many lines of the better grades are yet on the market. Sales of wool are still small; for the week, 4,505,700 pounds against 8,178,000 last year

Eastern trade in boots and shoes still hesitates, with Boston shipments 23 per cent below last year's, but western factories are reported a little better employed, about 15 per cent below the full capacity.

Larger demand for structural iron and steel for railway materials, except rails; for barbed iron, and especially for wire nails and wire rods, gives a better look to the iron industry both east and west.

BRIDGEPORT RIOTERS

Make an Attack Upon Cars of the Traction Company.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 3.—There was another outbreak of violence last night by the sympathizers of the strikers. After 10 o'clock, the cars in charge of Conductors Leak and Muth were bombarded by the sympathizers. While the latter's car was passing down Washington avenue, a bullet went crashing through the window of the car, in which several ladies were riding. No one was injured.

When the next car came along Conductor Leak was struck on the head by a stone, but he was not seriously injured. The report that there was another outbreak brought a squad of officers out, but before they arrived the crowd of rioters dispersed.

The strikers deny that it was any of their number who fired the shots through the car windows.

Twenty-Five Years a Bishop.

ALBANY, Feb. 3—With an impressive and beautiful ceremony was celebrated the 25th anniversary as bishop of Albany of Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane. In the morning many congratulatory addresses were made. At the midday services the sermon was preached by the venerable Bishop Williams of Connecticut. Bishops from all parts of the United States were present.

Mr. Dole's Sickness.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3—In regard to a San Francisco dispatch, to the effect that President Dole, of the provisional government of Hawaii, would be forced to resign his position on account of ill health, Minister Thurston said that he did not consider the report true. Mr. Dole's illness was of a nature that would not force the president to resign.

An Actress In a Collision.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Actress Rose Coghlan and her husband, John T. Sullivan, were driving on the Boulevard when a runaway horse collided with their sleigh, smashing it. The shaft grazed Miss Coghlan's chin and she had her sack torn and was badly shaken up, though she appeared at the Hollis theater last night.

Sports at Quebec.

QUEBEC, Feb. 3.—The grand attack upon the palace was a brilliant success last night. The fireworks were magnificent. The country snow steeplechase over a two-mile course was won by Gowan of Montreal in 18 minutes. The figure skating contest was won by H. E. Evans of Boston.

For Ten-Year Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The house committee on the judiciary order issued a favorable report on the resolution to change the tenure of office of justices of the supreme courts to 10 years and to do away with the system of retirement.

A $10,000 Fire at Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—An overheated stove in the office on the third floor of the building occupied by W. P. B. Brooks & Co., furniture dealers, 151 Hanover street, caused a damage of $10,000.

Hunting Up Recruits.

AMESBURY, Mass., Jan. 3.—A recruiting officer has been engaging men around here, ostensibly for the Brazilian army, promising them $50 a month. Instead of going to Brazil the men will be sent, it is said, to Honolulu to serve the provisional government.

William to Visit Bismarck.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Emperor William will probably take advantage of his journey to Kiel to visit Prince Bismarck. The emperor goes to Kiel to administer the oath of allegiance to the recruits of the marine corps.

VERMONTS' NEW BISHOP.

REV. DR. ARTHUR HALL CONFIRMED TO PRIESTLY OFFICE.

Impressive Service of Laying on of Hands and Consecration Participated in by Many New England Bishops of the Episcopal Faith.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Feb. 3.—An event fraught with interest to the Protestant Episcopal churches throughout the United States and New England was the consecration of Dr. Arthur C. A Hall, D. D., as bishop of the diocese of Vermont, which took place in St. Paul's church, at 11 o'clock yesterday. This imposing ceremony was witnessed by distinguished men of the church from all parts of the United States and Canada, and only a small part of those who desired to see the impressive service could gain access to the church.

BISHOP HALL.

It had been necessary to assign all sittings by lot to the various parishes, after reserving accommodations for the visiting clergymen and others, and every available foot of space was occupied.

The ceremony was preceded by the holy communion at 7:30 o'clock and morning prayers at 9:30. Shortly before the hour for the services to begin the bishops and clergymen proceeded in procession from the chapel to the church and the services were carried out in order.

The consecrators were Bishops Neely of Maine, Niles of New Hampshire, and Lawrence of Massachusetts. The presenters were Bishops Grafton of Fon Du Lac and Coleman of Delaware. The attending presbyters were Rev. Dr. J. Isham Bliss of the diocese of Vermont and Rev. Dr. Lucius Waterman of the diocese of New Hampshire. The master of ceremonies was Rev. William W. Weeks of the diocese of Vermont.

The bishop-elect was escorted to the altar by a procession, in which Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts was a prominent figure, and the preliminary responses and readings were given in accordance with the Episcopal ritual before Bishop Coleman ascended the pulpit to preach the consecration sermon.

A luncheon was served immediately after the service in the church parlors, for the personal friends of Dr. Hall, the clergy of the diocese and the visiting clergy with their families and members of the diocesan board.

At 3 p. m. a reception was given to Bishop Hall in the chapel, to which every one was invited

PRINCE IS MISSING.

A Sensation Which Furnishes Ample Material For Berlin Gossips.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Military and social circles here are discussing a sensation which has been caused by the complete disappearance of Prince Assiz Hassam, a young Egyptian nobleman who was serving in the First Dragoons in the garrison in this city.

Prince Hassam has been living in a very extravagant style, employing a number of servants and having a number of horses and carriages. At the opera, the theater and at several clubs the young Egyptian prince was remarked for his stylish appearance and extreme liberality. On the race courses, also, Prince Assiz Hassam was a prominent figure, as he was a heavy bettor and an unfortunate backer of fast steeds.

Then the prince turned to the usurers and began borrowing money. The usurers accommodated him for a while, but when his debts amounted to $75,000 they refused to advance any more money. A few days ago the effects of the Egyptian "Plunger" were seized and the matter was brought to the attention of the colonel of his regiment, who gave him 20 days in which to make some satisfactory arrangement with his creditors.

Apparently Prince Hassam was unable to come to terms, for he has vanished from the sight of all of his acquaintances, and the most diligent search has failed to find any trace of him.

Creditors Get Nothing.

BOSTON, Feb 3.—Boston Common, the new Sunday paper, published by Doran, Towle & Co., suspended operations yesterday afternoon, the company going into insolvency last evening. The paper has been published every Sunday since Dec. 17. It is expected that the creditors will be full losers, as the plant is unpaid for.

Gloucester Newspaper Swelled the Fund.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The fund raised by The Daily Times of Gloucester, Mass., $144.50, for the widows and children of the lost men of the steamship Amsterdam, who met death in endeavoring to save the shipwrecked crew of the schooner Maggie E. Wells, has increased the Maritime Exchange fund of this city to $1792.

Character Was Smirched.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The court has awarded the son of Composer Balfe 200 pounds sterling damages in a suit against a contributor to a newspaper, Society, who suggested that he was of illegitimate birth. Balfe had previously obtained a verdict for 200 pounds sterling against Society for printing the article.

MURDER

Is the Verdict in the Meyer Case.

THE VERDICT HAS CREATED CONSIDERABLE SURPRISE.

Conviction Was Entirely Upon Circumstantial Evidence.

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 3.—The Prawda trial was brought to a termination yesterday afternoon, when to the surprise of every one the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

All of the afternoon was taken up with the argument of Attorney General Powers. This was the second murder case in which Powers has figured since he has been attorney general. County Attorney True conducted the cross-examination, and has worked night and day to secure the verdict which was returned.

Attorney General Powers finished his argument about 4.30 o'clock, and Judge Bonney began his charge to the jury. The charge was very brief, the judge simply instructing the jury as to their duties, and at 4·45 gave them the case and sent them out. During the absence of the jury, the courtroom remained crowded. There was a general feeling that a verdict of acquittal would be obtained inside of an hour, though some thought that the jury would disagree.

At 6.15 the jury returned. A hush fell upon the audience. Prawda turned ashy pale and clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. His wife almost screamed. The foreman of the jury formally announced that the jury found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. Prawda fell back in his chair motionless. His wife fainted and all the spectators were greatly excited. Counsel for the defense stated that he should file exceptions and enter a motion for a new trial.

Evidence Circumstantial.

The state's evidence was entirely circumstantial. On the night of Nov. 28 Prawda was about his house in Yarmouth. The house was occupied by himself and mother-in-law, Mrs. Meyers. About 8 o'clock on the eventful night, Mrs. Meyers was shot through the head by a bullet, fired through a window. This bullet was found, and it was shown that the person who fired the shot must have stood within 20 yards of the window. Prawda told several neighbors that his mother-in-law had been killed by an explosion of a lamp. He told newspaper men and others many different stories. He did not own a gun, but a neighbor named Moxcey had one stolen from him two years ago, and the fatal bullet was of the same caliber. This was all the evidence of the state.

Sentence was not passed, but will be imposed later.

CHRISTIANS EXECUTED

While Mussulmen Guilty of Capital Offenses Are Reprieved.

ATHENS, Feb. 3.—The execution of four Christians, who were sentenced to death for various crimes in the island of Crete, has incensed the Christians of the island against the governor. Their indignation is increased by the fact that several Mussulmen who were convicted of capital charges have been reprieved.

Two Mussulmen were found hanging to trees near Seline recently, and it is thought that they were executed by Christians enraged at the treatment accorded to their comrades. The lynching of these two men led to the wholesale arrests and the fanaticism of the sects has been aroused. All the foreign consuls in Canea, except the Russian representative, have protested against the execution of the Christians.

New Bonds Ready to Go Out.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3—The allotment of the new 5 per cent bonds will be made this afternoon, It is said that more than one-half of the subscriptions are at the minimum rate of $117 823, and the bulk of the remainder are at prices between that rate and $118 The subscriptions above $118 are said to be small in the aggregate.

Russians Devoured by Wolves.

ODESSA, Feb. 3.—The weather in the Caucasus has been fearfully cold. The principal ports on the Caspian sea are icebound The wolves have become unusually fierce as the result of the cold, and 18 men have been overtaken and devoured by these animals near Erivan.

Filette's Case.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The court of inquiry ordered to investigate the charges made against Lieutenant Filette, U. S M. C., adjourned yesterday afternoon. The evidence has been submitted to Secretary Herbert, who will undoubtedly order a court martial.

The End of It.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The coroner's jury ordered by Coroner Marvin to investigate the death of George Strodler of Candia, who died from alleged inhuman treatment at the hands of Mrs. Hartford, returned a verdict that he died from natural causes.

Colored Preacher Assassinated.

FAYETTEVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 3.—Rev. D. C. Cook, colored, pastor of a Baptist church here, one of the most prominent among his race in this section, was killed at the door of his home James Clark, colored, has been arrested on suspicion.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

TEST CASE

Boycott Declared Illegal by Supreme Court.

HOLDS CONSPIRACY TO INJURE IS WRONG.

Threats of Restraining Power Are Unlawful.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 2. In the case of Newton Jackson against Howard Stanfield of South Bend, the Supreme court yesterday decided against boycotts.

The plaintiff is a lumber dealer, on a smaller scale than the defendant, who is a member of the Indiana Retail Dealers' association. The former claimed that his business was injured by the latter, in connection with the association, which instituted a virtual boycott on the business of the nature of his.

The decision, reversing the decree of the lower court, holds that a conspiracy formed and intended directly or indirectly to prevent the carrying on of any lawful business or to injure the business of one by wrongfully preventing those who would be customers from being so, by threats or intimidation, is in restraint of trade, and unlawful."

The case was remanded to the lower court with instructions to render judgment on a special finding of $583 damages, and perpetually enjoining the defendants from intimidating or interfering with the plaintiff's business.

CHIEF DOUGLASS.

Assumes Control of the Fitchburg Police Force.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

FITCHBURG, Feb. 2. Chief Douglas, the new head of the police force, last evening called the men together and addressed them on his course of procedure.

He cautioned them about walking or talking together, and talking with other people about matters pertaining to their work. He reminded them to be vigilant in getting liquor evidence and noting it in their diaries. He covered general matters of obedience and respect briefly.

VAILLANT'S EXECUTION.

Now Said That It Will Take Place Saturday Morning.

By Cable to THE SUN.

PARIS, Feb. 2. Auguste Vaillant, the anarchist who threw a bomb in the chamber of deputies on Dec. 9, will be executed probably Saturday morning.

FROM THE WIRE.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

There was a slight improvement in Mr. G. W. Child's condition today.

T. J. Anderson, the American Express company's agent at Gloucester, was arraigned in court this morning charged with embezzling $1200. He waived examination and was held in $4000 for the grand jury.

John Fennessey, for the alleged murder of his wife, was held in $20,000 for examination at Fall River, this morning. The principal testimony against him was given by his children.

"PONY" MOORE TRIED.

He is Held in Police Court for Assault

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2. George Washington Moore, otherwise known as "Pony" Moore, was arraigned at the Tombs police court this morning, before Justice Taintor, on a charge of assaulting Jacob Cohen, a conductor on the Broadway cable line. He was accompanied by Charley Mitchell, the pugilist, his son-in-law.

After listening to the complainant's story of the assault, Moore was held for examination under $300 bail.

COAL CREEK WAR.

It is Recalled by the Settlement of Legal Cases.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 2. The Tennessee soldiers under indictment for the murder of a miner named Drummond at Coal Creek last summer, were freed yesterday by the circuit court court at Clinton, their cases being nolle prossed. This ends the notorious Coal Creek war cases.

Lieut. J. F. Fyffe, who commanded the troops during the two days' bombardment in 1892, was the only officer indicted.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

Supreme Court's Advice to be First Obtained.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 2. The reconsideration of the vote whereby the house voted for the women's suffrage bill and passed it by a majority of fourteen, came up today, and on the question embraced in the amendment to submit the matter of women's suffrage to the people, it was voted to ask the Supreme court for a ruling. Further action on the bill was delayed.

Lowell Officers There.

Capt. Carr of the Putnam Guards and Capt. Prince of the Mechanic Phalanx attended military night at "Tabasco" in the Tremont theatre given by the First Corps of cadets, last night.

ST. MICHAEL'S SOCIETY

Holds an Entertainment in Aid of the Parish's Poor.

The Young Men's Literary society held its first concert for the benefit of the poor at St. Michael's school hall Wednesday evening and there was a very large audience present. The society had spared no pains to make the concert a success and its efforts were fully appreciated as was shown by the enthusiasm. A good sum was cleared for the poor of the parish and the following program was well rendered:

Welcome address, Michael Casey; vocal solo, "Waiting," Miss Mary Joyce; piano solo, Miss Kittie Walsh; reading, "Collin Grave's Rule," Master William Morrissey; Roumania Banjo club, Misses Lottie Walsh, Kittie Walsh, Nillie Grant, Master John Quinn, Arthur Baldwin; vocal solo, "Take me home Barney," Miss Mary Powers; reading, "My First Love," Miss Bessie O'Neil; violin solo, "Norma," Master John Quinn; vocal solo, Mr. Andrew Burns; humorous selection, Mr. W. H. Kennedy; piano trio, Miss Grace P. Donahue, Nellie Monahan, Marietta Monahan; reading, "Soldiers Tramp," Miss Mary Joyce; song with banjo accompaniment, Miss Lottie Walsh; vocal solos, "Widow's Plea for her Son," Master George Lynch; violin solo, Master Dwyer; vocal solo, "Sweet Nellie Bawn," Miss Maggie McGrail; vocal solo, Mr. Thomas Sherry; humorous, Mr. W. H. Kennedy; Prof. McCluskey and McLaughlin in Irish Sketch.

Two Interesting Bills.

There were introduced in the house of representatives, yesterday, a bill to be known as the anti treating bill, making it an offence to invite a man to take a drink at a public bar, at the inviter's expense; and another bill prohibiting any person engaging in a prize fight from appearing in a public performance within two years after said fight.

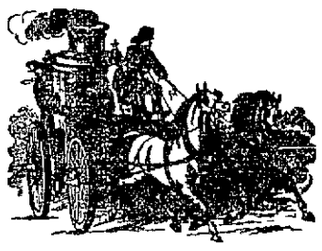
The Governor's Shake.

A Lowell gentleman who attended the reception to Gov. Greenhalge, last night, says that the governor receives with better grace than any other public man he ever saw. After shaking hands the governor always has a pleasant word to say.

Grippe

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.



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CHARLES COBURN, 28 Central St.

Will place your insurance in first-class stock of mutual companies at current rates. Plate glass insured against accident.

PARLOR STOVES AND RANGES.

We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices

FROM $3 TO $45.

Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.

Don't buy a Range till you have seen our

New Century.

The Handsomest and Best.

A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.

For the Latest Designs.

For the Best Goods.

For the Lowest Prices.

For the Easiest Terms, go to

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends are paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazen, 75 Middlesex st.

OVER STEVENS DRUG STORE.

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. P. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

Ivorine

WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.

Ask 40 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

P. TEAGUE,

265 Merrimack Street.

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Will build up the system when you are run down. Recommended by the most eminent physicians. We make a specialty of Family Trade. Orders for pints, quarts, barrels and halves promptly attended to. Also choice Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors. Finest brands Cigars and Tobacco.

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McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 55 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

JOHN W. McKVOY, 81 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FISHER R. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

W. A. LEW, 29 John Street. Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed. Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 172 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco

JAMES F. CORBETT, Room 12, Post Office Block, Counsellor at Law. Take the Elevator.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing of all kinds. Telephone 39-5, Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 75 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Hogan-Street Bridge

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 7 Merrimack Street. Finest Line of Pipes in the City.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros.

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block Attorney at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast?

One of the nicest foods to use

Cunningham's Wheat Preparation.

12c. per package. Also keep a full line of Cereals, Rolled Oats, Buckwheat, etc

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot Telephone 371-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first

insertion, and extra insertions for Half price. Try it and see how it will pay.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED.—At once, a young woman between 20 and 30 years of age, to learn the barber business and tend a soda fountain. She must be neat, good looking and bright. A good chance for the right one. Write to Fred D. Austin, Francestown, N. H.

WANTED—A young man of ability with $200 to take half interest in a well established, paying business. Address, 230 Washington street, Room 7, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—By a competent lady a chance to do housework for a middle aged farmer, references given. Apply at Mrs. Harriman, 30 Pollard street.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 Irish setters, answer to the name of Robin and Sparrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Dummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered. 250 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds; cuts 65 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber. Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Westford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 19 Hamilton corporation.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleaned and repaired by Thomas Daley, 11 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills Price, $2600. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2300. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house lots on easy terms, $10 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2200. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection; 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—In Ward Four, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street

FOR SALE—Near Boott mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1600. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4240 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 58 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Clorsonné Enamel Painting.

A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.

A FULL LINE OF

Artists' Materials,

And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s

35-41 Market Street.

DO YOU KNOW

You can buy Pianos, Organs, Music Rolls, Harmonicas, Music Stands, Folios of all kinds, the latest of Sheet Music and all that goes to make Home happy in a musical way at

RIGHT PRICES AT

Gardner's Music Store,

No. 45 Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. S.—$40.00, A good square piano with cover and stool. Cash five dollars and five dollars per month.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, Supervising Architect.

The President's Family

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SLIGHT GAIN

In the Financial and Industrial Centers.

THE WOOL TRADE IS YET DEMORALIZED.

Some Shoe Factories are Better Employed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—A fresh impulse has been given to business this week by the success of the treasury in obtaining gold for its reserve, thus strengthening confidence in its ability to maintain gold payments. Gradual improvement in business explains the appearance of more commercial paper in the market this week than has been seen for a long time, though as yet the vast accumulation of idle funds is proof enough that trade has by no means regained normal proportions.

Industrial recovery continues, though it is but gradual, in response to the demand of a people whose consumption at its lowest is greater than that of any other country, and more mills are now at work.

Stocks have been stronger since the result as to the bonds were foreshadowed. Other speculative markets have been almost stagnant.

Wheat has advanced about half a cent, because western reports were only 1,416,404 bushels for the week, against 2,893,000 last year, though there are no signs of material decrease in the enormous visible supply, and Atlantic exports dwindled to 419,990 bushels for the week, against 1,404,471 last year.

Smaller receipts and exports of corn have not prevented a slight decline, and pork products are dull without important change.

Cotton and Wool.

Cotton advanced a shade, but closed without change from last week, receipts from plantations still exceeding last year's, though less than of late, while exports continue larger than a year ago. Foreign consumption is heavy, but American mills are taking much less than a year ago. The market for cotton goods has a better tone and more staples have been taken, particularly print cloths, with a slight advance in price, but all qualities are extremely low, and scarcely any increase in the working force is seen.

Some demoralization is again reported in prices of woolens, friezes having been reduced in price and trade in overcoatings is not satisfactory. There is more activity in suitings since the date for new duties was deferred, but not many lines of the better grades are yet on the market. Sales of wool are still small; for the week, 4,505,700 pounds against 8,178,000 last year.

Eastern trade in boots and shoes still hesitates, with Boston shipments 28 per cent below last year's, but western factories are reported a little better employed, about 15 per cent below the full capacity.

Larger demand for structural iron and steel for railway materials, except rails; for barbed iron, and especially for wire nails and wire rods, gives a better look to the iron industry both east and west.

BRIDGEPORT RIOTERS

Make an Attack Upon Cars of the Traction Company.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 3.—There was another outbreak of violence last night by the sympathizers of the strikers. After 10 o'clock, the cars in charge of Conductors Leak and Muth were bombarded by the sympathizers. While the latter's car was passing down Washington avenue, a bullet went crashing through the window of the car, in which several ladies were riding. No one was injured.

When the next car came along Conductor Leak was struck on the head by a stone, but he was not seriously injured. The report that there was another outbreak brought a squad of officers out, but before they arrived the crowd of rioters dispersed.

The strikers deny that it was any of their number who fired the shots through the car windows.

Twenty-Five Years a Bishop.

ALBANY, Feb. 3.—With an impressive and beautiful ceremony was celebrated the 25th anniversary as bishop of Albany of Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane. In the morning many congratulatory addresses were made. At the midday services the sermon was preached by the venerable Bishop Williams of Connecticut. Bishops from all parts of the United States were present.

Mr. Dole's Sickness.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—In regard to a San Francisco dispatch, to the effect that President Dole, of the provisional government of Hawaii, would be forced to resign his position on account of ill health, Minister Thurston said that he did not consider the report true. Mr. Dole's illness was of a nature that would not force the president to resign.

An Actress In a Collision.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Actress Rose Coghlan and her husband, John T. Sullivan, were driving on the Boulevard when a runaway horse collided with their sleigh, smashing it. The shaft grazed Miss Coghlan's chin and she had her sack torn and was badly shaken up, though she appeared at the Hollis theater last night.

Sports at Quebec.

QUEBEC, Feb. 3.—The grand attack upon the palace was a brilliant success last night. The fireworks were magnificent. The country snow steeplechase over a two-mile course was won by Gowan of Montreal in 13 minutes. The figure skating contest was won by H. E. Evans of Boston.

For Ten-Year Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The house committee on the judiciary order issued a favorable report on the resolution to change the tenure of office of justices of the supreme courts to 10 years and to do away with the system of retirement.

A $10,000 Fire at Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—An overheated stove in the office on the third floor of the building occupied by W. P. H. Brooks & Co., furniture dealers, 151 Hanover street, caused a damage of $10,000.

Hunting Up Recruits.

AMESBURY, Mass., Jan. 3.—A recruiting officer has been engaging men around here, ostensibly for the Brazilian army, promising them $50 a month. Instead of going to Brazil the men will be sent, it is said, to Honolulu to serve the provisional government.

William to Visit Bismarck.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Emperor William will probably take advantage of his journey to Kiel to visit Prince Bismarck. The emperor goes to Kiel to administer the oath of allegiance to the recruits of the marine corps.

VERMONTS' NEW BISHOP.

REV. DR. ARTHUR HALL CONFIRMED TO PRIESTLY OFFICE.

Impressive Service of Laying on of Hands and Consecration Participated in by Many New England Bishops of the Episcopal Faith.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Feb. 3.—An event fraught with interest to the Protestant Episcopal churches throughout the United States and New England was the consecration of Dr. Arthur C. A. Hall, D. D., as bishop of the diocese of Vermont, which took place in St. Paul's church, at 11 o'clock yesterday. This imposing ceremony was witnessed by distinguished men of the church from all parts of the United States and Canada, and only a small part of those who desired to see the impressive service could gain access to the church.

BISHOP HALL.

It had been necessary to assign all sittings by lot to the various parishes, after reserving accommodations for the visiting clergymen and others, and every available foot of space was occupied.

The ceremony was preceded by the holy communion at 7:30 o'clock and morning prayers at 9:30. Shortly before the hour for the services to begin the bishops and clergymen proceeded in procession from the chapel to the church and the services were carried out in order.

The consecrators were Bishops Neely of Maine, Niles of New Hampshire, and Lawrence of Massachusetts. The presenters were Bishops Grafton of Fon Du Lac and Coleman of Delaware. The attending presbyters were Rev. Dr. J. Isham Bliss of the diocese of Vermont and Rev. Dr. Lucius Waterman of the diocese of New Hampshire. The master of ceremonies was Rev. William W. Weeks of the diocese of Vermont.

The bishop-elect was escorted to the altar by a procession, in which Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts was a prominent figure, and the preliminary responses and readings were given in accordance with the Episcopal ritual before Bishop Coleman ascended the pulpit to preach the consecration sermon.

A luncheon was served immediately after the service in the church parlors, for the personal friends of Dr. Hall, the clergy of the diocese and the visiting clergy with their families and members of the diocesan board.

At 3 p. m. a reception was given to Bishop Hall in the chapel, to which every one was invited.

PRINCE IS MISSING.

A Sensation Which Furnishes Ample Material For Berlin Gossips.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Military and social circles here are discussing a sensation which has been caused by the complete disappearance of Prince Assiz Hassam, a young Egyptian nobleman who was serving in the First Dragoons in the garrison in this city.

Prince Hassam has been living in a very extravagant style, employing a number of servants and having a number of horses and carriages. At the opera, the theater and at several clubs the young Egyptian prince was remarked for his stylish appearance and extreme liberality. On the race courses, also, Prince Assiz Hassam was a prominent figure, as he was a heavy bettor and an unfortunate backer of fast steeds.

Then the prince turned to the usurers and began borrowing money. The usurers accommodated him for a while, but when his debts amounted to $75,000 they refused to advance any more money. A few days ago the effects of the Egyptian "Plunger" were seized and the matter was brought to the attention of the colonel of his regiment, who gave him 20 days in which to make some satisfactory arrangement with his creditors.

Apparently Prince Hassam was unable to come to terms, for he has vanished from the sight of all of his acquaintances, and the most diligent search has failed to find any trace of him.

Creditors Get Nothing.

BOSTON, Feb 3.—Boston Common, the new Sunday paper, published by Doran, Towle & Co., suspended operations yesterday afternoon, the company going into insolvency last evening. The paper has been published every Sunday since Dec. 17. It is expected that the creditors will be full losers, as the plant is unpaid for.

Gloucester Newspaper Swelled the Fund.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The fund raised by The Daily Times of Gloucester, Mass., $144.50, for the widows and children of the lost men of the steamship Amsterdam, who met death in endeavoring to save the shipwrecked crew of the schooner Maggie E. Wells, has increased the Maritime Exchange fund of this city to $1792.

Character Was Smirched.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The court has awarded the son of Composer Balfe 200 pounds sterling damages in a suit against a contributor to a newspaper, Society, who suggested that he was of illegitimate birth. Balfe had previously obtained a verdict for 250 pounds sterling against Society for printing the article.

MURDER

Is the Verdict in the Meyer Case.

THE VERDICT HAS CREATED CONSIDERABLE SURPRISE.

Conviction Was Entirely Upon Circumstantial Evidence.

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 3.—The Prawda trial was brought to a termination yesterday afternoon, when to the surprise of every one the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

All of the afternoon was taken up with the argument of Attorney General Powers. This was the second murder case in which Powers has figured since he has been attorney general. County Attorney True conducted the cross-examination, and has worked night and day to secure the verdict which was returned.

Attorney General Powers finished his argument about 4:30 o'clock, and Judge Bonney began his charge to the jury. The charge was very brief, the judge simply instructing the jury as to their duties, and at 4:45 gave them the case and sent them out. During the absence of the jury, the courtroom remained crowded. There was a general feeling that a verdict of acquittal would be obtained inside of an hour, though some thought that the jury would disagree.

At 6:15 the jury returned. A hush fell upon the audience. Prawda turned ashy pale and clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. His wife almost screamed. The foreman of the jury formally announced that the jury found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. Prawda fell back in his chair motionless. His wife fainted and all the spectators were greatly excited. Counsel for the defense stated that he should file exceptions and enter a motion for a new trial.

Evidence Circumstantial.

The state's evidence was entirely circumstantial. On the night of Nov. 28 Prawda was about his house in Yarmouth. The house was occupied by himself and mother-in-law, Mrs. Meyers. About 8 o'clock on the eventful night, Mrs. Meyers was shot through the head by a bullet, fired through a window. This bullet was found, and it was shown that the person who fired the shot must have stood within 20 yards of the window. Prawda told several neighbors that his mother-in-law had been killed by an explosion of a lamp. He told newspaper men and others many different stories. He did not own a gun, but a neighbor named Moxcey had one stolen from him two years ago, and the fatal bullet was of the same caliber. This was all the evidence of the state.

Sentence was not passed, but will be imposed later.

CHRISTIANS EXECUTED

While Mussulmen Guilty of Capital Offenses Are Reprieved.

ATHENS, Feb. 3.—The execution of four Christians, who were sentenced to death for various crimes in the island of Crete, has incensed the Christians of the island against the governor. Their indignation is increased by the fact that several Mussulmen who were convicted of capital charges have been reprieved.

Two Mussulmen were found hanging to trees near Seline recently, and it is thought that they were executed by Christians enraged at the treatment accorded to their comrades. The lynching of these two men led to the wholesale arrests and the fanaticism of the sects has been aroused. All the foreign consuls in Canea, except the Russian representative, have protested against the execution of the Christians.

New Bonds Ready to Go Out.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The allotment of the new 5 per cent bonds will be made this afternoon. It is said that more than one-half of the subscriptions are at the minimum rate of $117.223, and the bulk of the remainder are at prices between that rate and $118. The subscriptions above $118 are said to be small in the aggregate.

Russians Devoured by Wolves.

ODESSA, Feb. 3.—The weather in the Caucasus has been fearfully cold. The principal ports on the Caspian sea are icebound. The wolves have become unusually fierce as the result of the cold, and 13 men have been overtaken and devoured by these animals near Erivan.

Filette's Case.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The court of inquiry ordered to investigate the charges made against Lieutenant Filette, U. S. M. C., adjourned yesterday afternoon. The evidence has been submitted to Secretary Herbert, who will undoubtedly order a court martial.

The End of It.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The coroner's jury ordered by Coroner Marvin to investigate the death of George Stredler of Candia, who died from alleged inhuman treatment at the hands of Mrs. Hartford, returned a verdict that he died from natural causes.

Colored Preacher Assassinated.

FATETTEVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 3.—Rev. D. C. Cook, colored, pastor of a Baptist church here, one of the most prominent among his race in this section, was killed at the door of his home. James Clark, colored, has been arrested on suspicion.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION Of Yesterday.

TEST CASE

Boycott Declared Illegal by Supreme Court.

HOLDS CONSPIRACY TO INJURE IS WRONG.

Threats of Restraining Power Are Unlawful.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 2. In the case of Newton Jackson against Howard Stanfield of South Bend, the Supreme court yesterday decided against boycotts.

The plaintiff is a lumber dealer, on a smaller scale than the defendant, who is a member of the Indiana Retail Dealers' association. The former claimed that his business was injured by the latter. In connection with the association, which instituted a virtual boycott on the business of the nature of his.

The decision, reversing the decree of the lower court, holds that a conspiracy formed and intended directly or indirectly to prevent the carrying on of any lawful business or to injure the business of one by wrongfully preventing those who would be customers from being so, by threats or intimidation, is in restraint of trade, and unlawful."

The case was remanded to the lower court with instructions to render judgment on a special finding of $583 damages, and perpetually enjoining the defendants from intimidating or interfering with the plaintiff's business.

CHIEF DOUGLASS.

Assumes Control of the Fitchburg Police Force.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

FITCHBURG, Feb. 2. Chief Douglas, the new head of the police force, last evening called the men together and addressed them on his course of procedure.

He cautioned them about walking or talking together, and talking with other people about matters pertaining to their work. He reminded them to be vigilant in getting liquor evidence and noting it in their diaries. He covered general matters of obedience and respect briefly.

VAILLANT'S EXECUTION.

Now Said That It Will Take Place Saturday Morning.

By Cable to THE SUN.

PARIS, Feb. 2. Auguste Vaillant, the anarchist who threw a bomb in the chamber of deputies on Dec. 9, will be executed probably Saturday morning.

FROM THE WIRE.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

There was a slight improvement in Mr. G. W. Child's condition today.

T. J. Anderton, the American Express company's agent at Gloucester, was arraigned in court this morning charged with embezzling $1200. He waived examination and was held in $4000 for the grand jury.

John Fennessey, for the alleged murder of his wife, was held in $20,000 for examination at Fall River, this morning. The principal testimony against him was given by his children.

"PONY" MOORE TRIED.

He is Held in Police Court for Assault

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2. George Washington Moore, otherwise known as "Pony" Moore, was arraigned at the Tombs police court this morning, before Justice Talntor, on a charge of assaulting Jacob Cohen, a conductor on the Broadway cable line. He was accompanied by Charley Mitchell, the pugilist, his son-in-law.

After listening to the complainant's story of the assault, Moore was held for examination under $300 bail.

COAL CREEK WAR.

It is Recalled by the Settlement of Legal Cases.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 2. The Tennessee soldiers under indictment for the murder of a miner named Drummond at Coal Creek last summer, were freed yesterday by the circuit court court at Clinton, their cases being nolle prossed. This ends the notorious Coal Creek war cases.

Lieut. J. F. Fyffe, who commanded the troops during the two days' bombardment in 1892, was the only officer indicted.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

Supreme Court's Advice to be First Obtained.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 2. The reconsideration of the vote whereby the house voted for the women's suffrage bill and passed it by a majority of fourteen, came up today, and on the question embraced in the amendment to submit the matter of women's suffrage to the people, it was voted to ask the Supreme court for a ruling. Further action on the bill was delayed.

Lowell Officers There.

Capt. Carr of the Putnam Guards and Capt. Prince of the Mechanic Phalanx attended military night at "Tabasco" in the Tremont theatre given by the First Corps of cadets, last night.

ST. MICHAEL'S SOCIETY

Holds an Entertainment in Aid of the Parish's Poor.

The Young Men's Literary society held its first concert for the benefit of the poor at St. Michael's school hall Wednesday evening and there was a very large audience present. The society had spared no pains to make the concert a success and its efforts were fully appreciated as was shown by the enthusiasm. A good sum was cleared for the poor of the parish and the following program was well rendered:

Welcome address, Michael Casey; vocal solo, "Waiting," Miss Mary Joyce; piano solo, Miss Kittie Walsh; reading, "Collin Grave's Ride," Master William Morrissey; Roumanis Banjo club, Misses Lottie Walsh, Kittie Walsh, Nellie Grant, Master John Quinn, Arthur Baldwin; vocal solo, "Take me home Barney," Miss Mary Powers; reading, "My First Love," Miss Bessie O'Neil; violin solo, "Norma," Master John Quinn; vocal solo, Mr. Andrew Burns; humorous selection, Mr. W. H. Kennedy; piano trio, Miss Grace P. Donahue, Nellie Monahan, Marietta Monahan; reading, "Soldiers Tramp," Miss Mary Joyce; song with banjo accompaniment, Miss Lottie Walsh; vocal solos, "Widow's Plea for her Son," Master George Lynch; violin solo, Master Dwyer; vocal solo, "Sweet Nellie Bawn," Miss Maggie McGrail; vocal solo, Mr. Thomas Sherry; humorous, Mr. W. H. Kennedy; Prof. McCluskey and McLaughlin in Irish Sketch.

Two Interesting Bills.

There were introduced in the house of representatives, yesterday, a bill to be known as the anti-treating bill, making it an offence to invite a man to take a drink at a public bar, at the inviter's expense; and another bill prohibiting any person engaging in a prize fight from appearing in a public performance within two years after said fight.

The Governor's Shake.

A Lowell gentleman, who attended the reception to Gov. Greenhalge, last night, says that the governor receives with better grace than any other public man he ever saw. After shaking hands the governor always has a pleasant word to say.

Grippe

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

FIRE INSURANCE

CHARLES COBURN, 28 Central St.

Will place your insurance in first-class stock of mutual companies at current rates. Plate glass insured against accident.

PARLOR STOVES AND RANGES.

We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices

FROM $3 TO $45.

Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.

Don't buy a Range till you have seen our

New Century.

The Handsomest and Best.

A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.

For the Latest Designs.

For the Best Goods.

For the Lowest Prices.

For the Easiest Terms, go to

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE

MERRIMACK MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

(OLD ANDOVER CO.)

THIS solid company, that has done business in Lowell so many years, continues to offer the BEST INSURANCE AGAINST DAMAGE BY FIRE and LIGHTNING, at the Least Possible Expense.

70 per cent. dividends was paid on five-year policies.

All business for this company—Renewals, Sales, Endorsements, etc.—will be promptly attended to by

Metcalf & Hazon, 75 Middlesex st.

OVER GREENE'S DRUG STORE.

From April, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. F. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

Ivorine

WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.

Far 60 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

P. TEAGUE,

265 Merrimack Street.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

J. F. BETZ & SONS' Celebrated PHILADELPHIA

ALE, PORTER and LAGERS

Will build up the system when you are run down. Recommended by the most eminent physicians. We make a specialty of Family Trade. Orders for pints, quarts, barrels and halves promptly attended to. Also choice Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors. Finest brands Cigars and Tobacco.

265 MERRIMACK STREET.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 51 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

T. M. BOLTON, 130 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

ROBERT E. WESCOTT, Central Block Photographer.

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 97 Bridge Street, Meats and Provisions. (Successor to Strunt & Kingsbury.)

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM, 112 Merrimack Street, Photographers, Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 86 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 55 Gorham Street, Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 83 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

W. A. LEW, 20 John Street, Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed. Orders received for cleaning dyeing and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 172 Merrimack Street, Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco

JAMES F. CORBETT, Room 12, Post Office Block, Counsellor at Law. Take the Elevator.

K. H. BANCROFT & CO., Room 1, Shattuck's New Block, Electrical Supplies, Electrical Repairing of all kinds. Telephone 39-5, Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 75 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers Street Bridge

BOOT'S CIGAR STORE, No. 7 Merrimack Street. Finest Line of Fines in the City.

P. H. HEELON, 247 and 249 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros.)

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Masonic Block Attorney at Law.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

CHARLES H. FROST, 78 Central Street Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast?

One of the nicest foods to use

Cunningham's Wheat Preparation.

12c. per package. Also keep a full line of Cereals, Rolled Oats, Buckwheat, etc.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 274-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor.

Do You Know

That you can put Want Ads. in THE SUN for One Cent a Word for the first insertion, and extra insertions for Half Price. Try it and see how it will pay.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

The President's Family

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

H=O Hornby's Oatmeal

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED.—At once, a young woman between 20 and 30 years of age, to learn the barber business and tend a soda fountain. She must be neat, good looking and bright. A good chance for the right one. Write to Fred D. Austin, Francestown, N. H.

WANTED—A young man of ability with $200 to take half interest in a well established, paying business. Address, 230 Washington street, Room 7, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—By a competent lady a chance to do housework for a middle aged farmer, references given. Apply at Mrs. Harriman, 30 Pollard street.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 Irish setters, answer to the name of Robin and Sparrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Dummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack, street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 10 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered. 300 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds; cuts 35 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber. Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Winsford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 10 Hamilton corporation.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills. Price, $2600. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $25 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house lots on easy terms, $10 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 7-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2300. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connecting, 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—In Ward Four, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Near Boott mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location; 4240 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail. He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 58 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Clorsonné Enamel Painting.

A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.

A FULL LINE OF

Artists' Materials,

And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s

35-41 Market Street.

DO YOU KNOW

You can buy Pianos, Organs, Music Rolls, Harmonicas, Music Stands, Folios of all kinds, the latest of Sheet Music and all that goes to make Home happy in a musical way at

RIGHT PRICES AT

Gardner's Music Store,

No. 46 Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. S.—$40.00. A good square piano with cover and stool. Cash five dollars and five dollars per month.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to JEREMIAH O'BRIEN, Supervising Architect.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year, $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 20	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
$7 01	7 58	$8 03	9 11
$7 18	8 02	8 33	9 11
$7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
$9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
$11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	5 00	5 48
3 00	4 21	5 30	1 48
$4 02	4 45	4 23	5 33
4 49	5 20	5 00	5 41
$5 35	6 39	5 35	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
$6 53	7 10	6 15	7 28
$7 52	8 35	7 35	8 10
		8 00	8 40

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 50	8 07	7 21	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 34	10 37
9 20	10 [illegible]	10 25	11 53
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 58	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 25	5 00	6 10
5 10	6 12	6 08	7 06
6 55	8 09	9 35	7 45
6 27	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 15	9 00	8 00	9 10
12 05	1 50	11 45	12 55
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
$7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
$7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
$4 25	5 32	7 00	8 10
$6 03	7 00	8 00	8 10
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

JANUARY 17 is celebrated as Abrogation day in Hawaii, the day when the monarchy was overthrown.

THE TELEPHONE company is devising plans for maintaining present rates despite the expiration of patents.

THE BILL to prohibit prize fighting in this state should pass at once. This is a brutal practice that should not be tolerated in any civilized community.

THE LEGISLATURE should not grant the petition of the Bell Telephone company to increase their capital stock without a thorough investigation of the concern.

MR. GLADSTONE'S retirement from the head of the English ministry would be a great blow to the home rule movement but John Morley will wear the premiers mantle with becoming dignity.

THE LEGISLATURE did a wise thing in seeking light from the Supreme court upon the constitutionality of submitting the question of woman suffrage to the people. In many states where the woman suffrage law obtains its constitutionality is questioned. There is no use in making laws to be afterward declared null and void.

THE LARGE majority by which the tariff bill was passed by the national house indicates that the democrats are solidly in favor of the measure. The measure will meet stubborn opposition in the senate and if defeated the discussion will be prolonged to the great detriment of business throughout the country.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

Congressman Stevens has nominated Gardner W. Pearson, Esq., for postmaster, and the suspense in which the community, but more especially the several candidates and their friends, have been held for months, has been broken.

As THE SUN has already stated, Mr. Stevens had the undisputed right to make his own selection from among the three reputable democrats who were candidates for the position and now that the matter is practically settled, the two unsuccessful candidates are not likely to blame him for not appointing either. Messrs. Chum and Corbett are disappointed to some extent; but they will acknowledge that the appointment is a good one. They realize that it is not the part of a good democrat to desert his party or seek revenge if defeated in a fair and honorable contest.

There is one respect in which Mr. Stevens might have favored the defeated candidates. They believe he might have made up his mind earlier and saved them and their friends many journeys to Washington. In other words, they feel that they were kept too long on the "anxious seat," that Mr. Stevens might have reached a decision weeks or even months ago; but his delay was probably due to the difficulty of deciding fairly on the merits of the conflicting claims presented to him by the friends of the respective candidates.

It can be stated without reflecting upon either of the other two democratic candidates that the selection of Mr. Pearson is an excellent solution of the difficulty which is always attached to the choice of one from a number of candidates for a public office. A young man of rare executive ability, Mr. Pearson possesses tact and energy; his public and private character is irreproachable; his political record is clean and the value of his services to the democratic party is acknowledged by all active workers in the ranks. His appointment will be an encouragement to the young men of the party whereas the appointment of such a man as Capt. Hanscom would be an insult to the party, a reward for party treachery and an act of political suicide for Mr. Stevens. No member of a firm publishing such a mongrel paper as the Times or such a disreputable sheet as the Star should be recognized as anything but a political crook and the sooner Mr. Hanscom realizes this the better for all concerned. If the proprietors of the Jekyll and Hyde organs had any regard for common decency, they would not allow a splenetic individual to calumniate respectable citizens year in and year out. The publishers of the Times by their policy, their treachery and the vile scurrility of one of their sheets have made themselves obnoxious to the democratic party, and to a religious denomination that constitutes a large proportion of that party as well as to the rank and file of the people throughout the city. It was a piece of presumption for a member of such a firm to seek recognition at the hands of Congressman Stevens, but fortunately he was unable to convince Mr. Stevens of the honesty of his claims. Had Mr. Chum or Mr. Corbett been nominated for the office no democrat could consistently say that the selection was not a good one; but if Mr. Hanscom had been chosen every democrat in the district would protest against his appointment. Will Mr. Hanscom gather his wits about him and ask himself the simple question, why is this thus?

As it is, with Mr. Pearson as the appointee, no complaints are heard, and Lowell will have a highly efficient and capable postmaster for the next four years.

LOWELL AND LAWRENCE

The report of the Lawrence board of health has some figures of interest to Lowell people. In reference to the typhoid epidemic due to impure water the Daily American says:

"Since the completion of the filter gallery in September, 1892, typhoid fever has been growing less in this city, whereas Lowell has had her annual fall and winter epidemic.

"The following table shows the number of cases in Lowell and Lawrence during extreme prevalence of the disease and shows conclusively that the city water has been the chief cause of typhoid fever in this city for a number of years:

	Lowell. Cases.	Deaths.	Lawrence. Cases.	Deaths
January	33	10	72	3
February	16	7	23	8
March	14	4	8	6
September	9	3	4	2
October	30	5	12	1
November	10	3	3	9
December	26	5	7	3

This is the statement for 1892, but January has brought a fresh outbreak of the disease. The total number of cases for the month was 90 and the deaths ten. The prospect is, that the epidemic has not reached its worst stage. Only the greatest vigilance on the part of the board of health and the water board will avail in eradicating this disease which is not so much dreaded as small pox, but is yet stealthily carrying off more victims than any other disease now afflicting the community. Lowell wants purer water and until the water board succeeds in effecting an improvement, the people of the city should boil the water before using it for drinking purposes. The product of the driven wells seems to be of little use in purifying the general supply for the whole city. It may be necessary to get a filter such as that which Lawrence credits with purifying Merrimack river water.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

Simple Exercises by Which to Plump and Round Out the Facial Muscles.

A successful professor of the art of physical culture, quoted by the New York Tribune, says: "I find that the human body is capable of being molded into forms of beauty and strength much later than is generally supposed. The facial muscles especially, which are apt to be almost, if not entirely, neglected may be so developed that a face that had already dropped into the unbecoming lines of age will assume again the rounded curves of comparative youth.

"Plump, firm muscles are vastly different from fatty development, which, although it may 'fill out' a face in a way, will not give a good contour, and sometimes rather adds to the appearance of age than otherwise, whereas the cultivation of the muscles of the face and neck not only fills up the hollows, but causes the flesh to have a firm, healthy look and prevents the relaxed appearance of the lower muscles of the throat which is so disfiguring."

The following exercises are recommended for filling out and developing the muscles of the face: First smile as broadly as you can; then place three fingers on the bunched up portion of the cheek and allow the features suddenly to relax, raising the fingers at the same time. Continue to do this until tired. The fingers should be placed high on the cheek bone, so that the muscles when smiling will push against them, thus giving the desired resistance which is necessary to the enlargement of the tissue. The second exercise is to again smile broadly, but this time, instead of allowing the corners of the mouth to be curved upward, try to draw them out in a straight line toward the center of the cheeks; then place the two thumbs one on each corner of the mouth and work the corners backward and forward by relaxing and contracting the mouth.

Exercise No. 3 is with the chin. Press the lower lip upward, and it will be seen that the chin will be raised and become hard; crook the forefinger so as to make a half circle and put it over the point of the chin, pressing it against the latter as it rises and relaxing the pressure instantly as it assumes its normal position. In this exercise the teeth should be kept closed. Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and the lower jaw, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the cheeks.

Take two small pieces of india rubber, such as come in the ends of pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth; close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough apart to keep the rubbers in their place and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger into the mouth and rub it against the cheek, pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as it is possible. It is said that by regularly following these simple exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.

One Thing and Another.

Warts may be treated with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and acetic acid. One drop night and morning will gradually effect a cure, but must be applied to the hard skin only and not allowed to spread on the surrounding flesh.

For bleeding at the nose Dr. Hutchinson recommends plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be borne.

Mashed cranberries in a poultice bag applied to the affected part are excellent for erysipelas.

For earache mix a very few drops of sweet oil with a like quantity of chloroform and wear a piece of cotton moistened with it in the ear.

The pulse may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But as a rule if the temperature reaches 108 or 109 death soon follows.

SUNBEAMS.

Definitely Settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say?

Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Where Ignorance, Etc.

Aunt—I want to do something to please you on your birthday, Charlie, but first I want to ask your teacher how you behave in school.

Charlie—If you really wish to please me, auntie, don't ask him.—Texas Siftings.

Sure of That.

Jones—This cigar you gave me is a vile one.

Brown—You don't know a good cigar when I give you one.

Jones—Perhaps not, but I know a bad one.—Truth.

Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin $5 reward fer.

Gentleman—You have, eh?

Caller—Yep, an if yeh don't give me $10 I'll take it to 'er.—New York Weekly.

Left Dolly at Home.

Auntie—If you are so fond of your dolly, why didn't you bring her with you in the cars?

Little Niece—I was afraid of railroad accidents.—Good News.

Absorbing.

"He's the most interesting talker ever I met."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said he wanted to marry me."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Hard on the Eyes.

Ardent Youth—Doesn't that thick veil hurt your eyes?

Pretty Girl—Not at all.

Ardent Youth—It hurts mine.—Good News.

There Was No Change in the Pohokus Business Outlook.

An elderly man was eating his luncheon at a down town restaurant the other day when a young man came in and took a seat opposite him.

"Why, Midgely, is that you?" asked the older one, extending his hand.

"It is, Mr. Barlow. How do you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I've been in the city a week looking after some matters. When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Just got in this morning."

"I suppose business is a trifle dull up your way just now?"

"Yes, rather."

The old gentleman applied himself afresh to his food, took a swallow of coffee and then said:

"When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is rather dull up that way just now?"

"Yes."

The young man's order had arrived by this time, and he had taken a few spoonfuls of soup when the other man asked:

"Born in town long?"

"No," replied the young one in a surprised tone. "I came only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is not as brisk as it might be up Pohokus way just now?"

"No."

The young man went on with his meal, and the old one once more resumed the work of clearing the plates before him. Then he stopped, and resting his knife and fork on the tablecloth with their points upward, while he grasped their handles in each fist, he asked:

"Is yer father well?"

"Tol'ble."

"An yer mother?"

"She's spry."

"When did you leave Pohokus?"

"I left on the first train this morning."

"Did you? I suppose business is a trifle dull up Pohokus way just now?"

"Yes," replied the young man, with great deliberation and cutting distinctness; "business is as dull at Pohokus now as it was 10 minutes ago; quite as dull."

And the old gentleman was actually offended.—New York Press.

Out of His Line.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mrs. Chugwater—Well!

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah?"

"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west and another should start and travel from west to east—the way the earth revolves, you know—would there be any difference in the—Josiah!"

"Well—"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"—Chicago Tribune.

A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

D. Saul Matthews

FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer of a Trial Treatment.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant takir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

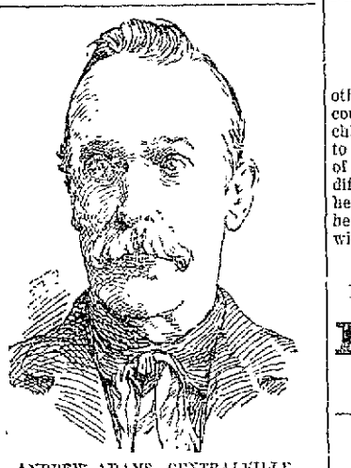
CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

MR. ADAMS' COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Andrew Adams of 35 19th street, Centralville, says: "I have suffered for years with catarrh. I was always sneezing and taking cold. My head was stuffed up, my nose itched and burned, and there was a constant watery discharge. Quantities of mucus would run down into my throat, causing me to hawk and spit a great deal. My throat was often sore. I had a bad cough, especially in the



ANDREW ADAMS, CENTRALVILLE.

morning, when it was almost impossible for me to clear the throat. My appetite failed, my taste was destroyed, I lost flesh and was unable to sleep at night. For years I suffered terribly from constipation and itching piles. I took all sorts of patent medicines, but nothing gave me any relief. I went to Dr. Pearson completely discouraged, believing my case incurable. But under his treatment the constipation and piles have been cured and all my other difficulties have disappeared. I shall feel grateful to these skilled doctors as long as I live."

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

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Consultation and Examination Free

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Will Clean Rusty Iron and Steel,
Will Polish Gold and Silver Ware,
Will Clean Gas Fixtures,
Removes Fly Specks from Gilt Work,
It contains no grease, No Oils, No Acids.
Put up in ½ pint, 1 quart and ½ gallon cans.

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Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs. 8 to 10.30
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Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step

D. C. LESTER,

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Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

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Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

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A Pretty, Substantial and Good-Sized Teapot for 19 Cents.

We have just received from New Orleans a small lot of elegant Teapots, which are odd enough and pretty enough to sell for $1 each. We took the entire lot, and they will cost you only

19 CENTS.

The Teapot has an antique looking finish on the outside; it holds about 4 cups, and has a substantial bamboo handle. In New Orleans they are in great demand just now, and we are lucky to be able to offer them to our customers; 19 Cents is the lowest price they can be sold for.

French & Puffer,

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10C. CIGARS

LEAD ALL OTHERS.

Everybody Should Try The

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Havana Filled 5c. Cigar.

Tremendous Drop in the Price of Coal.

E. G. PARKER,

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WILL SACRIFICE 500 TONS OF

COAL

At a very low price for spot cash only to help the laboring men.

The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

I also have the leading brands of Flour, viz.: Granite City, Success, Success, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the

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W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP.

246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.

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Can be Consulted Free of Charge.

HE IS MAKING MORE CURES THAN ANY PHYSICIAN IN LOWELL.

AS A SPECIALIST he excels in consumption, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Debility, Errors of Youth, Chronic Complicated Diseases, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, Blood Diseases, Female Troubles peculiar to the Sex, by a method strictly his own, speedy and safe, Fits or Epilepsy (that most painful affliction), all kinds of malformations; also Spinal Troubles, Kidney Disease, Skin Disease, Removes Superfluous Hair FREE FROM PAIN, producing a Clear Skin Free Examinations from 9 A. M to 8½ P. M. Sunday Excepted.

A WORD TO MOTHERS, A CHILD SAVED.

This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 433 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

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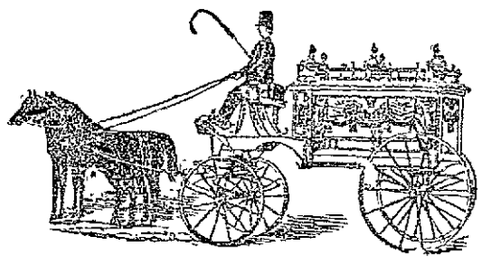
WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.



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JUST ONE-THIRD UNDER PRICE.

Etchings, Engravings, Pastells, Artotypes, Water Colors, and Colored Prints of every description, and the largest lines of Moulding to select from in the city, all at one-third less than elsewhere. Order now for the holidays.

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COR. MERRIMACK AND JOHN STS.

Have You Tried Watson's Celebrated Home Made and Cream Bread,

Manufactured from the Finest of Wheat? It is unexcelled for purity and quantity. Our Cream Pies are immense. Wedding and Party orders furnished at short notice.

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5 45	6 30	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 50
6 30	8 08	6 50	7 56
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 39	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 21	3 30	4 48
§1 02	4 35	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 50	5 00	5 44
§5 35	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	6 50	7 05
§6 25	7 40	6 45	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

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4 50	8 05	7 30	8 30
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 53
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 05
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 16
4 10	5 25	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 05
5 55	8 00	9 35	7 45
6 25	10 37		

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 26	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 20
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 [illegible]
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

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Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 16	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 52	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

JANUARY 17 is celebrated as Abrogation day in Hawaii, the day when the monarchy was overthrown.

THE TELEPHONE company is devising plans for maintaining present rates despite the expiration of patents.

THE BILL to prohibit prize fighting in this state should pass at once. This is a brutal practice that should not be tolerated in any civilized community.

THE LEGISLATURE should not grant the petition of the Bell Telephone company to increase their capital stock without a thorough investigation of the concern.

MR. GLADSTONE'S retirement from the head of the English ministry would be a great blow to the home rule movement but John Morley will wear the premiers mantle with becoming dignity.

THE LEGISLATURE did a wise thing in seeking light from the Supreme court upon the constitutionality of submitting the question of woman suffrage to the people. In many states where the woman suffrage law obtains its constitutionality is questioned. There is no use in making laws to be afterward declared null and void.

THE LARGE majority by which the tariff bill was passed by the national house indicates that the democrats are solidly in favor of the measure. The measure will meet stubborn opposition in the senate and if defeated the discussion will be prolonged to the great detriment of business throughout the country.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

Congressman Stevens has nominated Gardner W. Pearson, Esq., for postmaster, and the suspense in which the community, but more especially the several candidates and their friends, have been held for months, has been broken.

As THE SUN has already stated, Mr. Stevens had the undisputed right to make his own selection from among the three reputable democrats who were candidates for the position and now that the matter is practically settled, the two unsuccessful candidates are not likely to blame him for not appointing either. Messrs. Cluin and Corbett are disappointed to some extent; but they will acknowledge that the appointment is a good one. They realize that it is not the part of a good democrat to desert his party or seek revenge if defeated in a fair and honorable contest.

There is one respect in which Mr. Stevens might have favored the defeated candidates. They believe he might have made up his mind earlier and saved them and their friends many journeys to Washington. In other words, they feel that they were kept too long on the "anxious seat," that Mr. Stevens might have reached a decision weeks or even months ago; but his delay was probably due to the difficulty of deciding fairly on the merits of the conflicting claims presented to him by the friends of the respective candidates.

It can be stated without reflecting upon either of the other two democratic candidates that the selection of Mr. Pearson is an excellent solution of the difficulty which is always attached to the choice of one from a number of candidates for a public office. A young man of rare executive ability, Mr. Pearson possesses tact and energy; his public and private character is irreproachable; his political record is clean and the value of his services to the democratic party is acknowledged by all active workers in the ranks. His appointment will be an encouragement to the young men of the party whereas the appointment of such a man as Capt. Hanscom would be an insult to the party, a reward for party treachery and an act of political suicide for Mr. Stevens. No member of a firm publishing such a mongrel paper as the Times or such a disreputable sheet as the Star should be recognized as anything but a political crook and the sooner Mr. Hanscom realizes this the better for all concerned. If the proprietors of the Jekyll and Hyde organs had any regard for common decency, they would not allow a splenetic individual to calumniate respectable citizens year in and year out. The publishers of the Times by their policy, their treachery and the vile scurrility of one of their sheets have made themselves obnoxious to the democratic party, and to a religious denomination that constitutes a large proportion of that party as well as to the rank and file of the people throughout the city. It was a piece of presumption for a member of such a firm to seek recognition at the hands of Congressman Stevens, but fortunately he was unable to convince Mr. Stevens of the honesty of his claims. Had Mr. Cluin or Mr. Corbett been nominated for the office no democrat could consistently say that the selection was not a good one; but if Mr. Hanscom had been chosen every democrat in the district would protest against his appointment. Will Mr. Hanscom gather his wits about him and ask himself the simple question, why is this thus?

As it is, with Mr. Pearson as the appointee, no complaints are heard, and Lowell will have a highly efficient and capable postmaster for the next four years.

LOWELL AND LAWRENCE.

The report of the Lawrence board of health has some figures of interest to Lowell people. In reference to the typhoid epidemic due to impure water the Daily American says:

"Since the completion of the filter gallery in September, 1892, typhoid fever has been growing less in this city, whereas Lowell has had her annual fall and winter epidemic.

"The following table shows the number of cases in Lowell and Lawrence during extreme prevalence of the disease and shows conclusively that the city water has been the chief cause of typhoid fever in this city for a number of years:

	Lowell. Cases.	Lowell. Deaths.	Lawrence. Cases.	Lawrence. Deaths.
January	33	10	72	9
February	10	7	23	8
March	14	4	8	6
September	9	3	4	2
October	10	5	12	1
November	10	3	3	0
December	26	5	5	3

This is the statement for 1892, but January has brought a fresh outbreak of the disease. The total number of cases for the month was 90 and the deaths ten. The prospect is, that the epidemic has not reached its worst stage. Only the greatest vigilance on the part of the board of health and the water board will avail in eradicating this disease which is not so much dreaded as small pox, but is yet stealthily carrying off more victims than any other disease now afflicting the community. Lowell wants purer water and until the water board succeeds in effecting an improvement, the people of the city should boil the water before using it for drinking purposes. The product of the driven wells seems to be of little use in purifying the general supply for the whole city. It may be necessary to get a filter such as that which Lawrence credits with purifying Merrimack river water.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

Simple Exercises by Which to Plump and Round Out the Facial Muscles.

A successful professor of the art of physical culture, quoted by the New York Tribune, says: "I find that the human body is capable of being molded into forms of beauty and strength much later than is generally supposed. The facial muscles especially, which are apt to be almost, if not entirely, neglected may be so developed that a face that had already dropped into the unbecoming lines of age will assume again the rounded curves of comparative youth.

"Plump, firm muscles are vastly different from fatty development, which, although it may 'fill out' a face in a way, will not give a good contour, and sometimes rather adds to the appearance of age than otherwise, whereas the cultivation of the muscles of the face and neck not only fills up the hollows, but causes the flesh to have a firm, healthy look and prevents the relaxed appearance of the lower muscles of the throat which is so disfiguring."

The following exercises are recommended for filling out and developing the muscles of the face: First smile as broadly as you can; then place three fingers on the hunched up portion of the cheek and allow the features suddenly to relax, raising the fingers at the same time. Continue to do this until tired. The fingers should be placed high on the cheek bone, so that the muscles when smiling will push against them, thus giving the desired resistance which is necessary to the enlargement of the tissue. The second exercise is to again smile broadly, but this time, instead of allowing the corners of the mouth to be curved upward, try to draw them out in a straight line toward the center of the cheeks; then place the two thumbs one on each corner of the mouth and work the corners backward and forward by relaxing and contracting the mouth.

Exercise No. 3 is with the chin. Press the lower lip upward, and it will be seen that the chin will be raised and become hard; crook the forefinger so as to make a half circle and put it over the point of the chin, pressing it against the latter as it rises and relaxing the pressure instantly as it assumes its normal position. In this exercise the teeth should be kept closed. Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and the lower jaw, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the cheeks.

Take two small pieces of india rubber, such as come in the ends of pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth; close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough apart to keep the rubbers in their place and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger into the mouth and rub it against the cheek, pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as it is possible. It is said that by regularly following these simple exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.

One Thing and Another.

Warts may be treated with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and acetic acid. One drop night and morning will gradually effect a cure, but must be applied to the hard skin only and not allowed to spread on the surrounding flesh.

For bleeding at the nose Dr. Hutchinson recommends plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be borne.

Mashed cranberries in a poultice bag applied to the affected part are excellent for erysipelas.

For earache mix a very few drops of sweet oil with a like quantity of chloroform and wear a piece of cotton moistened with it in the ear.

The pulse may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But as a rule if the temperature reaches 103 or 109 death soon follows.

SUNBEAMS.

Definitely Settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say?

Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Where Ignorance, Etc.

Aunt—I want to do something to please you on your birthday, Charlie, but first I want to ask your teacher how you behave in school.

Charlie—If you really wish to please me, auntie, don't ask him.—Texas Siftings.

Sure of That.

Jones—This cigar you gave me is a vile one.

Brown—You don't know a good cigar when I give you one.

Jones—Perhaps not, but I know a bad one.—Truth.

Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin $5 reward for.

Gentleman—You have, eh?

Caller—Yep, an if yeh don't give me $10 I'll take it to 'er.—New York Weekly.

Left Dolly at Home.

Auntie—If you are so fond of your dolly, why didn't you bring her with you in the cars?

Little Niece—I was afraid of railroad accidents.—Good News.

Absorbing.

"He's the most interesting talker ever I met."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said he wanted to marry me."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Hard on the Eyes.

Ardent Youth—Doesn't that think yell hurt your eyes?

Pretty Girl—Not at all.

Ardent Youth—It hurts mine.—Good News.

There Was No Change in the Pohokus Business Outlook.

An elderly man was eating his luncheon at a down town restaurant the other day when a young man came in and took a seat opposite him.

"Why, Midgely, is that you?" asked the older one, extending his hand.

"It is, Mr. Barlow. How do you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I've been in the city a week looking after some matters. When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Just got in this morning."

"I suppose business is a trifle dull up your way just now?"

"Yes, rather."

The old gentleman applied himself afresh to his food, took a swallow of coffee and then said:

"When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is rather dull up that way just now?"

"Yes."

The young man's order had arrived by this time, and he had taken a few spoonfuls of soup when the other man asked:

"Been in town long?"

"No," replied the young one in a surprised tone. "I came only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is not as brisk as it might be up Pohokus way just now?"

"No."

The young man went on with his meal, and the old one once more resumed the work of clearing the plates before him. Then he stopped, and resting his knife and fork on the tablecloth with their points upward, while he grasped their handles in each fist, he asked:

"Is yer father well?"

"Tol'ble."

"An yer mother?"

"She's spry."

"When did you leave Pohokus?"

"I left on the first train this morning."

"Did you? I suppose business is a trifle dull up Pohokus way just now?"

"Yes," replied the young man, with great deliberation and cutting distinctness; "business is as dull at Pohokus now as it was 10 minutes ago; quite as dull."

And the old gentleman was actually offended.—New York Press.

Out of His Line.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mrs. Chugwater—Well!

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah?"

"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west and another should start and travel from west to east—the way the earth revolves, you know—would there be any difference in the—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"—Chicago Tribune.

A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, health, comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

PIERCE Guarantee CURE.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, *Dear Sir*:—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

B. Israel Matthews

FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer of a Trial Treatment.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

MR. ADAMS' COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Andrew Adams of 36 19th street, Centralville, says: "I have suffered for years with catarrh. I was always sneezing and taking cold. My head was stuffed up, my nose itched and burned, and there was a constant watery discharge. Quantities of mucus would run down into my throat, causing me to hawk and spit a great deal. My throat was often sore. I had a bad cough, especially in the

ANDREW ADAMS, CENTRALVILLE.

morning, when it was almost impossible for me to clear the throat. My appetite failed, my taste was destroyed, I lost flesh and was unable to sleep at night. For years I suffered terribly from constipation and itching piles. I took all sorts of patent medicines, but nothing gave me any relief. I went to Dr. Pearson completely discouraged, believing my case incurable. But under his treatment the constipation and piles have been cured and all my other difficulties have disappeared. I shall feel grateful to these skilled doctors as long as I live."

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

SPECIALISTS.

Corner Palmer and Merrimack Sts.,

Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer street.

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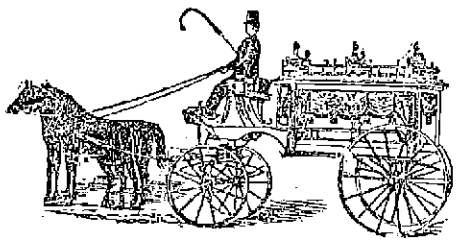

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THE SHIP OF DEATH.

Narrative of a Mutiny on the Privateer Misery in 1762.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The following narrative is taken verbatim from a manuscript left by the late Geoffrey Pember, sometime master of the letter of marque Misery, who died at the age of 90 in 1793, and who lies buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's at Shrewsbury:

In the month of January, 1762, being then in my fifty-fourth year and having followed the sea all my life, I obtained command of the letter of marque Misery, a ship of 500 tons burden, that mounted 16 guns on the broadside and a long brass swivel on the quarter deck, and that had been fitted out by some merchants of Bristol to cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

It was not without much labor that I got a crew, all the better men having been pressed for the king's service, and when I did get one I had no great cause to be pleased, for a more ruffianly and unruly set I never set eyes upon. Yet I had with me as master an old and tried shipmate, Warren Hodges, and there was also with me my dear son Humphrey, who 17 years later was killed, lieutenant of the Ruby, at the gallant capture of the French frigate La Prudente off Gonaive. At the time of which I speak he was no more than 18, yet he was so brave and determined a lad and so good a seaman that with him and Warren Hodges I thought to make shift to do my business and to manage my rabble in the forecastle.

It was on the 21st of the month that we weighed anchor and dropped down the river with the tide and with a pleasant breeze from the northeast. There being then a convoy coming down channel and bound for Jamaica, I lay to all the 22d and 23d to the southward of St. Mary's, and early on the morning of the 24th I sighted the king's frigate Rainbow, which, with the Gosport and Biddeford, had under her charge not fewer than 60 sail of merchantmen. To my chagrin, the captain of the Rainbow, a young buck who, I make no doubt, was more at home in St. James park than on his own quarter deck, and who was scented like a French dancing master, pressed nine of my best men. Yet, there being then many Spanish frigates and ships of the line off our coast, I could not disdain the company of the king's ships and was forced to bear with it, even though it cost me so dear.

With them I sailed until Feb. 9, when, being as nearly as I could reckon in longitude 40 degrees west and latitude 27 degrees 30 minutes south—for, by cause of the foul weather, we had taken no observation for two days—a storm scattered the fleet, and we, with only three of the merchantmen still in sight, were driven by the force of the gale to the southward.

The storm abated somewhat on the 11th, and we were enabled to bear up again for Jamaica, but my men, having now no fear of the king's ships, put on from that instant a mutinous disposition and soon began to carry themselves so outrageously toward me that I perceived they were minded to stick at nothing in order to seize the Misery for their own ends.

Being plainly assured of this as well by my own sight and hearing as by the reports of my faithful servant, Richard White, a blackamoor whom I had brought nine years before out of Guinea, I took counsel with my son and Warren Hodges to prepare for the worst. I caused the arm chest to be removed into the great cabin, the door of which I fortified from within. I ordered the brass swivel on the quarter deck to be kept loaded with a keg of bullets, so that I might be able to sweep all the deck forward, and I made Richard White sleep every night under the gun, with a dark lantern beside him and a match in his hand.

But these and the other provisions that I took were of no avail against the treachery of the crew, and to add to my uneasiness I had the mortification of finding that we lost sight one by one of the three remaining merchantmen, and that by the middle of the month we had but ourselves for company.

One morning, hearing a noise upon the forecastle, I ran up on deck. Warren Hodges, who had the morning watch, was not to be seen, but I could hear his voice raised in anger and the voices of some of the crew threatening him, with oaths. Returning to the cabin for a pistol and a hanger, I went forward and found that the mutineers had seized both Warren Hodges and the blackamoor and had already bound them and thrown them into the chains, where they lay crying lustily for help.

I whipped out my hanger to cut the ropes with which they were bound, whereat a great man named Morton, the ringleader, as I now knew him to be of the mutiny, stepped out from among the men and declared that if I dared to interfere I should pay the penalty with my life; that he and his friends had determined to seize the ship and to cruise with her on their own account against the Spaniards, and that I might either stay where I was and serve under him or take the consequences.

Angered at the fellow's insolence, I raised my pistol with the intention of shooting him as he stood, but the powder flashed in the pan, and in an instant I was seized from behind, flung upon the deck and bound as securely as Warren Hodges and the blackamoor. My first thought was for the safety of my dear son. I now had the mortification of seeing him led, bound, from the cabin, where during all this time he had been asleep, and with us he was put under close guard in the hold.

For a full week Morton came daily to see us, seeking to persuade us to throw in our lot with his, but we steadfastly refused, and on the eighth day he came to us early with the news that as we were but idlers in the ship, and as he could not spare men for our guard, he would send us adrift that morning.

At noon, therefore, having lowered the yawl, they unbound us and ordered us over the side. So stiff were we from our long confinement and so weak from lack of food, for the villains had gone near to starve us, that we could not but do their bidding, nor could we all of us do that without help from the mutineers, who nevertheless jeered at our sad condition and mockingly wished us a pleasant voyage. In three hours we were out of sight of the ship in an open boat, without either water, provisions, sails, oars or compass, with a blazing sun above us and with, as I made out, not less than 200 leagues between us and the nearest land.

Warren Hodges had received a blow on the head at the first outbreak and had ever since lain half dazed, speaking little. In three hours, maddened, as I supposed by the sun, he was a raving maniac, calling for water and desiring to throw himself overboard, and that night he died.

Nor were any of us in much better plight, but by taking off our shirts, fastening them together and dragging them in our wake we fortunately collected a few shellfish, with which we stilled the worst pangs of hunger. By continually wetting our clothes also we lessened our terrible thirst. Nevertheless Richard White, disdaining my counsel, drank some of the sea water on the second day and on the fourth day died, raving mad, like Warren Hodges.

Now were we two indeed in a sorry way. Our strength had so diminished that we could barely raise ourselves in the boat, our throats were so parched that we could not speak above a whisper, our bodies were so ill humored as well from dirt and evil food as from the glare of the sun that we were all over sores. At night we lay shivering with ague and praying for the day; by day we lay burning and longing for the night.

I had lost all hope of deliverance when on the ninth day I saw what I at first took for a bird's wing glistening in the sunlight far to windward. But, as I soon knew, it was a sail. My eyes were so weak and so clogged with salt that for a time I dared not trust them. Yet as the strange ship came drifting rather than sailing right across our course I could doubt no longer, and with my heart almost bursting I tried to tell the news to my son. But I could not speak. I could only touch him and point, and he for his part, as I afterward heard from him, could neither speak nor see. With infinite trouble I fashioned a little mast and sail from the thwarts of the boat and my shirt.

This sufficed to enable me to steer the boat, and in an hour, during which, thanks to God and fears that the strange ship might yet escape us struggled in my heart for mastery, we ran alongside and made fast to a rope which was trailing overboard.

It was with much surprise that I found we were suffered to approach without being hailed, for I could perceive that our ship was a Spaniard, but even had they hailed us we were in no condition to reply. Indeed no sooner had I made fast than I fell back senseless in the boat, nor did I know more until darkness had set in, when the cold wind awoke me.

At first I thought that I was dreaming, and not until I had touched the great hull and watched it slowly rising and falling beside me on the moonlit water did I recollect and rightly understand what had happened. Even then it was some time before, do what I would, I could climb on board. When at length I did so the ship seemed to be deserted. She was a big, high pooped craft, such as the Spaniards term a galleon, and chiefly used for their rich traffic with the Indies, and although her masts were all standing and some of her sail was set there was not a man to be seen.

I walked forward, making a great noise with my feet, for I could not cry out. Then I walked aft, noticing the fine guns of brass and the new cordage, until I put my hand on the handle of the door of the great cabin and opened it. Then, from weakness, I sank down on the threshold. There was no light within and no sound. Even there I could hear the lap of the water against the ship's side. It was as if the whole galleon was asleep, save that I could distinguish no breathing and no motion of slumbering men. I had sunk down against a locker, and stretching forth my hand found that it was open. Within, to my great joy, was a bag of bread, which, with some small flasks of wine, I made no scruple of taking, and as soon as I was again a little recovered I returned, even before I had ministered to my own craving, to my son, who still lay without life in the boat alongside. He was so far gone that at first I could do no more than moisten his tongue and lips with the wine, but in a short space he revived and was able with my help to get on board.

By this time our voices were restored to us, and no sooner were we on deck than we knelt down to thank God for the deliverance he had vouchsafed to us. Then, caring little whether we had fallen into the hands of friends or of foes, we dragged ourselves under the shelter of one of the quarter deck guns and there fell asleep from sheer weariness

The sun was high when I again awoke, but the decks were as before. No one was at the helm, the sails flapped in the light air against the masts, and the ship drifted whither she would. I was still very weak, but some bread and a draft of wine strengthened me, and then I set about exploring the great vessel. Leaving my son Humphrey, who yet slept, I went to the door of the cabin in which I had found the provisions. It was open as I had left it the night before, and as I drew near I perceived that a smell as of a charnel house issued forth from it. Even before I entered I could see that on the deck within lay several bodies of dead men. Not knowing what to do and stricken with horror, I halted.

The nearest body to me, that of a tall and elderly man, had fallen from the bed in which it had lain and moved from side to side with the slow roll of the ship. Close to it on a kind of couch was the body of a boy. Farther aft were the bodies of three men, one of which was dressed in menial fashion, yet richly withal, as if its owner in life might have been servant to some great lord. Sick at heart, I entered gently and reverently at last. It was vain to search for any spark of life there. In certain of the other cabins were other bodies and in the forecastle and on the lower deck a great store of them, 37 in all, but there was not one living soul on board save us.

When I returned to my son Humphrey, I awoke him, and finding him much refreshed I told him, yet not without caution, of all that I had seen. The ship, I said, was stout and strong and well found, but of the crew some were clearly departed—for certain of the boats were lacking—and all that remained were dead. And while we sat cleansing our sores and washing ourselves by the gun we debated what were best to be done.

Humphrey, who had seen but little of death and was full of terror of it, was all for loading our own boat with what we could find and for intrusting ourselves once more to the mercy of the sea. Nor did I at first seek to dissuade the lad, for I feared lest the sickness which had, as it appeared, stricken down the crew might now seize upon us. Yet, seeing that we both were weak and unable, I was minded, if only for a day or two, to stay by the ship that we might properly recover ourselves ere we ventured abroad anew.

And in this opinion he at length agreed. But in the evening, feeling wonderfully strong again, I renewed my search about the ship, and so fine and beautiful a craft did she then show herself to me that I fell to doubting whether I could bring myself to leave her again. And when beneath the floor of the great cabin I found some chests of pieces of eight half broken open—I doubt not by those who had gone away in the boats—I determined that so long as there might be hope of bringing so valuable a prize into port I would remain in her.

In this opinion also, when I had given a handful of pieces of eight into his keeping, my son agreed, and next day, after having passed the second night on deck for fear of the evil emanations from the dead, we set to work to rid the ship of the bodies and to cleanse the cabins and lower deck.

That day I was able to take an observation and to determine that we were then in longitude 51 degrees 3 west and latitude 40 degrees 3 north—that is to say, in the full course of that current which is called the great gulf stream, and which, running round the point of Florida, crosses the western ocean toward Ireland and the Shetlands. That day also, finding that my son's stomach was too weak for the work of the cabin, I set the lad at the helm and so kept the ship before the wind, which blew from the southwest, yet so gently as scarcely to ruffle the bosom of the sea.

By degrees I committed the bodies to the deep, and when the ship was, as I thought, clear I burned tobacco, herbs and flowers of sulphur in all close places and kept the portholes open to purify the foul air. Yet still for some days I found yet other bodies in divers holes and corners, whither, I suppose, the poor wretches had crept to die of the plague which had seized upon the vessel.

The last that I found was in the lower hold among the bilge, but how it got there I never knew, nor could I guess, unless perchance the man in the madness of his fever had wandered hither unwittingly and had been unable to return. In all there were three and fifty dead in the ship when we boarded her. When, as I afterward learned, she left the Havana, she had 311 souls in her, of whom 214 had died and had been buried in the sea. Whereupon 35 of the rest had fled in the boats, leaving the residue to their fate. Those who remained were all so sick and so weakly that they could bury but 11 of their number as they died. The others staid where they were until the ship was as we found it. As for those who fled, they were never again heard of, and I doubt not they perished either of the sickness or of hunger and privation.

The ship carried when we found her only her foretaysail, mizzen and fore and main topsails, and I dared not hoist more, knowing not what might befall us if the fine weather should fail. We did not, therefore, make much progress, and it was seven weeks ere we were in the longitude of Cape Clear. During all that time the weather held, and although the wind shifted many times it never blew hard, a thing which in these latitudes and in the early part of the year seemed to me so marvelous that I could not but look upon it as the work of Providence, for had a gale sprung up we could have done nothing to save the ship. My son Humphrey and I never were together in the cabin or below. We kept watch in turn, we ate our food alone, and we made shift to do with so little sleep that I have often since wondered that men so weak did not sink under the load of deprivation and anxiety.

Off the Old Head of Kinsale we sighted a smack, the master of which ran alongside, after we had put out our colors, and asked for the news. Persuading him to come on board, I learned that he belonged to Castletown, a fishing village in the bay of Bantry, in the kingdom of Ireland, and being taken by the honesty of his countenance I concluded with him and his men to ship with me as far as Plymouth, whither I had made up my mind to take the galleon, for I would not trust myself in the channel as we were, seeing that even if I had not chanced upon bad weather I should have been at the mercy of the first king's cruiser that might choose to take me in tow, upon the plea that I could not manage the ship, and I had no mind to share my prize with all the world.

The Irishmen, therefore, to the number of six, came on board upon my engagement that upon arriving at Plymouth I would pay to each of them 100 guineas and to the master 200 for his pains, which engagement I most faithfully observed. And so, with their smack in tow, we made our way up channel and without further adventure dropped anchor on April 21 in Plymouth sound, very weary of our voyage, yet happy withal in having come so well out of it.

Upon anchoring we caused no small commotion in the port, no ship of so great a burden having yet been taken since the beginning of the war. Nor were there many finer ships even in the king's navy.

But the commotion grew greatly when, the officers of the port having boarded us and made an examination of the galleon, it was known—which I myself had not till that moment suspected—that we had in her bullion and pieces of eight to the value of £283,000, besides a costly cargo of tobacco and other products of the West Indies.

Rear Admiral his Royal Highness the Duke of York himself paid me the honor of a visit, coming in his barge from the Princess Amelia, and a week later I was commanded to attend upon King George, who was pleased most graciously to offer my son Humphrey a commission in the navy and me the honor of a knighthood for what he deigned to call our unequaled exploit of taking and bringing home the galleon. As for the knighthood, I had no mind for it, although the N. Senora del Carmen provided me with money enough worthily to support that dignity. As for the commission, Humphrey thankfully accepted it and afterward, as I have said, fell honorably in his country's service. Poor lad! I have often wished since that he had refused the commission and I had accepted the knighthood, for then it might have happened that he would have lived to inherit the wealth which is but a sorry burden to a childless old man.

The Misery never again anchored in an English port after getting rid of us. Morton, the leader of the mutineers, cruised with some success for two or three months among the islands. He took a Spanish brig, the S. Isidro, and several smaller vessels, but was at last chased by the Spanish frigate Thetis, and to avoid capture ran ashore. The crew, being unable to reach the land by reason of the surf, were taken off by the frigate boats and made prisoners.

A fortnight later, on June 2, the Thetis, after a sharp action, was captured by the English frigate Alarm, Captain James Alms, which formed part of Admiral Sir George Pocock's fleet destined for the reduction of the Havana. The English prisoners on board the Thetis endeavored to prove that I as well as they had been engaged with the Spaniard, but the affair of the Misery having by this time been reported to Sir George from England he, on the day after the capitulation of the town, hanged every one of the pirates on board his flagship, the Namur.

This I learned from Captain the Hon. A. J. Hervey, who was sent home in the Dragon with dispatches, and who on his passage had the good fortune to take a French ship valued at £30,000. He was so polite as to bring the intelligence in person, and I am not ashamed to say that I was very pleased to know that the rascals had got their deserts.—William Laird Cowes

An Old Nook.

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and fire aglow,
And lamps so softly beaming—oh!
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hopes first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?

—Richard la Gallienne in Chicago Figaro.

JUMPING FROM A BALLOON.

Miss Hazel Keyes Tells How It Feels to Meet the Earth.

Mrs. Romig is a pleasant, bright eyed, capable looking little personage of modest demeanor and methods of conversation.

She has been engaged in ballooning for a number of years. Professionally she is known as Miss Hazel Keyes, balloonist and parachute jumper.

She was a trained nurse by profession and engaged in aeronautics because her husband's health failed him, and she found it necessary to do something more lucrative than nursing, and as he was a professional aeronaut, and she had gathered quite an interest and knowledge of the business from him, she determined to enter his field and win in a rapid way the income that was necessary for the schooling of her three children, the maintenance of the family generally and the added expense of his illness. She says she has succeeded amply in her undertaking, and though Mr. Romig's health is greatly improved she has no special desire to relinquish the business.

Asked to explain as clearly as possible the sensations peculiar to the ascent and descent of a person to and from the extraordinary altitudes to which she travels, Mrs. Romig said:

"The sensations are diametrically opposite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts. Instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise. When it comes to a standstill, you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and of course the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives you instant advice of the immense altitude you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation, reversed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. This fact is forcibly impressed upon your mind when you cut loose from the balloon.

"The descent, then, until the parachute fills is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume of wind, from 25 to 100 feet, and this is the most unpleasant part of my business. The same precaution of holding the breath is as imperatively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the water, and in default of such precaution you are equally liable to strangulation and death as in the water."

In response to a question as to the longest jump she had made in her career as an aeronaut, Mrs. Romig said that in 1890, at Baker's beach, just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco, she made a perfectly successful jump from an altitude determined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over 2½ miles. She alighted in the bay, but being fully protected with a life preserver—which she always does when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water—she was all right when picked up by the boatman who went instantly to her relief.

Mrs. Romig says, "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plowed field, but of the two I prefer the field."—Oregon Statesman.

A Relic of Queen Elizabeth.

There is now in this city, in the possession of Mr. Charles A. Hewins, a valuable and interesting relic of "Good Queen Bess" of England. It is a glove which was worn by her majesty at her coronation ceremonies, way back in the year of grace 1559. It is also interesting as an example of the glovemaker's art at that early day. Surprising as it may seem, it would be regarded as a very good gauntlet even now. It is a well known fact that the queen was possessed of a hand of more than ordinary size, and many of her courtiers grieved full sore at the vigorous way she had of using it to cuff the ears of the presumptuous ones. Although this glove was never in all probability as tight fitting as a woman of rank would demand of a glove today for a ceremony of such importance, yet it could not have been much too large, notwithstanding the size, according to the modern measures, is 8. As it lies on a background of blue velvet, carefully preserved from moth and dust by a frame of gold and glass, it shows little of its original beauty. It was evidently of sheepskin, dressed white, and its ample gauntlet was handsomely embroidered in gold with the orb, crown and ostrich plumes, the insignia of English royalty. Today the glove is gray and soiled, and the embroidery is black with tarnish, but its grace is still there.—Boston Transcript.

Meeting a Bluff.

The rustic citizen, inquisitive and guileless, was bunched in a crowded car on a Michigan Central train with an elaborate drummer from Chicago, and in a few minutes he began to sound his seatmate.

"Goin fer?" he asked innocently.

"To Kalamazoo."

"Come from Detroit?"

"Yes."

Then he asked several dozen more questions, and the drummer got tired.

"I s'pose you went to the World's fair?" asked the rustic, starting in on a new deal.

"The World's fair?" repeated the drummer questioningly. "What's that?"

"Don't you know what the World's fair is?" exclaimed the rustic in open eyed astonishment.

"No, I never heard of it."

"Never heard of the World's fair at Chicago?"

"Never. Where is Chicago?"

The rustic looked the drummer over from head to foot and pulled a $5 from his pocket.

"You're foolin me, stranger," he said, "and here's $5 that says you are a Chicago man, for nobody but a Chicago man could be as smooth a liar as you are." And the drummer laughed and confessed and thereafter let the rustic ask all the questions he wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fox's Daring.

Among the many stories of foxes' daring the following deserves a place: On the Yorkshire estate of the Duke of Leeds was shooting a party of nine guns, including the Marquis of Carmarthen, M. P., Lord Barnard, Sir John Willoughby and Captain Vyner, accompanied by some 60 beaters. Into the midst of this little army fell a pheasant, shot by Lord Carmarthen, but the bird had hardly touched the ground when a large dog fox seized it by the neck and carried it off, undismayed by the shouts of the men all round him. Some one proposed to give the impudent marauder a charge of shot, but the marquis decided to let him go, and Reynard took advantage of the unwritten law against fox shooting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Keeping Her Down.

Mrs. Lowerten—Well, Sally, I s'pose we've got to call on that new neighbor. Just take your scissors and cut some sort of a hole in the middle of our visiting card.

Daughter—What fer, maw? What does that signify?

Mrs. Lowerten—It don't mean anything that I knows of, but she'll think it does, and feel mighty cheap to find she don't know as much about society ways as we does.—New York Weekly.

A SCENE FROM EGYPT.

AS UNREPORTED MEXICAN LIFE APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN.

Picturesque Sights In Monterey—General Taylor's Dismantled Guns on the Hillside—A Perpetually Changing Picture. What the People Are Like.

Every American who makes a journey to Mexico late in life must wonder that he never made it before, such a treasure house of natural scenery, and of people picturesque enough to match the scenery, and of romantic story and legend enough to match country and people both, and all this crowding up hard against the edge of our own country.

If there be any excuse for our neglect of these things, it is the difficulty of crossing our own great country itself. The Rio Grande is a long way from the Hudson, and the hot plains of Texas are an obstacle. Eighty degrees in the shade in the middle of January! For this or any long journey I can recommend to any aged traveler as traveling companion some college football expert, at whose determined advance difficulties will vanish from before the windows of baggage offices and ticket offices.

Where have our writers and artists been traveling that they have left most of us ignorant of Monterey—that wonderful semicircle of mountains, the view up or down every street ending in massive mountain wall, like the glaciers that Denver's people exult in?

Take a street car out to the old bishop's palace, whence General Taylor bombarded the city and where some of his spiked and dismantled guns still lie on the hillside, and what more interesting historic spot could an American ask? While for the view, go and look at it. You will find a very big street car, hauled by a very small donkey. The Indian driver startles you by breaking his whip in two when he reaches the top of the grade and beginning to eat it—the whip is a sugar cane. And this street, with its long, low buildings—a single story most of them—roofs flat and invisible or else thatched with cane, windows heavily grated with iron bars, through which you catch glimpses of faces—Indian some of them, Spanish some of them and fair to look upon.

It is a scene from Egypt or Asia or anywhere far away—far away, for even the horse car cannot bring it into any sort of connection with things modern and near. Do your readers know that such things are to be found all within a week's journey from New York? And there must be something pleasing in the long horizontal lines and strange tints of such architecture, for when your ride brings you to one solitary modern brick house, such as might be seen in New York or anywhere, you find yourself pained and shocked with its ugliness.

And the people who fill these streets—by what kind gift from heaven are they all, patricians and beggars, a whole race, enabled to make such pictures of themselves? The man passing you with his brilliant "serape" of every impossible color thrown over his shoulder, the woman with her "rebosa" or "tapalo" twisted before her face—it is a perpetually changing picture, restful to eyes that have wearied of the respectable monotony of Fifth avenue or the opera, though indeed, speaking of opera, there is a curious suggestion of some "Conspirators' Chorus" in half the men you meet.

Think of marketing in corner groceries with such splendid designations as the "Firmament" or the "Aurora Borealis."

One might well reconcile himself to possible deficiencies in the stock within. And where trade offers such entertainment there seems hardly need of the announcement of "Four bulls to die on Sunday, four."

What are the people like who live in such a city? The passing traveler may not be a witness most competent to testify on that point, though he always tries. They have soldiers—even the sojourner can see that, and he may meet a squad of them any hour of the day crossing the plaza with ingenious diversity of step. They have taxes, too, and you may find the irksome stamp on everything from your sleeping car ticket to your grocer's account book.

They have poverty, therefore, and many must be contented with a rigidly literal fulfillment of the petition for "daily bread this day." They have some aspirations toward cleanliness, for at any hour you may see stalwart specimens of the population bathing in the city's public water supply.

And godliness? They have godliness, or at least religion, for the low roofs of house and shop have a fine supremacy to dome and towers of the cathedral and the moldering arches of the old convent of San Francisco. Looking in at the doors of any of these great churches you see veiled penitents kneeling and worshiping according to the splendid ritual of Rome. And there are worshipers, also, according to other forms which may seem more homelike to the northern visitor.

The memory will remain with one traveler at least of sweet hymns and fervent prayers and most cordial greetings from a little congregation of Protestants among these dusky people. Could he employ his time better than for looking further into this unreported side of Mexican life and character?

But as yet remains in the mind the last bewildering impression of things strange, eastern, Spanish, romantic—this artists' and poets' paradise, and only just out of Texas! You are carried into it on the Aztec express, you find your lodgings in the midst of it, next to the sign of "La Miniche," and you sigh over the fate of Cortez's gentle interpreter.

And so these are the descendants of the Montezumas and of Cortez' soldiers, whose smooth Spanish sentences you are puzzling yourself to understand, and you are only four days from New York.—Cor. New York Mail and Express.

A Portrait of Lewis Cass.

The state department received from the New York descendants of Lewis Cass a half length oil portrait of the general, who was secretary of war and minister to France under Jackson and secretary of state under Buchanan. The portrait is evidently a copy, and the comparatively youthful appearance of the subject as well as the glimpse of embroidered wine colored waistcoat suggests that it may have been painted in Paris about the year 1828, when Sumner noted in his journal that "Mr Cass is said to live in a style superior to that of any minister ever sent by America."—Washington Letter.

Her First Dinner.

Young Husband—Say, darling, what a peculiar flavor this stewed steak has!

Young Wife (diffidently)—I really cannot account for it. Indeed in order to take away the bad taste of the onions I scalded them myself in eau de cologne.—Neckar Zeitung.

No Doubt About It.

May—Is it true that they are madly in love with each other?

Carrie—Madly? Yes, indeed. They are always quarreling.—Truth.

Worse Than a Fit.

Fred (trying on a new coat)—Is it a fit, Charlie?

Charlie—Fit? Why, it's a convulsion.—Texas Siftings.

Carlyle Rebuked.

Charles Godfrey Leland says that on his first meeting with Carlisle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1636."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some slurring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical!"

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What's thot ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch:

"Na, na, I'm mo thot!" he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.—Youth's Companion.

Historic Chicago Houses.

It has generally been accepted as a fact that the old house of Mahlon D. Ogden that used to stand on the site of the Newberry library was the single one that outlived the conflagration.

Now that the historic old residence is a thing of the past, it looks like vandalism to remove the halo of romance that surrounds it. But the fact is it was not the only house that came out of the blaze scathless. At least two others shared this distinction, and neither of them was so favorably located as the Ogden residence.

One of the greatest miracles of the fire is the two story wooden residence at 845 North Clark street, which still stands. It was directly in the path of the fire, and its occupants left the house and its contents to their fate and fled for their lives. To make any effort to save either at the time looked the height of absurdity. But it came through it with nothing worse than a few blisters, caused by the intense heat. It is well known that to the north of this whole blocks were wiped out like matchwood, and the fire burned itself out at the city limits.

By a strange freak of the elements, although the immediate neighborhood was a raging sea of flame, this frail wooden structure lived to tell the story like the lonely survivor of a wreck at sea. C. E. Tuerk afterward occupied this house as a residence.

Across the way, in Lincoln park, about 100 yards from this spot, stood a modest little wooden house, occupied as a dwelling by the superintendent of Lincoln park.

It was of course abandoned, no hope being entertained that it would weather the holocaust. But it did. It stood for years after this, having sustained little or no damage, until it was demolished to make room for the new Academy of Sciences.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Texas Mirages.

In Texas mirages can be witnessed in as wonderful forms as are ever produced in any part of the world. In that portion of the state marked upon the maps of the olden time as a desert, where no plant could grow or breathing thing live, but which is now cut up into immense wheat or grazing fields, I have experienced the most lifelike optical delusions of which the mind can conceive. For that matter, the entire prairie appears to be a delusion. The air is so rare that no odor is perceptible, even from carrion. As a man rides along he sees before him beautiful groves of majestic trees, which, when reached, prove to be mesquite bushes three or four feet in height. Over the plain are what appear to be stakes six or eight feet high, which in reality are Spanish daggers about a foot in height, the entire plain being called the "staked plain," from the effect produced by this plant.

The best mirages, or cloud pictures, are to be seen about Amarillo, where beautiful lakes appear to be but a mile or two away, and strangers almost invariably ask if they contain fish. Views of the gulf are occasionally had, and once a steamer in distress was seen, and it was learned that a steamer had been lost at sea at that time. A few miles above Amarillo is a steep canyon, the prairie ending abruptly where the river flows between perpendicular rocks 1,000 feet below the table land. This canyon can sometimes be seen inverted in the sky. The mirages assume all kinds of shapes, and in the summer season few days pass during which there is not some kind of a fantastic scene in the sky.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Outdone by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him, "You never will amount to much—you never can do much business—you are too small." "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Eh, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.—Ram's Horn.

Do Married People Look Alike?

Three or four years ago I gave a little article in The Republic which had the heading, "On Remarkable Resemblances Between Husbands and Wives." The Photographic association of Geneva has recently been investigating the matter. They took photos of 18 elderly married couples, and among these they found that in 24 instances the resemblance between the husband and wife was greater than that between brother and sister, and that in 31 other cases it was fully as great.—St. Louis Republic.

That Fugitive Pocket.

She (excitedly)—Oh, George, some woman on the car has stolen my purse!

He—How do you know it was a woman?

She—Why, I had it in the pocket of my dress!—Chicago Record.

To Remove an Obstinate Glass Stopper.

In order to remove a glass stopper which sticks fast in the bottle, heat the neck by pouring over it hot water without spilling any on the stopper until the latter becomes loosened; or, if that course fails, hold the neck over a gas jet turned down low or other small flame, slowly revolving the bottle while the neck is being heated, thus eliminating the danger of cracking the glass.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

Narrative of a Mutiny on the Privateer Misery In 1762.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The following narrative is taken verbatim from a manuscript left by the late Geoffrey Pember, sometime master of the letter of marque Misery, who died at the age of 90 in 1798, and who lies buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's at Shrewsbury:

In the month of January, 1762, being then in my fifty-fourth year and having followed the sea all my life, I obtained command of the letter of marque Misery, a ship of 600 tons burden, that mounted 16 guns on the broadside and a long brass swivel on the quarter deck, and that had been fitted out by some merchants of Bristol to cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

It was not without much labor that I got a crew, all the better men having been pressed for the king's service, and when I did get one I had no great cause to be pleased, for a more ruffianly and unruly set I never set eyes upon. Yet I had with me as master an old and tried shipmate, Warren Hodges, and there was also with me my dear son Humphrey, who 17 years later was killed, lieutenant of the Ruby, at the gallant capture of the French frigate La Prudente off Gonsive. At the time of which I speak he was no more than 18, yet he was so brave and determined a lad and so good a seaman that with him and Warren Hodges I thought to make shift to do my business and to manage my rabble in the forecastle.

It was on the 21st of the month that we weighed anchor and dropped down the river with the tide and with a pleasant breeze from the northeast. There being then a convoy coming down channel and bound for Jamaica, I lay to all the 22d and 23d to the southward of St. Mary's, and early on the morning of the 24th I sighted the king's frigate Rainbow, which, with the Gosport and Biddeford, had under her charge not fewer than 60 sail of merchantmen. To my chagrin, the captain of the Rainbow, a young buck who, I make no doubt, was more at home in St. James park than on his own quarter deck, and who was scented like a French dancing master, pressed nine of my best men. Yet, there being then many Spanish frigates and ships of the line off our coast, I could not disdain the company of the king's ships and was forced to bear with it, even though it cost me so dear.

With them I sailed until Feb. 9, when, being as nearly as I could reckon in longitude 40 degrees west and latitude 27 degrees 30 minutes south—for, by cause of the foul weather, we had taken no observation for two days—a storm scattered the fleet, and we, with only three of the merchantmen still in sight, were driven by the force of the gale to the southward.

The storm abated somewhat on the 11th, and we were enabled to bear up again for Jamaica, but my men, having now no fear of the king's ships, put on from that instant a mutinous disposition and soon began to carry themselves so outrageously toward me that I perceived they were minded to stick at nothing in order to seize the Misery for their own ends.

Being plainly assured of this as well by my own sight and hearing as by the reports of my faithful serjeant, Richard White, a blackamoor whom I had brought nine years before out of Guinea, I took counsel with my son and Warren Hodges to prepare for the worst. I caused the arm chest to be removed into the great cabin, the door of which I fortified from within. I ordered the brass swivel on the quarter deck to be kept loaded with a keg of bullets, so that I might be able to sweep all the deck forward, and I made Richard White sleep every night under the gun, with a dark lantern beside him and a match in his hand.

But these and the other provisions that I took were of no avail against the treachery of the crew, and to add to my uneasiness I had the mortification of finding that we lost sight one by one of the three remaining merchantmen, and that by the middle of the month we had but ourselves for company.

One morning, hearing a noise upon the forecastle, I ran up on deck. Warren Hodges, who had the morning watch, was not to be seen, but I could hear his voice raised in anger and the voices of some of the crew threatening him, with oaths. Returning to the cabin for a pistol and a hanger, I went forward and found that the mutineers had seized both Warren Hodges and the blackamoor and had already bound them and thrown them into the chains, where they lay crying lustily for help.

I whipped out my hanger to cut the ropes with which they were bound, whereat a great man named Morton, the ringleader, as I now knew him to be of the mutiny, stepped out from among the men and declared that if I dared to interfere I should pay the penalty with my life; that he and his friends had determined to seize the ship and to cruise with her on their own account against the Spaniards, and that I might either stay where I was and serve under him or take the consequences.

Angered at the fellow's insolence, I raised my pistol with the intention of shooting him as he stood, but the powder flashed in the pan, and in an instant I was seized from behind, flung upon the deck and bound as securely as Warren Hodges and the blackamoor. My first thought was for the safety of my dear son. I now had the mortification of seeing him led, bound, from the cabin, where during all this time he had been asleep, and with us he was put under close guard in the hold.

For a full week Morton came daily to see us, seeking to persuade us to throw in our lot with his, but we steadfastly refused, and on the eighth day he came to us early with the news that as we were but idlers in the ship, and as he could not spare men for our guard, he would send us adrift that morning.

At noon, therefore, having lowered the yawl, they unbound us and ordered us over the side. So stiff were we from our long confinement and so weak from lack of food, for the villains had gone near to starve us, that we could not but do their bidding, nor could we all of us do that without help from the mutineers, who nevertheless jeered at our sad condition and mockingly wished us a pleasant voyage. In three hours we were out of sight of the ship in an open boat, without either water, provisions, sails, oars or compass, with a blazing sun above us and with, as I made out, not less than 200 leagues between us and the nearest land.

Warren Hodges had received a blow on the head at the first outbreak and had ever since lain half dazed, speaking little. In three hours, maddened, as I supposed by the sun, he was a raving maniac, calling for water and desiring to throw himself overboard, and that night he died.

Nor were any of us in much better plight, but by taking off our shirts, fastening them together and dragging them in our wake we fortunately collected a few shellfish, with which we stilled the worst pangs of hunger. By continually wetting our clothes also we lessened our terrible thirst. Nevertheless Richard White, disdaining my counsel, drank some of the sea water on the second day and on the fourth day died, raving mad, like Warren Hodges.

Now were we two indeed in a sorry way. Our strength had so diminished that we could barely raise ourselves in the boat, our throats were so parched that we could not speak above a whisper, our bodies were so ill humored as well from dirt and evil food as from the glare of the sun that we were all over sores. At night we lay shivering with ague and praying for the day; by day we lay burning and longing for the night.

I had lost all hope of deliverance when on the ninth day I saw what I at first took for a bird's wing glistening in the sunlight far to windward. But, as I soon knew, it was a sail. My eyes were so weak and so clogged with salt that for a time I dared not trust them. Yet as the strange ship came drifting rather than sailing right across our course I could doubt no longer, and with my heart almost bursting I tried to tell the news to my son. But I could not speak. I could only touch him and point, and he for his part, as I afterward heard from him, could neither speak nor see. With infinite trouble I fashioned a little mast and sail from the thwarts of the boat and my shirt.

This sufficed to enable me to steer the boat, and in an hour, during which, thanks to God and fears that the strange ship might yet escape us struggled in my heart for mastery, we ran alongside and made fast to a rope which was trailing overboard.

It was with much surprise that I found we were suffered to approach without being hailed, for I could perceive that our ship was a Spaniard, but even had they hailed us we were in no condition to reply. Indeed no sooner had I made fast than I fell back senseless in the boat, nor did I know more until darkness had set in, when the cold wind awoke me.

At first I thought that I was dreaming, and not until I had touched the great hull and watched it slowly rising and falling beside me on the moonlit water did I recollect and rightly understand what had happened. Even then it was some time before, do what I would, I could climb on board. When at length I did so the ship seemed to be deserted. She was a big, high pooped craft, such as the Spaniards term a galleon, and chiefly used for their rich traffic with the Indies, and although her masts were all standing and some of her sail was set there was not a man to be seen.

I walked forward, making a great noise with my feet, for I could not cry out. Then I walked aft, noticing the fine guns of brass and the new cordage, until I put my hand on the handle of the door of the great cabin and opened it. Then, from weakness, I sank down on the threshold. There was no light within and no sound. Even there I could hear the lap of the water against the ship's side. It was as if the whole galleon was asleep, save that I could distinguish no breathing and no motion of slumbering men. I had sunk down against a locker, and stretching forth my hand found that it was open. Within, to my great joy, was a bag of bread, which, with some small flasks of wine, I made no scruple of taking, and as soon as I was again a little recovered I returned, even before I had ministered to my own craving, to my son, who still lay without life in the boat alongside. He was so far gone that at first I could do no more than moisten his tongue and lips with the wine, but in a short space he revived and was able with my help to get on board.

By this time our voices were restored to us, and no sooner were we on deck than we knelt down to thank God for the deliverance he had vouchsafed to us. Then, caring little whether we had fallen into the hands of friends or of foes, we dragged ourselves under the shelter of one of the quarter deck guns and there fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The sun was high when I again awoke, but the decks were as before. No one was at the helm, the sails flapped in the light air against the masts, and the ship drifted whither she would. I was still very weak, but some bread and a draft of wine strengthened me, and then I set about exploring the great vessel. Leaving my son Humphrey, who yet slept, I went to the door of the cabin in which I had found the provisions. It was open as I had left it the night before, and as I drew near I perceived that a smell as of a charnel house issued forth from it. Even before I entered I could see that on the deck within lay several bodies of dead men. Not knowing what to do and stricken with horror, I halted.

The nearest body to me, that of a tall and elderly man, had fallen from the bed in which it had lain and moved from side to side with the slow roll of the ship. Close to it on a kind of couch was the body of a boy. Farther aft were the bodies of three men, one of which was dressed in menial fashion, yet richly withal, as if its owner in life might have been servant to some great lord. Sick at heart, I entered gently and reverently at last. It was vain to search for any spark of life there. In certain of the other cabins were other bodies and in the forecastle and on the lower deck a great store of them, 37 in all, but there was not one living soul on board save us.

When I returned to my son Humphrey, I awoke him, and finding him much refreshed I told him, yet not without caution, of all that I had seen. The ship, I said, was stout and strong and well found, but of the crew some were clearly departed—for certain of the boats were lacking—and all that remained were dead. And while we sat cleansing our sores and washing ourselves by the gun we debated what were best to be done.

Humphrey, who had seen but little of death and was full of terror of it, was all for loading our own boat with what we could find and for intrusting ourselves once more to the mercy of the sea. Nor did I at first seek to dissuade the lad, for I feared lest the sickness which had, as it appeared, stricken down the crew might now seize upon us. Yet, seeing that we both were weak and unable, I was minded, if only for a day or two, to stay by the ship that we might properly recover ourselves ere we ventured abroad anew.

And in this opinion he at length agreed. But in the evening, feeling wonderfully strong again, I renewed my search about the ship, and so fine and beautiful a craft did she then show herself to me that I fell to doubting whether I could bring myself to leave her again. And when beneath the floor of the great cabin I found some chests of pieces of eight half broken open—I doubt not by those who had gone away in the boats—I determined that so long as there might be hope of bringing so valuable a prize into port I would remain in her.

In this opinion also, when I had given a handful of pieces of eight into his keeping, my son agreed, and next day, after having passed the second night on deck for fear of the evil emanations from the dead, we set to work to rid the ship of the bodies and to cleanse the cabins and lower deck.

That day I was able to take an observation and to determine that we were then in longitude 51 degrees 3 west and latitude 40 degrees 2 north—that is to say, in the full course of that current which is called the great gulf stream, and which, running round the point of Florida, crosses the western ocean toward Ireland and the Shetlands. That day also, finding that my son's stomach was too weak for the work of the cabin, I set the lad at the helm and so kept the ship before the wind, which blew from the southwest, yet so gently as scarcely to ruffle the bosom of the sea.

By degrees I committed the bodies to the deep, and when the ship was, as I thought, clear I burned tobacco, herbs and flowers of sulphur in all close places and kept the portholes open to purify the foul air. Yet still for some days I found yet other bodies in divers holes and corners, whither, I suppose, the poor wretches had crept to die of the plague which had seized upon the vessel.

The last that I found was in the lower hold among the bilge, but how it got there I never knew, nor could I guess, unless perchance the man in the madness of his fever had wandered hither unwittingly and had been unable to return. In all there were three and fifty dead in the ship when we boarded her. When, as I afterward learned, she left the Havana, she had 311 souls in her, of whom 214 had died and had been buried in the sea. Whereupon 35 of the rest had fled in the boats, leaving the residue to their fate. Those who remained were all so sick and so weakly that they could bury but 11 of their number as they died. The others staid where they were until the ship was as we found it. As for those who fled, they were never again heard of, and I doubt not they perished either of the sickness or of hunger and privation.

The ship carried when we found her only her forestaysail, mizzen and fore and main topsails, and I dared not hoist more, knowing not what might befall us if the fine weather should fail. We did not, therefore, make much progress, and it was seven weeks ere we were in the longitude of Cape Clear. During all that time the weather held, and although the wind shifted many times it never blew hard, a thing which in these latitudes and in the early part of the year seemed to me so marvelous that I could not but look upon it as the work of Providence, for had a gale sprung up we could have done nothing to save the ship. My son Humphrey and I never were together in the cabin or below. We kept watch in turn, we ate our food alone, and we made shift to do with so little sleep that I have often since wondered that men so weak did not sink under the load of deprivation and anxiety.

Off the Old Head of Kinsale we sighted a smack, the master of which ran alongside, after we had put out our colors, and asked for the news. Persuading him to come on board, I learned that he belonged to Castletown, a fishing village in the bay of Bantry, in the kingdom of Ireland, and being taken by the honesty of his countenance I concluded with him and his men to ship with me as far as Plymouth, whither I had made up my mind to take the galleon, for I would not trust myself in the channel as we were, seeing that even if I had not chanced upon bad weather I should have been at the mercy of the first king's cruiser that might choose to take me in tow, upon the plea that I could not manage the ship, and I had no mind to share my prize with all the world.

The Irishmen, therefore, to the number of six, came on board upon my engagement that upon arriving at Plymouth I would pay to each of them 100 guineas and to the master 200 for his pains, which engagement I most faithfully observed. And so, with their smack in tow, we made our way up channel and without further adventure dropped anchor on April 21 in Plymouth sound, very weary of our voyage, yet happy withal in having come so well out of it.

Upon anchoring we caused no small commotion in the port, no ship of so great a burden having yet been taken since the beginning of the war. Nor were there many finer ships even in the king's navy.

But the commotion grew greatly when, the officers of the port having boarded us and made an examination of the galleon, it was known—which I myself had not till that moment suspected—that we had in her bullion and pieces of eight to the value of £283,000, besides a costly cargo of tobacco and other products of the West Indies.

Rear Admiral his Royal Highness the Duke of York himself paid me the honor of a visit, coming in his barge from the Princess Amelia, and a week later I was commanded to attend upon King George, who was pleased most graciously to offer my son Humphrey a commission in the navy and me the honor of a knighthood for what he deigned to call our unequaled exploit of taking and bringing home the galleon. As for the knighthood, I had no mind for it, although the N. Senora del Carmen provided me with money enough worthily to support that dignity. As for the commission, Humphrey thankfully accepted it and afterward, as I have said, fell honorably in his country's service. Poor lad! I have often wished since that he had refused the commission and I had accepted the knighthood, for then it might have happened that he would have lived to inherit the wealth which is but a sorry burden to a childless old man.

The Misery never again anchored in an English port after taking rid of us. Morton, the leader of the mutineers, cruised with some success for two or three months among the islands. He took a Spanish brig, the S. Isidro, and several smaller vessels, but was at last chased by the Spanish frigate Thetis, and to avoid capture ran ashore. The crew, being unable to reach the land by reason of the surf, were taken off by the frigate boats and made prisoners.

A fortnight later, on June 2, the Thetis, after a sharp action, was captured by the English frigate Alarm, Captain James Alms, which formed part of Admiral Sir George Pocock's fleet destined for the reduction of the Havana. The English prisoners on board the Thetis endeavored to prove that I as well as they had been engaged with the Spaniard, but the affair of the Misery having by this time been reported to Sir George from England he, on the day after the capitulation of the town, hanged every one of the pirates on board his flagship, the Namur.

This I learned from Captain the Hon. A. J. Hervey, who was sent home in the Dragon with dispatches, and who on his passage had the good fortune to take a French ship valued at £30,000. He was so polite as to bring the intelligence in person, and I am not ashamed to say that I was very pleased to know that the rascals had got their deserts.—William Laird Clowes.

An Old Nook.

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and live aglow,
And lamps so softly beaming—and
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hope first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?

—Richard le Gallienne in Chicago Figaro.

JUMPING FROM A BALLOON.

Miss Hazel Keyes Tells How It Feels to Meet the Earth.

Mrs. Romig is a pleasant, bright eyed, capable looking little personage of modest demeanor and methods of conversation.

She has been engaged in ballooning for a number of years. Professionally she is known as Miss Hazel Keyes, balloonist and parachute jumper.

She was a trained nurse by profession and engaged in aeronautics because her husband's health failed him, and she found it necessary to do something more lucrative than nursing, and as he was a professional aeronaut, and she had gathered quite an interest and knowledge of the business from him, she determined to enter his field and win in a rapid way the income that was necessary for the schooling of her three children, the maintenance of the family generally and the added expense of his illness. She says she has succeeded amply in her undertaking, and though Mr. Romig's health is greatly improved she has no special desire to relinquish the business.

Asked to explain as clearly as possible the sensations peculiar to the ascent and descent of a person to and from the extraordinary altitudes to which she travels, Mrs. Romig said:

"The sensations are diametrically opposite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts. Instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise. When it comes to a standstill, you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and of course the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives you instant advice of the immense altitude you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation, reversed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. This fact is forcibly impressed upon your mind when you cut loose from the balloon.

"The descent, then, until the parachute fills is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume of wind, from 25 to 100 feet, and this is the most unpleasant part of my business. The same precaution of holding the breath is as imperatively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the water, and in default of such precaution you are equally liable to strangulation and death as in the water."

In response to a question as to the longest jump she had made in her career as an aeronaut, Mrs. Romig said that in 1890, at Baker's beach, just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco, she made a perfectly successful jump from an altitude determined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over 2¾ miles. She alighted in the bay, but being fully protected with a life preserver—which she always does when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water—she was all right when picked up by the boatman who went instantly to her relief.

Mrs. Romig says, "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plowed field, but of the two I prefer the field."—Oregon Statesman.

A Relic of Queen Elizabeth.

There is now in this city, in the possession of Mr. Charles A. Hewins, a valuable and interesting relic of "Good Queen Bess" of England. It is a glove which was worn by her majesty at her coronation ceremonies, way back in the year of grace 1559. It is also interesting as an example of the glovemaker's art at that early day. Surprising as it may seem, it would be regarded as a very good gauntlet even now. It is a well known fact that the queen was possessed of a hand of more than ordinary size, and many of her courtiers grieved full sore at the vigorous way she had of using it to cuff the ears of the presumptuous ones. Although this glove was never in all probability as tight fitting as a woman of rank would demand of a glove today for a ceremony of such importance, yet it could not have been much too large, notwithstanding the size, according to the modern measures, is it. As it lies on a background of blue velvet, carefully preserved from moth and dust by a frame of gold and glass, it shows little of its original beauty. It was evidently of sheepskin, dressed white, and its ample gauntlet was handsomely embroidered in gold with the orb, crown and ostrich plumes, the insignia of English royalty. Today the glove is gray and soiled, and the embroidery is black with tarnish, but its grace is still there.—Boston Transcript.

Meeting a Bluff.

The rustic citizen, inquisitive and guileless, was bunched in a crowded car on a Michigan Central train with an elaborate drummer from Chicago, and in a few minutes he began to sound his seatmate.

"Goin fer?" he asked innocently.

"To Kalamazoo."

"Come from Detroit?"

"Yes."

Then he asked several dozen more questions, and the drummer got tired.

"I s'pose you went to the World's fair?" asked the rustic, starting in on a new deal.

"The World's fair?" repeated the drummer questioningly. "What's that?"

"Don't you know what the World's fair is?" exclaimed the rustic in open eyed astonishment.

"No, I never heard of it."

"Never heard of the World's fair at Chicago?"

"Never. Where is Chicago?"

The rustic looked the drummer over from head to foot and pulled a $5 from his pocket.

"You're foolin me, stranger," he said, "and here's $5 that says you are a Chicago man, for nobody but a Chicago man could be as smooth a liar as you are." And the drummer laughed and confessed and thereafter let the rustic ask all the questions he wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fox's Daring.

Among the many stories of foxes' daring the following deserves a place: On the Yorkshire estate of the Duke of Leeds was shooting a party of nine guns, including the Marquis of Carmarthen, M. P., Lord Barnard, Sir John Willoughby and Captain Vyner, accompanied by some 60 beaters. Into the midst of this little army fell a pheasant, shot by Lord Carmarthen, but the bird had hardly touched the ground when a large dog fox seized it by the neck and carried it off, undismayed by the shouts of the men all round him. Some one proposed to give the impudent marauder a charge of shot, but the marquis decided to let him go, and Reynard took advantage of the marvelous law against fox shooting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Keeping Her Down.

Mrs. Lowerten—Well, Sally, I s'pose we've got to call on that new neighbor. Just take your scissors and cut some sort of a hole in the middle of our visiting card.

Daughter—What for, maw? What does that signify?

Mrs. Lowerten—It don't mean anything that I knows of, but she'll think it does, and feel mighty cheap to find she don't know as much about society ways as we does.—New York Weekly.

A SCENE FROM EGYPT.

AS UNREPORTED MEXICAN LIFE APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN.

Picturesque Sights In Monterey—General Taylor's Dismantled Guns on the Hillside—A Perpetually Changing Picture. What the People Are Like.

Every American who makes a journey to Mexico late in life must wonder that he never made it before, such a treasure house of natural scenery, and of people picturesque enough to match the scenery, and of romantic story and legend enough to match country and people both, and all this crowding up hard against the edge of our own country.

If there be any excuse for our neglect of these things, it is the difficulty of crossing our own great country itself. The Rio Grande is a long way from the Hudson, and the hot plains of Texas are an obstacle. Eighty degrees in the shade in the middle of January! For this or any long journey I can recommend to any aged traveler as traveling companion some college football expert, at whose determined advance difficulties will vanish from before the windows of baggage offices and ticket offices.

Where have our writers and artists been traveling that they have left most of us ignorant of Monterey—that wonderful semicircle of mountains, the view up or down every street ending in massive mountain wall, like the glories that Denver's people exult in?

Take a street car out to the old bishop's palace, whence General Taylor bombarded the city and where some of his spiked and dismounted guns still lie on the hillside, and what more interesting historic spot could an American ask? While for the view, go and look at it. You will find a very big street car, hauled by a very small donkey. The Indian driver startles you by breaking his whip in two when he reaches the top of the grade and beginning to cut it—the whip is a sugar cane. And this street, with its long, low buildings—a single story most of them—roofs flat and invisible or else thatched with cane, windows heavily grated with iron bars, through which you catch glimpses of faces—Indian some of them, Spanish some of them and fair to look upon.

It is a scene from Egypt or Asia or anywhere far away—far away, for even the horse car cannot bring it into any sort of connection with things modern and near. Do your readers know that such things are to be found all within a week's journey from New York? And there must be something pleasing in the long horizontal lines and strange tints of such architecture, for when your ride brings you to one solitary modern brick house, such as might be seen in New York or anywhere, you find yourself pained and shocked with its ugliness.

And the people who fill these streets—by what kind gift from heaven are they all, patricians and beggars, a whole race, enabled to make such pictures of themselves? The man passing you with his brilliant "serape" of every impossible color thrown over his shoulder, the woman with her "rebosa" or "tapalo" twisted before her face—it is a perpetually changing picture, restful to eyes that have wearied of the respectable monotony of Fifth avenue or the opera, though indeed, speaking of opera, there is a curious suggestion of some "Conspirators' Chorus" in half the men you meet.

Think of marketing in corner groceries with such splendid designations as the "Firmament" or the "Aurora Borealis."

One might well reconcile himself to possible deficiencies in the stock within. And where trade offers such entertainment there seems hardly need of the announcement of "Four bulls to die on Sunday, four."

What are the people like who live in such a city? The passing traveler may not be a witness most competent to testify on that point, though he always tries. They have soldiers—even the sojourner can see that, and he may meet a squad of them any hour of the day crossing the plaza with ingenious diversity of step. They have taxes, too, and you may find the inevitable stamp on everything from your sleeping car ticket to your grocer's account book.

They have poverty, therefore, and many must be contented with a rigidly literal fulfillment of the petition for "daily bread this day." They have some aspirations toward cleanliness, for at any hour you may see stalwart specimens of the population bathing in the city's public water supply.

And godliness? They have godliness, or at least religion, for the low roofs of house and shop have a fine supremacy to dome and towers of the cathedral and the moldering arches of the old convent of San Francisco. Looking in at the doors of any of these great churches you see veiled penitents kneeling and worshiping according to the splendid ritual of Rome. And there are worshipers, also, according to other forms which may seem more homelike to the northern visitor.

The memory will remain with one traveler at least of sweet hymns and fervent prayers and most cordial greetings from a little congregation of Protestants among these dusky people. Could he employ his time better than for looking further into this unreported side of Mexican life and character?

But as yet remains in the mind that first bewildering impression of things strange, eastern, Spanish, romantic—this artists' and poets' paradise, and only just out of Texas! You are carried into it on the Aztec express, you find your lodgings in the midst of it, next to the sign of "La Minuchie," and you sigh over the fate of Cortez's gentle interpreter.

And so these are the descendants of the Montezumas and of Cortez's soldiers, whose smooth Spanish sentences you are puzzling yourself to understand, and you are only four days from New York.—Cor. New York Mail and Express.

A Portrait of Lewis Cass.

The state department received from the New York descendants of Lewis Cass a half length oil portrait of the general, who was secretary of war and minister to France under Jackson and secretary of state under Buchanan. The portrait is evidently a copy, and the comparatively youthful appearance of the subject as well as the glimpse of embroidered wine colored waistcoat suggests that it may have been painted in Paris about the year 1838, when Sumner noted in his journal that "Mr. Cass is said to live in a style superior to that of any minister ever sent by America."—Washington Letter.

Her First Dinner.

Young Husband—Say, darling, what a peculiar flavor this stewed steak has!

Young Wife (diffidently)—I really cannot account for it. Indeed in order to take away the bad taste of the onions I scalded them myself in eau de cologne.—Neckar Zeitung.

No Doubt About It.

May—Is it true that they are madly in love with each other?

Carlie—Madly? Yes, indeed. They are always quarreling.—Truth.

Worse Than a Fit.

Fred (trying on a new coat)—Is it a fit, Charlie?

Charlie—Fit? Why, it's a convulsion.—Texas Siftings.

Carlyle Rebuked.

Charles Godfrey Leland says that on his first meeting with Carlyle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1636."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some slurring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical!"

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What's that yo say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch:

"Na, na, I'm nae thot!" he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.—Youth's Companion.

Historic Chicago Houses.

It has generally been accepted as a fact that the old house of Mahlon D. Ogden that used to stand on the site of the Newberry library was the single one that outlived the conflagration.

Now that the historic old residence is a thing of the past, it looks like vandalism to remove the halo of romance that surrounds it. But the fact is it was not the only house that came out of the blaze scathless. At least two others shared this distinction, and neither of them was so favorably located as the Ogden residence.

One of the greatest miracles of the fire is the two story wooden residence at 845 North Clark street, which still stands. It was directly in the path of the fire, and its occupants left the house and its contents to their fate and fled for their lives. To make any effort to save either at the time looked the height of absurdity. But it came through it with nothing worse than a few blisters, caused by the intense heat. It is well known that to the north of this whole blocks were wiped out like matchwood, and the fire burned itself out at the city limits.

By a strange freak of the elements, although the immediate neighborhood was a raging sea of flame, this frail wooden structure lived to tell the story like the lonely survivor of a wreck at sea. C. E. Tuerk afterward occupied this house as a residence.

Across the way, in Lincoln park, about 100 yards from this spot, stood a modest little wooden house, occupied as a dwelling by the superintendent of Lincoln park.

It was of course abandoned, no hope being entertained that it would weather the holocaust. But it did. It stood for years after this, having sustained little or no damage, until it was demolished to make room for the new Academy of Sciences.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Texas Mirages.

In Texas mirages can be witnessed in as wonderful forms as are ever produced in any part of the world. In that portion of the state marked upon the maps of the olden time as a desert, where no plant could grow or breathing thing live, but which is now cut up into immense wheat or grazing fields, I have experienced the most lifelike optical delusions of which the mind can conceive. For that matter, the entire prairie appears to be a delusion. The air is so rare that no odor is perceptible, even from carrion. As a man rides along he sees before him beautiful groves of majestic trees, which, when reached, prove to be mesquite bushes three or four feet in height. Over the plain are what appear to be stakes six or eight feet high, which in reality are Spanish daggers about a foot in height, the entire plain being called the "staked plain," from the effect produced by this plant.

The best mirages, or cloud pictures, are to be seen about Amarillo, where beautiful lakes appear to be but a mile or two away, and strangers almost invariably ask if they contain fish. Views of the gulf are occasionally had, and once a steamer in distress was seen, and it was learned that a steamer had been lost at sea at that time. A few miles above Amarillo is a steep canyon, the prairie ending abruptly where the river flows between perpendicular rocks 1,000 feet below the table land. This canyon can sometimes be seen inverted in the sky. The mirages assume all kinds of shapes, and in the summer season few days pass in which there is not some kind of a fantastic scene in the sky.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Outlook for a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him, "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business—you are too small." "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.—Hub's Horn.

Do Married People Look Alike?

Three or four years ago I gave a little article in The Republic which had the heading, "Ou Remarkable Resemblances Between Husbands and Wives." The Photographic association of Geneva has recently been investigating the matter. They took photos of 78 elderly married couples, and among these they found that in 24 instances the resemblance between the husband and wife was greater than that between brother and sister, and that in 31 other cases it was fully as great.—St. Louis Republic.

That Fugitive Pocket.

She (excitedly)—Oh, George, some woman on the car has stolen my purse!

He—How do you know it was a woman?

She—Why, I had it in the pocket of my dress!—Chicago Record.

To Remove an Obstinate Glass Stopper.

In order to remove a glass stopper which sticks fast in the bottle, heat the neck by pouring over it hot water without spilling any on the stopper until the latter becomes loosened; or, if that course fails, hold the neck over a gas jet turned down low or other small flame, slowly revolving the bottle while the neck is being heated, thus diminishing the danger of cracking the glass.

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COR. MERRIMACK AND BRIDGE

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If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

A SIGN OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in The Sun bldg. Rent very low.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Spring Fabrics From all the Nations of the Earth.

Many Novelties From Remote Places—Hopsacking is a New and Handsome Dress Material—The Pinafore Gown a Fresh Favorite—Garments For Girls.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

SPRING COATS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The figure on the left represents an outdoor coat for a miss of twelve, made of fawn vienna trimmed with white fur. The front and yoke are of green cloth, with a narrow silk drapery across the chest That on the right is a coat of chocolate brown cloth, with chaudron velvet collar, caps and cuffs. The coat is plaited front and back and has three narrow lines of astrakhan trimming. The collar and sleeves are fur trimmed also.

The wants of womankind are many and varied if one can judge by the supply. There is no country, however remote and savage, that does not yield tribute. There are woolens made of Thibet and Australian fleece, there are mohairs made from "real mos," as one enthusiastic salesman said, and there are others made from the scrubby locks, from the ugly whiskers, which the camel wears on his long neck instead of his chin, where they ought to grow, and there are

SPRING GARMENTS FOR GIRLS.

silky fabrics of llama hair and angora goats. Besides all these we have fabrics made of woven down from eider ducks and swans' breasts.

We see silks from all sorts of lands, each bearing some distinguishing mark. There are silks from India, from Italy, Turkey, Greece, Arabia, France, England, China and Japan, with possibly a few other countries not mentioned. We have cottons from France and England, ginghams from Scotland, and also from that land of cakes and porridge the unapproachable cheviots and heather mixtures. Verily no one but a Scotchman could have woven such a fabric with all the purplish bloom mingled with the dust and dry twigs, the blue of the sky and the green of the almost hidden foliage. The "heather mixture" will always be a fabric that will belong to that one country, not to be imitated elsewhere.

There are also Irish goods in the windows—frieze for storm coats, linens fine beyond compare and Irish poplins. These last are richer than any all silk goods, handsomer than bengaline and only surpassed by the best Lyons velvet. These poplins have never been made outside of Ireland, and they always remain in style, like the Irish point laces and their linens. These poplins are to be made plain, with the exception of a little velvet as a finish, and point lace where it can be obtained.

There are grass linens this season from South America, from the Azores and from Panama and Mexico. There are ginghams from Madras and shawl patterns in the piece for trimmings from Persia, and there are queer embroideries from Dalmatia and Bulgaria. These are to be sewed on the new hopsacking cloths. These new hopsackings come in a check no larger than the one flat thread. There will be one gray thread and one blue, lengthwise, and the same arrangement across the cloth, and this forms what would be called pinhead checks in any other material, but in this, each thread being wide and flat, forms one check, while the others take five or six threads for each square. These hopsackings are in green and drab, red and gray, blue and gold or gray, and so on through all the season's colors. They are very handsome goods. Some are as heretofore, all in one solid color, in neutral tints, and get their distinction from the way they are trimmed.

The very handsomest of these I have seen made up so far was one in hemp color, with a plain five gored skirt. Around the bottom was a festooned flounce of hempen guipure headed by a silken rope of hemp, with a cherry twist. There was a looped belt made of this cord, with two short ends, with tassels of the same. The waist was plain and round, with a bertha of the guipure headed also by the cord. It was stylish and elegant.

Generally, anything new that is superlatively ugly is called "so stylish" and accepted on sufferance, but hopsacking is certainly a handsome dress material when properly handled. Besides this, it is light and does not drag, as do too many woolen goods.

I think from what I see and am told the old Persian palm leaf and Paisley patterns are sure of a revival in dress goods, particularly printed silks, sateens and challis, besides cashmeres. Even a few patterns of broadcloth have borderings in Paisley pattern, brocaded along the bottom. One pattern has a mixed ground, mostly browns on a dark green, with a swivel pattern in gold colored silk, in the old palm leaf design. There were two borders, one 10 inches deep for the bottom and one 3 inches for the corsage and sleeve trimming. There was a white peau de laine broadcloth, and the borders to this were done in black and gold. It was very beautiful. Another one

SPRING BONNETS.

was of biscuit, and the borderings were in green, dull red and gold These colors are all so interwoven that the effect is soft and artistic rather than brilliant.

The new ginghams are as soft as silk, and indeed one has both to look closely at them and feel them to be sure they are not silk. There are more stripes than plaids so far, and they are in the most delicate of shades and designs They are cheap, but by the time they are finished and trimmed they are not very economical, yet nothing gives better satisfaction for wash dresses than ginghams. I have seen several very pretty gowns made of cheesecloth, both cream colored and pale pink. This material costs about 2 cents a yard, but requires much lace and ribbon to make it "look anyhow," and so a neat sprigged lawn or gingham is really better economy. Besides, cheesecloth does not wash very well; it is apt to get crapy and crinkle.

The cotton crepons are lovely. I saw one lilac crepon made with lots of cream colored lace and cream ribbon down the front diagonally from the right shoulder to the left side clear to the feet in jabot trimming. The sleeves were bishop, with a fall of lace at the wrist and small bow on the top just over the back of the hand. It made a very dainty dress. There was another one of bright mandarin yellow, with black Russian net trimming. This was cut from the piece and scalloped with black chenille. There was such a quantity of this net that it partly veiled the aggressive yellow and toned it down.

I was told in one house where special attention is given to children's garments that no child will have a complete wardrobe who has not a changeable taffeta frock. The mothers and big sisters will have to cede to the children's requirements, as the best dresses for little girls will be of chameleon silk. One was shown me which had just been finished for a young girl of 14. It was of reseda green and shrimp pink. The skirt was cut circular, with two bias ruffles at the bottom, with a scalloped edge to the skirt above them. The plain waist was scalloped and bound, and the yoke was finished in the same manner. Three full ruffles formed a square bertha and made this one of the most tasteful dresses possible to imagine for a girl of that age

The fashion has come in which allows young girls to wear thin hair in loose waves or curls, and the catogan braid, or one long tail of hair hanging down the back, has ceased to be the fashion. The rugenue style of having a fluff around the neck is still seen. Young ladies wear full puffs of waves and curls along the sides, just on a level with the ears, and the hair is parted in the middle in a straight line.

I must not forget to mention two pretty little outfits for small girls. One was of dark blue cloth, with a deep box plait reaching from the shoulders to the feet in the back. The sleeves were plain coat shape, with two deep jockeys. Around them and around the bottom were three lines of blue soutache. There was a cunning little hat, Tam O'Shanter shape, of white corduroy, with blue feathers set in front. Dainty white mull ties are seen now very often, and they make a pretty appearance, particularly with the rather sombre costumes of children. The other little coat was of brown camel's hair, plaited to a yoke of velvet in darker shade. The sleeves were gigot, with butterfly caps. A brown velvet sailor shape hat, with pink plumes, was worn with it. I saw another suit for "very best" of white corded velutina, trimmed all around with a reversed plaiting of ruby velvet. The yoke was of ruby, and there was a bonnet made in an exaggerated mob cap shape of ivory surah, with a ruby velvet roll around the high crown and three white ostrich tips on the top.

That reminds me to mention two new bonnets which have been much admired this week. One was of black velvet with a small high crown. The brim was bent in and piped with apple green satin. Four rolls of the same ribbon were twisted around the crown, and the strings were of the same. There were three pink velvet oleanders set upon it and two black plumes. The other was of gray noil, with green facing. There

NEW VISITING COSTUMES.

were several rosettes of green lisse and two large ones of dark green velvet, two Mercury wings, three ostrich plumes and an aigret completed the trimming.

For early spring there are some startling effects in wool dress material. One gown had a bisque ground, with red diagonal stripes and dark blue figures almost as large as one's hand and like nothing else under the sun. The skirt opened on the right side to show an underskirt of blue silk with two blue velvet flounces. The coat basque had enormous pelerine revers of the velvet bound with ermine and a turndown collar of the same. There was an ermine muff. All around the skirt was a band of velvet and above that a narrow bisque ribbon set with cabuchons. The other gown was of light tan stuff, with rough crisscrosses in red, with a black "running" water pattern. This was cut pinafore shape over a mordore velvet skirt and waist. The sleeves were also of velvet and bordered with a narrow band of astrakhan. This pinafore gown, as it is called, has many prototypes and is a favorite already. Several of the light colored summer gowns and dancing gowns for late spring are being made after this model. The gown is fastened in the back.

I have noticed that nearly every new imported gown and most of the handsome ones made here have a small pad of horsehair set in the back to hold up the gathers and give the proper hang to the skirt, and not a few have regular little plaited panniers, which meet in front and are lost under the plaits of the black breadths. Nearly all skirts show some attempt at display, and the gabrielle gown is also among the new styles of the coming season. This comes from France and helps to swell the contribution from all the countries for the special delight of our American ladies.

MATE LEROY.

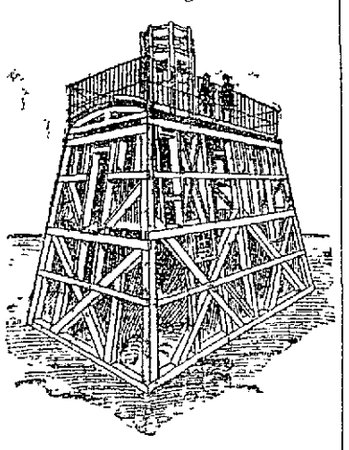
SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

HOW MOUNT BLANC OBSERVATORY WAS CONSTRUCTED.

A History of the Structure—The Thinkers Brain—Accommodations — Something About Balloons—Microbes.

The highest scientific observatory in the world has recently been completed on the summit of Mont Blanc in Switzerland, 15,780 feet above the sea. Although for several years there was a meteorological station occupied on the summit of Pike's peak, Colo., at an only slightly lower level, yet the meteorological conditions of the two countries are so different that, while the latter peak is accessible for nearly the entire year by a mountain railroad, the summit and sides of Mont Blanc are so covered with snow and ice and so subject to violent storms that it is always a matter of difficulty and frequently of danger to reach the top at all.

The observatory is a wooden building heavily framed, and the difficulties overcome in carrying the timbers and other material over the steep and dangerous trail to the summit and erecting them in the inter-



OBSERVATORY ON MONT BLANC.

vals between the violent blizzards which swept over it testify to the skill and patience of the hardy mountaineers who so successfully accomplished the work.

As no solid foundation for the observatory could be found, it was determined to set it directly upon the ice covering the summit, as observations showed that the level a few feet below the surface remained practically constant. But in case of any slight settling screws have been provided so that the building can be righted. No serious trouble from this cause is anticipated, however.

The observatory consists of two stories. The lower one contains rooms for the storage of instruments and supplies, and also sleeping accommodations for the observers. The upper story, including the roof and the tower, is to be used for observations and will also provide limited accommodations for the numerous parties making the ascent of the mountain. The observatory is not exclusively a meteorological one, but physical, astronomical and spectroscopical phenomena will be carefully observed and studied, says Popular Science News, the source of the foregoing account.

The Thinker's Brain Accommodations.

The thinking power of the brain is believed to reside in the gray matter of the surface. This, as Cassell's Magazine explains it, is a sheet of cellular nerve substance which is crumpled into convolutions through being confined within the narrow limits of the skull. If it were spread out flat, it would be found equal to a layer an inch in thickness and 12 inches long by 11 inches broad—or slightly more—giving a total of 134 cubic inches. If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, there would be room for 27,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3,618,000,000 in the whole. But since many of the cells are smaller the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with the 3,618,000,000. What is a million?

The Bible, Old and New Testaments together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of letters. We should therefore have to pile up 1,113 copies of the Scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells. As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation, they may perhaps be able to grow more brain cells. And Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

Airships.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the distinguished inventor of the telephone, has been grappling with aerial locomotion for some months past in Nova Scotia, and like all the other experimenters in that science he is very hopeful of success. He is not a believer in extreme lightness, but thinks that the solution of the problem lies in proper balancing. He has made machines that will fly to a height of several hundred feet, but the motive power is acquired externally, and motion cannot therefore be long continued. Moreover, there is no method of directing the apparatus while in the air.

Professor S. P. Langley, the director of the Smithsonian institution in Washington, has much the same ideas as Professor Bell and has followed very similar lines. In fact, these two investigators have worked together to some extent. Various means of propulsion have been tried, and among them slow burning gunpowder, which has been used successfully in propelling torpedo boats.

In London Mr. Hiram Maxim is still busy with his great airship. The principle he has adopted is that of the kite, sufficient surface being provided to enable the ship to float in the air when a minimum speed of 25 miles per hour has been attained. The propelling force consists of two screws, operated in the usual fashion by a boiler and steam engine.

The Good Side of the Microbe.

However bad the microbe may be in a general way, it seems that, like most things, he is good for trade. Whole sets of surgical instruments are now specially fashioned to cope with his baneful power. Knives and needles, forceps and scissors—all those beautifully made little instruments that, like Hamlet, "are but cruel to be kind"—are now being forged entirely of steel, and when necessary to be jointed are so hung together that they may be easily disjointed and boiled. Boiling water and steam kill any germ, even the anthrax microbe, one of the most poisonous of the whole tribe, and the boiling of surgical instruments to kill the germs is now in favor with the medical profession, according to The Hospital

The Latest.

Sam—Wha's datt'ing Lindy's got stuck on de buzzum ob her dress?

Josiah—Sh! Doan yo' gib it away. She couldn't affohd to buy no cyrsmithums, so she jes' swiped some of de cold slaw from de restaurant whar she's workin and tied it up in a bunch instid.—Brooklyn Life.

Bismarck Wouldn't Fight.

It is said that Bismarck once sent a challenge to Virchow because of some frank speaking on the part of the great pathologist. The latter instantly remarked that, as the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons and held up two sausages apparently exactly alike, saying: "One of these is filled with deadly trichinae, and the other is perfectly healthy. Let Bismarck choose which of these he will eat and eat it, and I will eat the other." The duel was not fought.

The Head Continues to Grow.

"All my customers' heads grow," said an English hatter, "up to 65, excepting the ecclesiastical gents, and theirs don't grow after 25." Herein doubtless lies the reason why clerical headgear is so characteristic of the man beneath, for never was a greater fallacy than the adage that "it is not the cowl that makes the monk."

A Cat's Queer Friends.

A cat which associates almost entirely with chickens, even roosting with them at nighttime, is owned by Robert Wiley of Jonesboro, Ind.

The English and the American Rule at Formal Dinner Parties.

In ultra fashionable society introductions are not made. As the guests enter the drawing room their names are announced. Occasionally the man is presented to the woman he takes into dinner, but otherwise there are no general introductions. This is the invariable rule in England, and it sometimes and not infrequently happens that the persons sitting next each other are entirely ignorant of each other's names. This seems awkward and unsocial, and the duty of any hostess should be to avoid the stiffness which follows this formality.

Commenting on this custom, Harper's Bazar says: In this country we can and do introduce strangers to each other, and it is better to do so. If there are among the guests any distinguished men of letters or professional men, it is always well in presenting them to give their full names. It prevents many blunders, and notwithstanding all the cut and dried rules to the contrary nothing which makes the stranger within our gates feel "at home" for the time being can be in bad taste. It is needless to tell any one that the host leads the way into the dining room, having on his arm the lady who is the chief guest of the evening, and who sits at his right. The others follow, the hostess being the last to leave the drawing room. If the number exceeds eight, it is convenient to have a card at each place, with the name of the person who is to occupy the place legibly written.

Wedding Cards.

Most of the wedding cards sent out are plain and simple in style As a rule, there are not so many cards inclosed as formerly. Of course in case of a large church wedding, where there is danger of a crush and where many outsiders would strive to force their way into the church from curiosity, a church card is indispensable.

Large and Small Matters.

Mr. Nocash—My neighbor, Mr. Slimpurse, has built his fence six inches over the line.

Lawyer—A small matter, which can be amicably arranged. Agree with him to let the fence stay where it is until necessary to rebuild and then have it put where it belongs. Five dollars, please. Thanks. Good day, sir.

Mr. Golde-Bullion—Good morning! My neighbor, Mr. Fatpurse, has built his fence four inches over the line.

Lawyer—He has, eh? We'll fix him. Yes, sir, I'll win that case for you if I have to carry it to the supreme court—yes, sir.—New York Weekly.

AN ACT OF PROVIDENCE.

How a Brig's Crew Was Miraculously Saved From the Malays.

We were standing up the gulf of Siam, with the Malay country not over 10 miles away, when the wind died out and left us heaving and falling on the glassy ground swell. It was the merchant brig Fearnaught, with a crew of 11 men, and the captain had his wife and child aboard. It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon when the wind left us, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon we had drifted to within five miles of the land. From noon to 2 o'clock the captain and mate appeared troubled and anxious and frequently swept the coast line with their glasses. At the latter hour the captain called us aft and said:

"Men, you know what sort of a coast lies over there. The Malays no longer attack vessels at sea, but we've drifted in close, and there's not another sail in sight, and it's a greater temptation than they can withstand. A crowd of them are pulling out to visit us. If they get aboard, not a man of us will be alive 10 minutes later. Will you stand by to beat them off?"

"Aye, sir!" answered one man for all of us, "but what are we to do it with?"

In almost every house in the land there's a firearm of some sort, but shipowners to this day will send a craft to the cannibal islands without even an old musket aboard.

If the Malays attacked us, our only weapons would be capstan bars and belaying pins. They were pulling out to us in a sort of galley, with as many as 10 oars on a side, and we could figure that there would be at least 40 of them and all well armed. It did not take us five minutes to get ready. It did not take any man five seconds to figure out what would follow an attack. The Malays never left a witness of their cruelties alive behind them. You see men turn pale and shiver as they go into battle. When you see men quietly arming themselves to make a hopeless fight, you mark the contrast. Their faces flush, their eyes glare, and they bite their lips without feeling the pain. They move on tiptoe, they speak in whispers, they look around them as if taking a farewell of earth. When the galley was yet two miles away, our ship was as silent as the grave, though this silence was broken at intervals by sobs from the cabin. The captain had told his wife of the danger. Womanlike, she uttered a sob of despair now and then, but even as she did so she was weighting her clothing and that of her sleeping child with bars of lead. If the Malays boarded us, she would take the child in her arms and leap overboard. That was settled from the very first.

Did the fellows pull a lazy stroke to deceive us into the belief that they were coming out on some matter of no great importance? The mate's glass made out 48 men in the boat, and their weapons caught and reflected the rays of the sun as they came along. We swept the sea for sight of sail or steamer's smoke, but we were alone. We uttered bitter curses as we realized our helpless situation, but we must let them scramble aboard of the brig before our weapons would be of any use. It was positively maddening to witness their slow and careless approach. It was as if they felt so sure of victory that they need put forth no particular exertion. The galley was steered for our port broadside, and she was within 200 feet of us, and we could look into the evil eyes of her desperate crew when her way was checked. Then her captain stood up, made us a profound bow and in fairly good English observed:

"Captain, I trust you are loaded with English goods for Bangkok."

Our captain bowed, but did not speak.

"Because," continued the other, "that is just such a cargo as I want, and your brig also pleases me very well. Do you surrender?"

"No! No! No!" yelled half a dozen voices in reply.

"Ah, you do not? Do you wish to jump overboard and drown, or shall I have to kill you and throw your bodies to the sharks? I am in no hurry. I will give you three minutes in which to decide!"

About 15 of the natives had English rifles, probably purchased at Singapore, and the others were armed with blowguns, pistols and swords. They needn't come a foot nearer to pick off every man of us. The captain and mate conversed for a minute, and then the former quietly said to us:

"Men, we have all got to meet death right here and now, but let us show them that the brig carries no cowards! Be ready for them when they dash in!"

I think their first idea was to use their rifles, but they abandoned it for fear the firing might betray them, though, as I said before, there was nothing in sight. Those who had their guns raised now lowered them, the rowers lifted the oars, and the long sweeps had just dropped into the water when we beheld a singular spectacle. The galley suddenly lifted itself out of water and went up and up until it reached a point 30 feet high and then turned over and came down so broken and shattered that it instantly sank from sight. Right under the boat was the head of a whale, and it followed it up for at least 15 feet. Then the monster fell on his side, gave his tail a flirt or two and disappeared from view. It was like a magician's trick. The time consumed was not over 15 seconds We saw the boat bows on to us. We saw her high in the air. We saw a few of her planks dashing about on the waves kicked up by the whale. That was all. But for the half dozen Malays who reached our bows and were killed there, but for the racing to and fro of the sharks, all of us would have wondered if it was not a horrible dream. The wife sat in the cabin weeping and waiting. The child slept on without moving a hand. We looked into each other's faces; we looked from sea to shore and down at the splintered planks floating about. Then we heard the captain's voice quietly saying:

"There comes an offshore breeze, Mr. Merwin, and you can swing the yards and make sail. Tell the steward to serve out grog and see if he can't loosen the tongues of the lads and get up a cheer or two."

M. QUAD.

Got as Far as Bangor.

Sarah Orne Jewett's charming story of the gentle old lady, an inmate of a Maine poorhouse, who managed to get to Philadelphia and see the wonders of the Centennial is recalled to mind by the adventures of Charles Snowman, a half witted inmate of the Castine almshouse, who started last summer to walk to the World's fair. He got as far as Rockland, where he was arrested as a tramp and given 30 days' exercise in the city stoneyard. After serving his time there he managed to get to Bucksport, where he borrowed money to pay his fare to Bangor. Here he found quarters at the almshouse, where he remained until a short time ago, when he was discovered and sent back to Castine.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Who Want Offices Most.

In England a candidate "stands" for an office. In this country he "runs" for it. This shows who want the offices the most.—Tammany Times.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

Our Special Semi-Annual Sale

OF

SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT

Ladies' Cloth Suitings.

They comprise the accumulation of slightly imperfect goods made at the mills during the past six months. 347 pieces, embracing the following popular shades: Wine, green, plum, drab, tan, slate, light brown, medium brown, dark brown, stone, olive, cardinal, grey, nile, maroon, black, navy, brown mixed, medium and dark grey mixed. Every piece warranted All-Wool, double width, and full strength. The imperfections are very slight and in almost every instance near the selvage.

For several years we have had these semi-annual sales of Imperfect Ladies' Cloth Suitings, and our price has been 53c. per yard, but owing to the depression in woolen manufacturing we were enabled to secure this lot at much less than former price, and shall offer them at the unprecedented low price of

ONLY 39c. PER YARD.

Which is only a trifle more than one-half the price of regular goods. We would suggest an early call to secure the best selection.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

See It In Our Advertisement and It's So!

400 Pieces Amoskeag Ginghams, best styles and patterns. Price only 5c. Yard.

3 Solid Cases of Merrimack Prints, perfect goods, no remnants in this lot. Price 5c. Yard.

Largest stock of Bleached, Unbleached and Half Bleached Cottons, all widths.

PRICES ON THE ABOVE COTTONS ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED.

If in need of Cottons, buy now and save money. Advance in prices now offered sure to come.

HERE IS A BARGAIN—75 NEW STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

Best 25c. Satines for only 12½c. a Yard.

Nothing can be found in any material equal to these goods at the price named.

Hamburg Edgings,

From 1c. to Dollars a Yard.

But the people's choice 3c., 5c., 7c., 10c., 12½c. up to 50c. a yard.

More than 1000 pieces, all clean and fresh, to pick from.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

Furniture, Carpets &c., at a Great Sacrifice at the old house of BENNER & COREY 230 Central St. Business to be closed up; goods must be sold. B. C. BENNER.

TEETH

$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON. Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

—AND—

Small Loaves to 4 Cents.

The Bread is Second to None in the City.

Bakery, Cor Market and Dutton Streets.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Gorham, Cor. Appleton St.

LADIES!

DON'T FORGET You can have your children's hair taken care of, as well as your own, at Mrs. J. W. Forsythe's Hair Dressing Parlors. Also Hair Goods and Hair Work. Orders promptly attended to. Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer Street.

ATTENTION!

Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists.

In fact everybody take notice that the cheapest place to buy dry goods is at

DRAIN'S,

57 Gorham Street.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Spring Fabrics From all the Nations of the Earth.

Many Novelties From Remote Places—Hopsacking is a New and Handsome Dress Material—The Pinafore Gown a Fresh Favorite—Garments For Girls.

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The wants of womankind are many and varied if one can judge by the supply. There is no country, however remote and savage, that does not yield tribute. There are woolens made of Thibet and Australian fleece, there are mohairs made from "real mos," as one enthusiastic salesman said, and there are others made from the scrubby locks, from the ugly whiskers, which the camel wears on his long neck instead of his chin, where they ought to grow, and there are silky fabrics of llama hair and angora goats. Besides all these we have fabrics made of woven down from eider ducks and swans' breasts.

SPRING GARMENTS FOR GIRLS.

We see silks from all sorts of lands, each bearing some distinguishing mark. There are silks from India, from Italy, Turkey, Greece, Arabia, France, England, China and Japan, with possibly a few other countries not mentioned. We have cottons from France and England, ginghams from Scotland, and also from that land of cakes and porridge the unapproachable cheviots and heather mixtures. Verily no one but a Scotchman could have woven such a fabric with all the purplish bloom mingled with the dust and dry twigs, the blue of the sky and the green of the almost hidden foliage. The "heather mixture" will always be a fabric that will belong to that one country, not to be imitated elsewhere.

There are also Irish goods in the windows—frieze for storm coats, linens fine beyond compare and Irish poplins. These last are richer than any all silk goods, handsomer than beauline and only surpassed by the best Lyons velvet. These poplins have never been made outside of Ireland, and they always remain in style, like the Irish point laces and their linens. These poplins are to be made plain, with the exception of a little velvet as a finish, and point lace where it can be obtained.

There are grass linens this season from South America, from the Azores and from Panama and Mexico. There are ginghams from Madras and shawl patterns in the piece for trimmings from Persia, and there are queer embroideries from Dalmatia and Bulgaria. These are to be sewed on the new hopsacking cloths. These new hopsackings come in a check no larger than the one flat thread. There will be one gray thread and one blue, lengthwise, and the same arrangement across the cloth, and this forms what would be called pinhead checks in any other material, but in this, each thread being wide and flat, forms one check, while the others take five or six threads for each square. These hopsackings are in green and drab, red and gray, blue and gold or gray, and so on through all the season's colors. They are very handsome goods. Some are as heretofore, all in one solid color, in neutral tints, and get their distinction from the way they are trimmed.

The very handsomest of these I have seen made up so far was one in hemp color, with a plain five gored skirt. Around the bottom was a festooned flounce of hempen gulpure headed by a silken rope of hemp, with a cherry twist. There was a looped belt made of this cord, with two short ends, with tassels of the same. The waist was plain and round, with a bertha of the gulpure headed also by the cord. It was stylish and elegant.

Generally, anything new that is superlatively ugly is called "so stylish" and accepted on sufferance, but hopsacking is certainly a handsome dress material when properly handled. Besides this, it is light and does not drag, as do too many woolen goods.

I think from what I see and am told the old Persian palm leaf and Paisley patterns are sure of a revival in dress goods, particularly printed silks, sateens and challis, besides cashmeres. Even a few patterns of broadcloth have borderings in Paisley pattern, brocaded along the bottom. One pattern has a mixed ground, mostly browns on a dark green, with a swivel pattern in gold colored silk, in the old palm leaf design. There were two borders, one 10 inches deep for the bottom and one 3 inches for the corsage and sleeve trimming. There was a white peau de luine broadcloth, and the borders to this were done in black and gold. It was very beautiful. Another one was of biscuit, and the borderings were in green, dull red and gold. These colors are all so interwoven that the effect is soft and artistic rather than brilliant.

SPRING BONNETS.

The new ginghams are as soft as silk, and indeed one has both to look closely at them and feel them to be sure they are not silk. There are more stripes than plaids so far, and they are in the most delicate of shades and designs. They are cheap, but by the time they are finished and trimmed they are not very economical, yet nothing gives better satisfaction for wash dresses than ginghams. I have seen several very pretty gowns made of cheesecloth, both cream colored and pale pink. This material costs about 2 cents a yard, but requires much lace and ribbon to make it "look anyhow," and so a neat sprigged lawn or gingham is really better economy. Besides, cheesecloth does not wash very well; it is apt to get crapy and crinkle.

The cotton crepons are lovely. I saw one lilac crepon made with lots of cream colored lace and cream ribbon down the front diagonally from the right shoulder to the left side clear to the feet in jabot trimming. The sleeves were bishop, with a full of lace at the wrist and small bow on the top just over the back of the hand. It made a very dainty dress. There was another one of bright mandarin yellow, with black Russian net trimming. This was cut from the piece and scalloped with black chenille. There was such a quantity of this net that it partly veiled the aggressive yellow and toned it down.

I was told in one house where special attention is given to children's garments that no child will have a complete wardrobe who has not a changeable taffeta frock. The mothers and big sisters will have to cede to the children's requirements, as the best dresses for little girls will be of chameleon silk. One was shown me which had just been finished for a young girl of 14. It was of reseda green and shrimp pink. The skirt was cut circular, with two bias ruffles at the bottom, with a scalloped edge to the skirt above them. The plain waist was scalloped and bound, and the yoke was finished in the same manner. Three full ruffles formed a square bertha and made this one of the most tasteful dresses possible to imagine for a girl of that age.

The fashion has come in which allows young girls to wear their hair in loose waves or curls, and the catogan braid, or one long tail of hair hanging down the back, has ceased to be the fashion. The ingenue style of having a fluff around the neck is still seen. Young ladies wear full puffs of waves and curls along the sides, just on a level with the ears, and the hair is parted in the middle in a straight line.

I must not forget to mention two pretty little outfits for small girls. One was of dark blue cloth, with a deep box plait reaching from the shoulders to the feet in the back. The sleeves were plain coat shape, with two deep jockeys. Around them and around the bottom were three lines of blue soutache. There was a cunning little hat, Tam O'Shanter shape, of white corduroy, with blue feathers set in front. Dainty white mull ties are seen now very often, and they make a pretty appearance particularly with the rather sombre costumes of children. The other little coat was of brown camel's hair, plaited to a yoke of velvet in darker shade. The sleeves were gigot, with butterfly caps. A brown velvet sailor shape hat, with pink plumes, was worn with it. I saw another suit for "very best" of white corded velutina, trimmed all around with a reversed plaiting of ruby velvet. The yoke was of ruby, and there was a bonnet made in an exaggerated mob cap shape of ivory surah, with a ruby velvet ruff around the high crown and three white ostrich tips on the top.

That reminds me to mention two new bonnets which have been much admired this week. One was of black velvet with a small, high crown. The brim was bent in and piped with apple green satin. Four rolls of the same ribbon were twisted around the crown, and the strings were of the same. There were three pink velvet oleanders set upon it and two black plumes. The other was of gray noil, with green facing. There were several rosettes of green lisse and two large ones of dark green velvet; two Mercury wings, three ostrich plumes and an aigret completed the trimming.

NEW VISITING COSTUMES.

For early spring there are some startling effects in wool dress material. One gown had a bisque ground, with red diagonal stripes and dark blue figures almost as large as one's hand and like nothing else under the sun. The skirt opened on the right side to show an underskirt of blue silk with two blue velvet flounces. The coat basque had enormous pelerine revers of the velvet bound with ermine and a turndown collar of the same. There was an ermine muff. All around the skirt was a band of velvet and above that a narrow bisque ribbon set with cabuchons. The other gown was of light tan stuff, with rough crisscrosses in red, with a black "running" water pattern. This was cut pinafore shape over a mordore velvet skirt and waist. The sleeves were also of velvet and bordered with a narrow band of astrakhan. This pinafore gown, as it is called, has many prototypes and is a favorite already. Several of the light colored summer gowns and dancing gowns for late spring are being made after this model. The gown is fastened in the back.

I have noticed that nearly every new imported gown and most of the handsome ones made here have a small pad of horsehair set in the back to hold up the gathers and give the proper hang to the skirt, and not a few have regular little plaited panniers, which meet in front and are lost under the plaits of the black breadths. Nearly all skirts show some attempt at display, and the gabrielle gown is also among the new styles of the coming season. This comes from France and helps to swell the contribution from all the countries for the special delight of our American ladies.

MATE LEROY.

Bismarck Wouldn't Fight.

It is said that Bismarck once sent a challenge to Virchow because of some frank speaking on the part of the great pathologist. The latter instantly remarked that, as the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons and held up two sausages apparently exactly alike, saying: "One of these is filled with deadly trichinae, and the other is perfectly healthy. Let Bismarck choose which of these he will eat and eat it, and I will eat the other." The duel was not fought.

The Head Continues to Grow.

"All my customers' heads grow," said an English hatter, "up to 65, excepting the ecclesiastical gents, and theirs don't grow after 25." Herein doubtless lies the reason why clerical headgear is so characteristic of the man beneath, for never was a greater fallacy than the adage that "it is not the cowl that makes the monk."

A Cat's Queer Friends.

A cat which associates almost entirely with chickens, even roosting with them at nighttime, is owned by Robert Wiley of Jonesboro, Ind.

The English and the American Rule at Formal Dinner Parties.

In ultra fashionable society introductions are not made. As the guests enter the drawing room their names are announced. Occasionally the man is presented to the woman he takes into dinner, but otherwise there are no general introductions. This is the invariable rule in England, and it sometimes and not infrequently happens that the persons sitting next each other are entirely ignorant of each other's names. This seems awkward and unsocial, and the duty of any hostess should be to avoid the stiffness which follows this formality.

Commenting on this custom, Harper's Bazar says: In this country we can and do introduce strangers to each other, and it is better to do so. If there are among the guests any distinguished men of letters or professional men, it is always well in presenting them to give their full names. It prevents many blunders, and notwithstanding all the cut and dried rules to the contrary nothing which makes the stranger within our gates feel "at home" for the time being can be in bad taste. It is needless to tell any one that the host leads the way into the dining room, having on his arm the lady who is the chief guest of the evening, and who sits at his right. The others follow, the hostess being the last to leave the drawing room. If the number exceeds eight, it is convenient to have a card at each place, with the name of the person who is to occupy the place legibly written.

Wedding Cards.

Most of the wedding cards sent out are plain and simple in style. As a rule, there are not so many cards inclosed as formerly. Of course in case of a large church wedding, where there is danger of a crush and where many outsiders would strive to force their way into the church from curiosity, a church card is indispensable.

Large and Small Matters.

Mr. Nocash—My neighbor, Mr. Slimpurse, has built his fence six inches over the line.

Lawyer—A small matter, which can be amicably arranged. Agree with him to let the fence stay where it is until necessary to rebuild and then have it put where it belongs. Five dollars, please. Thanks. Good day, sir.

Mr. Goldebullion—Good morning! My neighbor, Mr. Fatpurse, has built his fence four inches over the line.

Lawyer—He has, eh? We'll fix him. Yes, sir, I'll win that case for you if I have to carry it to the supreme court—yes, sir.—New York Weekly.

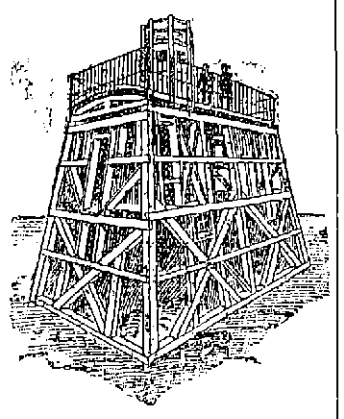
SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

HOW MOUNT BLANC OBSERVATORY WAS CONSTRUCTED.

A History of the Structure—The Thinkers Brain — Accommodations — Something About Balloons—Microbes.

The highest scientific observatory in the world has recently been completed on the summit of Mont Blanc in Switzerland, 15,780 feet above the sea. Although for several years there was a meteorological station occupied on the summit of Pike's peak, Colo., at an only slightly lower level, yet the meteorological conditions of the two countries are so different that, while the latter peak is accessible for nearly the entire year by a mountain railroad, the summit and sides of Mont Blanc are so covered with snow and ice and so subject to violent storms that it is always a matter of difficulty and frequently of danger to reach the top at all.

The observatory is a wooden building heavily framed, and the difficulties overcome in carrying the timbers and other material over the steep and dangerous trail to the summit and erecting them in the intervals between the violent blizzards which swept over it testify to the skill and patience of the hardy mountaineers who so successfully accomplished the work.



OBSERVATORY ON MONT BLANC.

As no solid foundation for the observatory could be found, it was determined to set it directly upon the ice covering the summit, as observations showed that the level a few feet below the surface remained practically constant. But in case of any slight settling screws have been provided so that the building can be righted. No serious trouble from this cause is anticipated, however.

The observatory consists of two stories. The lower one contains rooms for the storage of instruments and supplies, and also sleeping accommodations for the observers. The upper story, including the roof and the tower, is to be used for observations and will also provide limited accommodations for the numerous parties making the ascent of the mountain. The observatory is not exclusively a meteorological one, but physical, astronomical and spectroscopical phenomena will be carefully observed and studied, says Popular Science News, the source of the foregoing account.

The Thinker's Brain Accommodations.

The thinking power of the brain is believed to reside in the gray matter of the surface. This, as Cassell's Magazine explains it, is a sheet of cellular nerve substance which is crumpled into convolutions through being confined within the narrow limits of the skull. If it were spread out flat, it would be found equal to a layer an inch in thickness and 12 inches long by 11 inches broad—or slightly more—giving a total of 134 cubic inches. If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, there would be room for 27,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3,018,000,000 in the whole. But since many of the cells are smaller the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with the 3,018,000,000. What is a million?

The Bible, Old and New Testaments together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of letters. We should therefore have to pile up 1,113 copies of the Scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells. As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation, they may perhaps be able to grow more brain cells. And Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

Airships.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the distinguished inventor of the telephone, has been grappling with aerial locomotion for some months past in Nova Scotia, and like all the other experimenters in that science he is very hopeful of success. He is not a believer in extreme lightness, but thinks that the solution of the problem lies in proper balancing. He has made machines that will fly to a height of several hundred feet, but the motive power is acquired externally, and motion cannot therefore be long continued. Moreover, there is no method of directing the apparatus while in the air.

Professor S. P. Langley, the director of the Smithsonian institution in Washington, has much the same ideas as Professor Bell and has followed very similar lines. In fact, these two investigators have worked together to some extent. Various means of propulsion have been tried, and among them slow burning gunpowder, which has been used successfully in propelling torpedo boats.

In London Mr. Hiram Maxim is still busy with his great airship. The principle he has adopted is that of the kite, sufficient surface being provided to enable the ship to float in the air when a minimum speed of 25 miles per hour has been attained. The propelling force consists of two screws, operated in the usual fashion by a boiler and steam engine.

The Good Side of the Microbe.

However bad the microbe may be in a general way, it seems that, like most things, he is good for trade. Whole sets of surgical instruments are now specially fashioned to cope with his baneful power. Knives and needles, forceps and scissors—all those beautifully made little instruments that, like Hamlet, "are but cruel to be kind"—are now being forged entirely of steel, and when necessary to be jointed are so hung together that they may be easily disjointed and boiled. Boiling water and steam kill any germ, even the anthrax microbe, one of the most poisonous of the whole tribe, and the boiling of surgical instruments to kill the germs is now in favor with the medical profession, according to The Hospital.

The Latest.

Sam—Wha's dat t'ing Lindy's got stuck on do buzzum ob her dress?

Josiah—Sh! Dem yo' gib it away. She couldn't affohd to buy no cyrsanthums, so she jes' swiped some of de cold slaw from de restaurant whar she's workin and fixed it up in a bunch fusiid.—Brooklyn Life.

AN ACT OF PROVIDENCE.

How a Brig's Crew Was Miraculously Saved From the Malays.

We were standing up the gulf of Siam, with the Malay country not over 10 miles away, when the wind died out and left us heaving and falling on the glassy ground swell. It was the merchant brig Fearnaught, with a crew of 11 men, and the captain had his wife and child aboard. It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon when the wind left us, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon we had drifted to within five miles of the land. From noon to 2 o'clock the captain and mate appeared troubled and anxious and frequently swept the coast line with their glasses. At the latter hour the captain called us aft and said:

"Men, you know what sort of a coast lies over there. The Malays no longer attack vessels at sea, but we've drifted in close, and there's not another sail in sight, and it's a greater temptation than they can withstand. A crowd of them are pulling out to visit us. If they get aboard, not a man of us will be alive 10 minutes later. Will you stand by to beat them off?"

"Aye, sir!" answered one man for all of us, "but what are we to do it with?"

In almost every house in the land there's a firearm of some sort, but shipowners to this day will send a craft to the cannibal islands without even an old musket aboard.

If the Malays attacked us, our only weapons would be capstan bars and belaying pins. They were pulling out to us in a sort of galley, with as many as 10 oars on a side, and we could figure that there would be at least 40 of them and all well armed. It did not take us five minutes to get ready. It did not take any man five seconds to figure out what would follow an attack. The Malays never left a witness of their cruelties alive behind them. You see men turn pale and shiver as they go into battle. When you see men quietly arming themselves to make a hopeless fight, you mark the contrast. Their faces flush, their eyes glare, and they bite their lips without feeling the pain. They move on tiptoe, they speak in whispers, they look around them as if taking a farewell of earth. When the galley was yet two miles away, our ship was as silent as the grave, though this silence was broken at intervals by sobs from the cabin. The captain had told his wife of the danger. Womanlike, she uttered a sob of despair now and then, but even as she did so she was weighting her clothing and that of her sleeping child with bars of lead. If the Malays boarded us, she would take the child in her arms and leap overboard. That was settled from the very first.

Did the fellows pull a lazy stroke to deceive us into the belief that they were coming out on some matter of no great importance? The mate's glass made out 43 men in the boat, and their weapons caught and reflected the rays of the sun as they came along. We swept the sea for sight of sail or steamer's smoke, but we were alone. We uttered bitter curses as we realized our helpless situation, but we must let them scramble aboard of the brig before our weapons would be of any use. It was positively maddening to witness their slow and careless approach. It was as if they felt so sure of victory that they need put forth no particular exertion. The galley was steered for our port broadside, and she was within 300 feet of us, and we could look into the evil eyes of her desperate crew when her way was checked. Then her captain stood up, made us a profound bow and in fairly good English observed:

"Captain, I trust you are loaded with English goods for Bangkok."

Our captain bowed, but did not speak.

"Because," continued the other, "that is just such a cargo as I want, and your brig also pleases me very well. Do you surrender?"

"No! No! No!" yelled half a dozen voices in reply.

"Ah, you do not? Do you wish to jump overboard and drown, or shall I have to kill you and throw your bodies to the sharks? I am in no hurry. I will give you three minutes in which to decide!"

About 15 of the natives had English rifles, probably purchased at Singapore, and the others were armed with blowguns, pistols and swords. They needn't come a foot nearer to pick off every man of us. The captain and mate conversed for a minute, and then the former quietly said to us:

"Men, we have all got to meet death right here and now, but let us show them that the brig carries no cowards! Be ready for them when they dash in!"

I think their first idea was to use their rifles, but they abandoned it for fear the firing might betray them, though, as I said before, there was nothing in sight. Those who had their guns raised now lowered them, the rowers lifted the oars, and the long sweeps had just dropped into the water when we beheld a singular spectacle. The galley suddenly lifted itself out of water and went up and up until it reached a point 30 feet high and then turned over and came down so broken and shattered that it instantly sank from sight. Right under the boat was the head of a whale, and it followed it up for at least 15 feet. Then the monster fell on his side, gave his tail a flirt or two and disappeared from view. It was like a magician's trick. The time consumed was not over 15 seconds. We saw the boat bows on to us. We saw her high in the air. We saw a few of her planks dashing about on the waves kicked up by the whale. That was all. But for the half dozen Malays who reached our bows and were killed there, but for the racing to and fro of the sharks, all of us would have wondered if it was not a horrible dream. The wife sat in the cabin weeping and waiting. The child slept on without moving a hand. We looked into each other's faces; we looked from sea to shore and down at the splintered planks floating about. Then we heard the captain's voice quietly saying:

"There comes an offshore breeze, Mr. Merwin, and you can swing the yards and make sail. Tell the steward to serve out grog and see if he can't loosen the tongues of the lads and get up a cheer or two."

M. QUAD.

Got as Far as Bangor.

Sarah Orne Jewett's charming story of the gentle old lady, an inmate of a Maine poorhouse, who managed to get to Philadelphia and see the wonders of the Centennial is recalled to mind by the adventures of Charles Snowman, a half witted inmate of the Castine almshouse, who started last summer to walk to the World's fair. He got as far as Rockland, where he was arrested as a tramp and given 30 days' exercise in the city stoneyard. After serving his time there he managed to get to Bucksport, where he borrowed money to pay his fare to Bangor. Here he found quarters at the almshouse, where he remained until a short time ago, when he was discovered and sent back to Castine.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Who Want Offices Most.

In England a candidate "stands" for an office. In this country he "runs" for it. This shows who want the offices the most.—Tammany Times.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

—o—

Our Special Semi-Annual Sale

—OF—

SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT

Ladies' Cloth Suitings.

They comprise the accumulation of slightly imperfect goods made at the mills during the past six months. 347 pieces, embracing the following popular shades: Wine, green, plum, drab, tan, slate, light brown, medium brown, dark brown, stone, olive, cardinal, grey, nile, maroon, black, navy, brown mixed, medium and dark grey mixed. Every piece warranted All-Wool, double width, and full strength. The imperfections are very slight and in almost every instance near the selvage.

For several years we have had these semi-annual sales of Imperfect Ladies' Cloth Suitings, and our price has been 53c. per yard, but owing to the depression in woolen manufacturing we were enabled to secure this lot at much less than former price, and shall offer them at the unprecedented low price of

ONLY 39c. PER YARD.

Which is only a trifle more than one-half the price of regular goods. We would suggest an early call to secure the best selection.

—xx—

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

See It In Our Advertisement and It's So!

400 Pieces Amoskeag Ginghams, best styles and patterns. **Price only 5c. Yard.**

3 Solid Cases of Merrimack Prints, perfect goods, no remnants in this lot. **Price 5c. Yard.**

Largest stock of Bleached, Unbleached and Half Bleached Cottons, all widths.

PRICES ON THE ABOVE COTTONS ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED.

If in need of Cottons, buy now and save money. Advance in prices now offered sure to come.

—o—

HERE IS A BARGAIN—75 NEW STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

Best 25c. Satines for only 12½c. a Yard.

Nothing can be found in any material equal to these goods at the price named.

Hamburg Edgings,

From 1c. to Dollars a Yard.

But the people's choice 3c., 5c., 7c., 10c., 12½c. up to 50c. a yard.

More than 1000 pieces, all clean and fresh, to pick from.

—xOx—

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

Furniture, Carpets &c., at a Great Sacrifice at the old house of BENNER & COREY 230 Central St. Business to be closed up; goods must be sold. B. C. BENNER.

TEETH

$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. E. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 52 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts.

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

—•—

WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

—AND—

Small Loaves to 4 Cents.

The Bread is Second to None in the City.

Bakery, Cor. Market and Dutton Streets.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Gorham, Cor. Appleton St.

LADIES!

DON'T FORGET You can have your children's hair taken care of, as well as your own, at Mrs. J. W. Forsythe's Hair Dressing Parlors. Also Hair Goods and Hair Work. Orders promptly attended to. Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer Street.

ATTENTION!

Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists.

In fact everybody take notice that the cheapest place to buy dry goods is at

DRAIN'S,

57 Gorham Street.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

FEW WOMEN IN PRISON

DOES THAT PROVE THAT THEY ARE BETTER THAN MEN?

A Newspaper Woman Has Been Investigating the Subject—A Penitentiary Warden Tells Her That the Courts Are Lenient, but She Refutes Him Easily.

I have been studying prison statistics, and I find the average proportion is 20 women to 1,000 men. In the case of the Columbus (O.) penitentiary there are only 28 women to nearly 2,000 men. At the Western penitentiary in this state there are 19 women to over 1,000 men. Talking with the courteous warden of this latter institution a few days since, I asked him for his theory and got it with readiness. It was with a mind made up that he answered, "It is largely owing to the leniency of the court that more women are not convicted."

"But," said I, "people must be arraigned before they can be convicted, and there are proportionately so few women brought to trial. Either they do not violate the law, or they are more clever in covering up their tracks, and this with a cleverness that amounts to talent, and even if this last be true does there not still remain something to be said for them from a worldly point of view? The Spartans taught their youth the sin was not in stealing, but in being found out, you know." And the warden agreed that the Spartans were not all dead yet, or at least that their teachings had lived after them, but would concede nothing to women on the ground of morality.

Women are something of a bother to most men, but to wardens in particular, I have concluded, and having known them both wisely and well I suppose when one such custodian insists that women of a low grade are worse than men of the same grade we should accept his judgment without question. But what I want to find out is why there are not as many women as men of this same grade? Warden Wright goes further and is especially positive that women in general are not better than men, and that once bad they are more incorrigible, and it is his experience that there are not so many reformations among women convicts as among the men, by which we may infer that women love wrongdoing.

Out of the fullness of his knowledge Mr. Wright argues that by the time women land in the penitentiary they are so steeped in sin as to be quite past redemption here, and I got the impression he had not much hope of them hereafter.

But let us see about the iniquity of women. In the first place, there are more women than men in the world. Therefore if women are more immoral than men ought they not to commit at least an equal number of crimes?

But they have not equal opportunity. They are not in the world as men are, therefore are not so beset by temptations, is the reply. But we may deny this, since there are now over 500 occupations for women and all crowded until there is scarcely any room, even at the top, whereas in 1850 there were but 40 employments in which women earned a living.

They are now by the hundreds working shoulder to shoulder with men in all the professions and a majority of the trades. And are they not subjected to the same temptations? It is now quite the exception to find a man on the cashier's stool in stores and restaurants, etc., and could there be a better card to woman's honesty? And yet it has been said women are only given this place and like places of responsibility because they can be hired for less money. So more the temptation to steal then. If women are so prone to go to such lengths to gratify their love for dress, as has been asserted, would they not, unless morally better, be more likely to steal than men who are paid a living salary and have less provocation?

But who ever heard of a woman running away with funds intrusted to her? There is no such curiosity on exhibition in the human menagerie at the Western penitentiary at least, though, to tell the truth, there is a greater one—that of a house thief! The mention of this freak feminine suggests one more "manly pursuit" as free to women as to men. Why do not more women steal horses? They admire them, and surely a stolen horse is worth as much owned or sold to a woman who would steal as to a man?

And are not women as clever with the pen? Then why not Jane the penman as well as Jim? Yet how seldom we hear of women forging!

Prison reports the country over for 1891-2 show an alarming increase in the population of such institutions, but such statistics do not show a proportionate increase in crime among women. One of the propelling forces leading to criminality upon which the authorities are quite agreed is "the desire to live beyond legitimate means," and ever since women began wearing "store clothes" they have been accused of this very thing. Why, then, do they not steal to gratify this desire as their brothers do?

Through the courtesy of the warden I was permitted to visit the woman's department of the Western penitentiary. So far as I know I then stood for the first time face to face with a criminal of my own sex. I assure all who have not had the experience that it is a painful one, even though one cannot fully realize the situation just at the time. That character can be read in the countenance had up to that time been a pet theory of mine. It has been exploded.

There they sat in the light sewing room, working away as demurely and industriously and apparently as contentedly as if at a boarding school. Smiling and good humored, too, as if never a thought of evildoing had crossed the mind. There were pink and white blonds, the soulful blue eyes one reads about, and clear skinned brunettes, with the equally fetching dark eyes of that quality commonly called mournful, but whether blonds or brunettes I think the most expert observer, without having known they were criminals, could not have guessed it, nor could he have picked out from the lot those having had murder in their hearts or on their hands.—Meg in Philadelphia Times.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by, Baby.'" "The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."—Ram's Horn.

What She Forgot.

Visitor—So you have a little baby brother?

Little Girl—Yes'm. I prayed for a little baby sister, but I s'pose the angels had run out of girl babies. I forgot to tell them there wasn't any hurry.—Good News

A Growing Pleasure.

He—Aren't you pleased with the way my mustache is growing?

She—Yes, indeed! I'm more tickled with it every time you call.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Cold.

Mamma—Why don't you go outdoors and play?

Little Daughter—I've lost dolly's mittens.—Good News.

WHAT CIDER IS MADE OF.

Some Things Besides Apples That Find Their Way Into the Mills.

"Them's good cider apples," said the cider miller. "Ain't nothin the matter with them."

"But they are windfalls, for the most part, all knotty and dried up. Miserable things."

"Make tiptop cider, them apples will," persisted the miller.

"But look at the rotten ones. Half of the apples that I can see are touched with decay, while a great many of them are rotten from skin to skin. Look at that," said the correspondent, poking his cane into one of the apples. "There isn't a sound spot in it."

"That don't hurt 'em none for cider," answered the miller. "Makes the cider all the better, some folks says."

"How about wormy apples? Are they fit to make into cider?"

The miller had talked long enough, and so one of the hangers on about the place volunteered a reply:

"Guess you wasn't ever into a cider mill 'fore today, was ye? If you had been, I reckon you wouldn't ask no questions about worms. Worms don't hurt cider none."

The correspondent looked incredulous.

"Don't you b'lieve it? Well, I tell ye what t' do. When you go home tonight, just try an experiment. Wait till it's dark, an then take two apples an go down int' the cellar an see if you can tell the difference 'twixt the one with a worm into it an t'other one."

"What do you mean? Why do you tell me to go down into the cellar?"

"Why, that's the most darkish place 'bout the house, ain't it? Don't take no light with ye."

"But how am I to examine the apples in the dark? Of course I shouldn't know which was which just by feeling of them."

"Thunder'n lightoin, you don't s'pose I wanted ye t' go down there an sit round a-feelin of the apples, did ye? That wan't what I meant. What I meant was this: You jest take a wormy apple an a sound one an go down int' the cellar an eat 'em, an I'll bet ye a shillin you won't know when you eat the worm."

The correspondent shuddered.

"Don't that prove it?" ran on the man. "Course it does. We put the worms right int' the grater 'long with the rest. How many of 'em they is we don't know. All we know is that they all turn into cider, an the man ain't livin that kin tell when he's drinkin the cider what part's apple juice an what part's worm juice.

"Then, ag'in, we couldn't do diff'rent if we tried. We couldn't send every wormy apple to a hospital an doctor it with vermifuge till we'd killed off the live stock. No, sir, the worms has to go, an they'll keep a-goin, I s'pose, till one of 'em cruelty to animal fellers shuts down on it an makes us 'gree to dose the worms with chloryform 'fore we grind 'em up."—New York Times.

The Tomb of Confucius.

The city of Chufu-hsien, the Mecca of the believers in Confucianism, is in the province of Shangtung, one of the most populous districts of the orient. Here Confucius was born, and here his sacred bones lie buried. The tomb, which is located in one of the largest cemeterics in the province, about three miles out from the city above mentioned, is one of the most imposing in the whole empire.

The grave itself is surmounted by an earth mound about 12 feet in height, the whole surrounded by a cluster of gnarled oaks and stately cypress trees. Before the mound is a tablet about 6 feet broad and 20 feet high, upon which is inscribed the names and deeds of the great founder of Confucianism, a religion adhered to by over 400,000,000 human beings. The burden of this inscription, according to reliable translation, is "Perfect One," "Absolutely Pure," "Perfect Sage," "First Teacher," "Great Philosopher," etc.

The avenue which leads up to the philosopher's tomb is even more interesting than the actual place of burial itself. On each side of the avenue are rows of figures of huge animals cut in stone—lions, tigers, elephants and horses, besides numerous mythical creatures, such as animals half dog and half frog, beasts with four legs and twice as many wings, besides a multitude of unnamable monsters that never lived on the earth, in the water or in the air. Taken altogether, the burial place of Confucius is one of the chief spots of interest in the orient.—St. Louis Republic.

It Outlived the Pharaohs.

The stone age and the bronze age have passed, but the advertising age remains.

Advertising is not so very modern. The pharaohs were prudent advertisers. With what subtility they put their ads in crafty lines on obelisk and pyramid, and they have drawn in the shekels splendidly!

Advertising is the searchlight of trade.

The advertiser is more privileged than the plaintiff's attorney. The former not merely has the opening and closing addresses, but keeps the ear of the jury all the time.

No exposition ever had such worldwide reputation as the Columbian. Why not? No other has ever advertised so ably and elaborately. Cause and effect!—Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

Mathematics and Money.

Husband—According to your own figures, you spent over $100 this year in cheap fripperies which had to be thrown away after once wearing. That $100 would have bought a piece of lace that would have lasted a lifetime—in fact, could be used by your descendants for generations.

Wife—Well, give me $100, and I will buy the lace for next year.

Husband—Um—never mind. I—I don't think lace is very becoming to your style of beauty. Here's 10 cents for another ruffle.—New York Weekly.

Different.

Head of the House (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?

Young Man—Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a three months' gas bill to collect.

Head of the House (in a milder tone)—I see. You will please call again.—London Million.

His Love.

Primus—Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.

Secundus—Which of the girls is it, young man?

Primus—Any of the three, sir.—Paris Grelot.

Hypnotism and Hysteria.

An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies, mental and physical, that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained it passes off very quickly.—Exchange.

She Was Liberal.

City Missionary—My good woman, did you ever give a cup of cold water to any one?

Mrs. Rafferty—Sure an Oi hev. Only yistiddy Oi threw a whole bucketful on me husband's head.—Harper's Bazar.

New York city, with its 900,000 Hebrews, may properly be said to contain more Israelites than all Palestine.

POINTS AT CUE ENDS.

THEY SCORE AT THE TIP AND SHOW CHARACTER AT THE BUTT.

Watch a Man Playing Billiards, and You Will Learn Something About His Disposition—How to Tell the "Sharp"—Signs Which Betoken the Mean Man.

During these days of graphology, physiognomy and bootology—if I may coin a word for the science of character studying from one's old boots—it will not be surprising to learn that a man's many weaknesses and good or bad qualities invariably manifest themselves when "cannoning" or "hazarding" with the fascinating ivories. Let me see a man play a hundred up, and I will tell you with unerring accuracy more about his everyday character than the ordinary observer would know after years of close intercourse.

A well known authority, in a treatise on billiards, by way of warning to the tyro, says, "Beware of the man who carries the chalk in his trousers pocket and calls the marker John, for verily he is a sharp." With all due deference to the writer of the advice, I must say that my own experience is in direct antipodes to his aphorism. The sharp of today is not so easily spotted. You see that man playing over at the far table, possessed of a childlike and bland manner? Well, that is the modern billiard sharp. With patent leather boots and dressed with faultless taste, he lies in wait for the unsuspicious and confiding learner. To all appearances he is a perfect stranger to the marker, and it would not do to hint that the latter is subsidized and "goes whacks" in the spoil. Our gentleman sharp, you will notice, inquires innocently the way to turn the marking board, makes a tremendous number of scientific misses, does not carry the chalk in his pocket, makes shots worthy of Roberts himself and then apologizes for them to his unsuspecting opponent as "beastly flukes." He is most profuse with "I beg your pardon, sir," when he "unintentionally" pots his antagonist's white and assures him, with every expression of sincerity, that "he played for a screw cannon."

At the commencement of the game he insinuatingly suggests that the small sum of 2s. 6d. shall be a stake on the game, not for the sake of having a bet, but just to have a little "interest" in the game, while his real reason is to have both principal and interest in his pocket. He never wins by too many, and then he has been "exceedingly lucky to win," "the balls ran for him," but he will give his opponent "double or quits" on the next game if he cares to have his revenge. He constantly ejaculates "Hard lines, sir," "You are having all the bad luck," and so the sharp plucks his pigeon.

From my experience I should say that no game of skill in the world brings out a man's meanness like billiards. There is a mean man playing. Watch him prepare for the combat. Probably he has argued his friend into giving him half the game, for he never plays with a stranger—he might get taken in, he says. See him carefully chalk his cue, and with what care and anxiety he gives the preliminary miss in balk, his face expressive of his mental agony for fear the ball should stop out of balk. Watch him during the progress of the game, how he walks round the table and views the position of the balls when it is his stroke from every part of the table, lest he should by an oversight give his opponent an advantage. His hesitation over each shot is prolonged, and when he does make up his mind to strike his nervous prostration is terrible as the balls go spinning round the table, and he knocks one of the shades off as he flourishes his cue about in his endeavor to influence the course of the balls. Great is his disappointment when he fails to score. Listen to his grumbles deep and loud when his adversary brings off "a fluke." Let us leave him, for it is dreadfully painful to play with him, and to see him grudgingly part with a shilling, if he be the loser, is like having a tooth drawn. "When found" in a billiard room, "make a note of" and avoid. The jolly, good natured man is the life and soul of the room. He doesn't care a straw whether he wins or loses. He wants a game and means to enjoy it. "Which ball do I prefer?" he says. "I don't care. They are both round." Off he goes, forgets to chalk his cue and then laughs heartily when he gives a miss, rarely asks for points, and if you beat him will ask you to have a cigar, tips the marker and laughs loud and long when you make some extraordinary fluke. You play carelessly with the generous man, and as a consequence often get beaten, but you take your defeat kindly enough from a man like this.

The grumbler and the mean man at billiards are very much akin, and you take a keen delight, in which the spectators participate, in giving him a sound beating. He is to be met with in every large room, and whether the game be pool, pyramids or billiards his grumbles are to the fore, to the annoyance of every one, with the result that he gets intensely hated. He is always being "sold" at pool and is "the unluckiest man in the world." "Gets the yellow ball, which is crooked, nine times out of ten," and he "missed a certain division through one of the spectators ordering a mild and bitter." His tip always comes off on an important stroke which would have won him the game, he "missed a big break through his ball, which, by the way, is anything but round, jumping over an infinitesimal piece of chalk on the cloth," which the marker fails to find. "There is not a straight cue in the room," the cushions are too slow or too fast, bad light, the gas flickers, the room is drafty. Who can make a shot with all this row? And the marker is the worst he ever met—"always talking to some one and not paying attention to the game." One would wonder that he continues to play with all these various conditions against him. He leaves the room in a temper every night, to the great relief of the frequenters, solemnly vowing that he will never play again, only to bob up grumblingly the next night. He can't help it, poor fellow! It is his nature. Watch that youth over there. He has just been talking of a big 50 break he made while on his recent holidays and playing the marker of the hotel at Sloshcum-on-the-Sand. "Take points?" Not he! "Will play the best player in the room level." He rolls up his sleeves, takes the chalk out of his pocket and after a big flourish commences the game. The uninitiated are prepared for something big, but are doomed to disappointment, as the youngster is only an empty boaster, just learning to play, and after being hopelessly beaten by 60 says he is out of form tonight and the table does not suit him. He is quite content to part with his shilling if he conveys the impression that he is a great player.—London Sporting Life.

Absurd.

German Landlord (to agent for firm of wine growers)—How is it you sell your red native wine dearer than your white?

Agent—Do you think we get the color for nothing?—Tit-Bits.

A Conclusive Argument.

First Dog—That's my ham bone.

Second Dog—Gr-r-r-r-o-o-o-u-u-r-r-a-a-l-l-a-a-y-r-r-e.

First Dog—I'm wrong; it's your bone.—Philadelphia Call.

A LAND OF MYSTERY.

The Weird Sketch of Country Tapped by the Nevada Southern Road.

One of the most peculiar and interesting places on the American continent lies across the diagonal line that forms the southern boundary of the state of Nevada, spreading into California and reaching almost to the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. The old forty-niners passed through this section during the California gold excitement. Many perished from the thirst, and the remains of their wagons, such as the tires and other iron parts, may be found strewn about the valleys.

Near Resting springs a man of the name of Lee has a ranch, an Indian wife and family of eight children. Not far from there is what is believed to be the famous Gunsight mine. One of the pioneers in passing through that section picked up a piece of lead almost pure and made a sight for his gun with it. It was so rich that when he told the story in civilization prospectors started out to locate it. The fact of the similarity of all the valleys led many astray, and they perished from thirst. His description of the spot applied to so many spots that no one has been able to locate the mine, but the present owners believe they have found it.

The valley adjoining that which is the route of the Nevada Southern is called Pahrump. It is the principal one of them all for gold and silver and lead mines. Up the valley, which is one of those dry, barren sand gulches between two perpendicular walls of rock, is the Mesquite stamp mill. On one side is the Keystone gold mine, from which $90,000 has been extracted. Up at the head of the alley is the Montgomery gold district. Several miles above the mill is the Pahrump springs, where a hardy pioneer has settled in a beautiful little oasis and reared a family.

Those who have visited the family say that away off there, imprisoned by canyon walls and sandy deserts, is the most beautiful woman in the west. She is one of nature's queens, and her fame for beauty is spreading quite rapidly since grim civilization placed his foot in the Pahrump valley. The Pahrump valley has not been noted for its civilization. A band of renegade Indians—a mixture of the Mohaves, Chingowayras and Piutes, all of which inhabit that country—have settled in it. They once had a chief, and when he died his son was the candidate for the chieftainship.

The tribe did not want him and would not elect him, so they went without a head, but not for long. Tecopa stepped into the job and has since held it and is looked up to as the chief. Chief Tecopa's attire consists of a plug hat and an old striped shirt. Once in awhile he wears trousers, but very seldom. When Mr. Blake went there Chief Tecopa said that he owned all that country, and that his consent was necessary before any railroads could be built. His consent could be bought with a plug hat and a red striped shirt. These being promised over a pipe, Tecopa allowed the white chief to proceed with his railroad.—Denver Republican.

Fish.

Firmness of the flesh and clearness of the eyes are the great criteria of any fish being fresh and good. In mackerel such tests are most important, as also in fresh herrings and in fresh water fish. The flavor and excellence of salmon, too, depend upon its firmness, and it should be tested in the same way. Cod is known to be fresh by the rigidity of the muscles or flesh, the redness of the gills and clearness of the eyes. Turbot and all flat white fish, besides being rigid and firm when fresh, will have the under side of a rich cream color. If out of season or too long kept, this becomes a bluish white and the flesh soft and flaccid. Lobsters, crabs and cray fish recently caught always retain some remains of muscular action in the claws, which may be excited by pressing the eyes with the fingers. When boiled, the tail of the lobster preserves its elasticity if fresh, but loses it as soon as it becomes stale. The heaviest lobsters are the best. When light, they are watery and poor. Prawns and shrimps, when fresh, are firm and crisp. If oysters are fresh, the shells are firmly closed. When the shells are open, the fish are dead and unfit for food. A peculiar elasticity will be perceived in fish recently caught, little or no permanent impression being made by the ordinary pressure of the fingers, the flesh immediately rising again. Fresh fish also lie in a slightly curved position and never quite straight.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Wasn't Superstitious.

A friend said to me the other day, "I used to be superstitious, but I have overcome the feeling entirely."

"Entirely?" I echoed.

"Oh, yes," was her reply. "Beginning anything on Friday or on the thirteenth of the month, going under ladders, refusing to turn back after I have started out, picking up black pins, meeting cross eyed people on Monday, singing before breakfast—in fact, all those ridiculous ideas—I have got bravely over."

"Good!" I replied as I put on my bonnet—we were going out together—"I am glad to know that you are so sensible."

"Have you got a hatpin you can loan me, Polly, dear?" she asked.

An idea struck me. I went to my jewel case and took out a long scarfpin with an opal head and handed it to her. She took it and then dropped it as if it was hot.

"Mercy me!" she cried, "I wouldn't wear an opal for $100 a minute!"

"But I thought you weren't superstitious?"

"Oh, well, opals everybody knows about. That's a fact and not a superstition," was her unconvincing and ungrammatical reply.

So there you are!—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Time Lost by an Overcoat.

He was an eminent practitioner in Philadelphia, and one of his patients noticed that he more often than otherwise came into the room with his overcoat on. Questioned about it, the doctor said:

"Whenever I can, I keep on my overcoat. It saves time. I average, say, 40 calls a day. Now, I cannot get on and off my overcoat in less than a minute. This would be 40 minutes wasted. I must save my time, and that is one of the best ways of doing it."

"But, doctor," expostulated the patient, "you would not recommend such a practice to me. You would at once say to me that keeping on my overcoat in the house would excite perspiration and so give me a cold when I went out."

"Yes, I would say that to you—you are the patient, I the doctor. Do as I say, not as I do."—Philadelphia Call.

A Firm Foundation.

The lady has implied a doubt as to the statement of the dairyman.

"Madam," he said indignantly, "my reputation rests upon my butter."

"Well," she replied testily, "you needn't get ugly about it. The foundation is strong enough to keep it up forever."—Detroit Free Press.

A Big Surprise.

Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkemdown paid a high compliment to me today.

Mother—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that a woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnny—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am.—Tit-Bits.

INDIANS AND LUNATICS.

The Former's Respect For the Latter Once Saved a Yale Professor.

"One very peculiar characteristic of the Indian," said Major Barbour, a former plainsman now metamorphosed into a clubman and raconteur, "is his reverence, amounting to absolute fear in many instances, of an insane person. They never harm one whom they believe to be mentally affected. I remember one striking instance which will illustrate. I was a member of the expedition headed by General Custer that made a tour through the Yellowstone valley and that section of the country the year before the Custer massacre.

"It was put on foot in the interest of science, and we had a lot of fellows from the Smithsonian institution and about a dozen Yale professors. It was a big party, comprising two or three companies of cavalry, one of infantry and some artillery, so the Sioux, who at that time simply swarmed over that country, were afraid to tackle us. But they hung around us all the time, and General Custer gave orders after two men who were hunting had been killed that no one should leave camp without permission.

"Those Yale professors just worried the life out of the soldiers. Every professor had a detail of five men who had to watch him. They would go around picking up bugs and chasing butterflies all over the prairie and would break up rocks and powwow over them with magnifying glasses until the soldiers swore that every man of them was a howling idiot.

"One day the worst old fellow in the crowd, a bugeloist, who wore two pairs of glasses—one red and one green—managed in some way or other to get out of the sight of his detail and wandered two or three miles away. He ran plump into a gang of Sioux. He walked up to them and offered to shake hands. They grabbed him, and the first thing they did was to dive down into a big green baize bag he carried.

"They pulled out lizards and pieces of clay and bits of rock and bugs and the worst assortment of truck imaginable. Just about this time the old professor caught sight of a peculiar looking bug. He caught it, pulled out his glass and began to study it. That settled it.

"An Indian took him by the hand, led him to a hill close by, and pointing to the army below said, 'Go.' He came back and said that the soldiers totally misunderstood the Indians. 'Why, I found them the most polite and courteous of people,' said he to General Custer. But the old chief afterward told me that they wouldn't have had him stay in that country for anything on earth."—Washington Post.

An African Pest.

With regard to the utility of the crocodile there are diverse opinions. It is certainly a scavenger, though when the rapid currents of most rivers are taken into consideration the importance of his mission dwindles. The author of "In the Mozambala Marsh" says that along the banks of African streams it is dangerous to approach the river edge. Water for domestic purposes is obtained from the top of the banks by means of a cup attached to a bamboo pole 20 or 30 feet in length, and in spite of these precautions the death roll is a most ghastly one.

The primitive dugouts used by the natives for traveling on the rivers are in many cases merely deathtraps. While the man is paddling along, barely two inches above the surface of the water, the crocodile seizes his hand and drags him to the bottom.

On one occasion I sent down some letters by a Hindoo merchant, and a few weeks later heard that both letters and postman had been devoured by crocodiles. At another time I was strolling along the bank, and hearing cries arrived at the water's edge in time to seize a young boy whose leg had been caught by one of these brutes and torn from him. He escaped with his life, thanks to my timely arrival.

In some places one sees thousands of crocodiles on a mud bank, most of them scarcely 2 inches in length, evidently just hatched. A week does not pass but in some river village wails and lamentations are heard for a fresh victim to the crocodile's insatiable appetite.—Youth's Companion.

Working a Racket.

The tramp was looking fairly respectable, and as he moved along the street a brilliant idea occurred to him—how to work a racket for a breakfast—and he went into the first good looking residence he came to and knocked at the front door. The lady of the house came out.

"Do you want to know how to prevent moths in carpets?"

"No," she replied curtly.

"Want to know how to prevent mold in first floor closets?"

"No."

"Want to know how to clean windows without water?"

"No."

"Would you like the secret of preserving the polish on furniture?"

"No."

He hesitated a moment.

"Excuse me," he said insinuatingly, "can I get something to eat here?"

"Of course you can," she replied promptly. "Why didn't you say so at first? Go on around to the kitchen door." And as he followed her directions he kicked himself four times for ever letting a brilliant thought occur to him how to work a racket.—Detroit Free Press.

Praising the Chinese Servant.

"I have had a good deal of experience with Chinese labor," said Judge Worden of Denver, "and my belief is that the Chinese make the best servants in the world. They will do just what you tell them to and in the way that you tell them to do it. A combination of three virtues constitutes their principal fault—they are industrious, obedient and frugal. Hence they will do more work, do it more willingly, do it cheaper and save more money than any other race of people. The difference in wages is not as great as is generally represented, and the coolies on the fruit farms in southern California, where I have seen more of them than any place else, are paid as well as similar labor is elsewhere. As house servants they are par excellence. They will obey the rules of the household and do not draw the lines as to what their duties shall or shall not be. They can be relied upon and are not given to changing employers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A King Who Could Change the Winds.

King Erricus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm arose they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again wearing his magic cap!"—St. Louis Republic.

A Cold Snap.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?"

"Yep."

"And the result?"

"The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."—Indianapolis Journal.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE WHALE CONSIDERED AS A MAMMAL.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal Beauty—Where the Capitol Has Been in the United States—Wild Goose Triangle.

Australia is set in the midst of a whale frequented sea, and it is but natural, therefore, that Sydney should have the best collection of whales in the world. An observer of the natural history of the whale writes from there: The whale is not a fish at all. It is a warm blooded, air breathing, simple, affectionate animal. It has descended from a family which "once upon a time" had four legs and lived upon the land. The law of nature is that if any organ is not used it becomes atrophied, useless and finally disappears. If a man uses his tongue too much and neglects his brain, the latter will become atrophied. We can see that law working today in New South Wales.

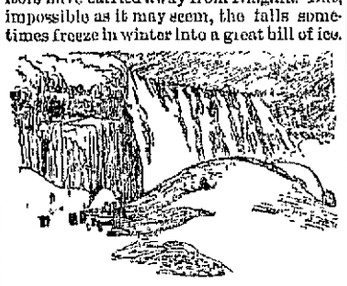
The whale family found the life was too hard on shore, so the members took to the sea. A tail was of more service there than hind legs, so the hind legs gradually went out of fashion, and the tail developed enormously. Then the fore paws were gradually modified into a monster fin.

The first time I noticed anything peculiar about a whale was off the coast of Peru a good many years ago. We had harpooned a large sperm whale that had a calf with her, and the whole desire of the mother whale appeared to be to save her babe, which was between 13 and 15 feet long. When the mother rose to the surface, gasping for air, she tried to get the baby on to her great fin and carry her away from the cruel hunters, but the rope attached to the harpoon kept her back. She had to give way to the merciless power of her pursuers, and her frantic efforts on behalf of her babe only hastened her own doom. After she had covered the sea with blood and foam and lay "fin up" in death, the little one came alongside of the dead mother and rubbed its nose against the smooth black skin and whistled pitifully to the one that would answer nevermore.

When we had planted our flag on the dead mother's body and cut loose from our harpoon, it became necessary to kill the little one. A protest arose from all the crew, for we were human beings, with hearts as tender as other people, and we were touched at the sight of the baby whale's grief, but we had to submit to see it harpooned, for its own sake. It had lost the "school" of whales now to which its mother belonged, and it would be starved to death on the trackless sea, or it would fall an easy victim to the swordfish, thrashers, sharks or other pirates of the sea.

A Monster Ice Bound.

The dull roar, the smooth glassy green rush over the precipice, the soft white foam, giving one the idea of the greatest reserve power in the world; the placid, lakelike expanse above, then the impatient rapid, which spares the islands and bridges apparently only in obedience to a supreme will—this is the impression that many visitors have carried away from Niagara. But, impossible as it may seem, the falls sometimes freeze in winter into a great hill of ice.



NIAGARA IN WINTER.

The Niagara river receives the waters of the upper lakes and flows on, full and clear, perpetually the same, not materially affected by either rains or droughts, except that about once every seven years its waters have a gradual rise and fall, which are attributed to some undiscovered disturbance that affects Lake Erie. It has long been a theory that the deep chasm through which the river flows and the gigantic cataract have been made by the action of the water on the limestone strata through countless ages. Within the short period of less than 100 years changes have occurred that appear to support this theory. Sir Charles Lyell's estimate of the wearing away of the falls is about one foot of the precipice every year.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal of Beauty.

Grenaille, a French author of the sixteenth century, wrote a large and very scientific book on female beauty and endowed his ideal of female loveliness with the following attributes: "Youth, medium stature, medium fullness of form, chestnut brown hair, symmetry of limb, a delicate skin revealing the blue veins, rosy complexion, a smooth, serene brow; uniformly arched temples; narrow eyebrows, which do not meet; eloquent, dark brown eyes; a winsome smile, cherry red lips, a small mouth; small, milk white teeth; a sweet breath, a soft, agreeable voice; a chin which does not protrude and is graced by a dimple; small, rosy ears; a slender throat of ivory whiteness; small, soft, white hands; nicely tapering fingers, graceful gestures; an even, dignified walk; shining finger nails, smooth and well curved; an even, pleasant temperament, good taste in dress, superficial education; small, pretty feet, and attentive demeanor toward others."

Where the Capital Has Been.

The capital of the United States has been situated at different times in different places. An exchange gives the following list of them with dates: At Philadelphia from Sept. 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from Dec. 20, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from Sept. 27, 1777, to Sept. 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from S[illegible] 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia on July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., from June 30, 1783, to Nov. 20, 1783; at Annapolis from November, 1783, to November, 1784, at Trenton from November, 1784, to January, 1785, at New York from Jan. 11, 1785, to 1790, when the seat of government was changed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

Why Wild Geese Form a Triangle in Flight.

Why do flocks of wild ducks and geese form a triangle when they have to fly long distances? It is said to be because they know that in that form they can cleave the air most easily. The most courageous bird takes its position at the apex of the great triangle, and when it becomes weary with the heavy task another takes its place.

Designs on Coins.

Numismatists say that no human head was impressed on coins until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that were of deities.

A Great Impression.

Fogg—Was up at Grosgrain's last evening. His daughter spoke of you. You have made an impression there, you young racal.

Fenderson—I believe I am something of a lady killer.

Fogg—Yes, the Grosgrain girls said they thought they would die a-laughing about you after you went away.—Boston Transcript.

Contentment

is folly when you might do better.

What is the matter with your time? A trifle fast? A little slow? Always a few minutes wrong?—Does your watch cost more to carry than it did to buy it? Repairs, regulating, cleaning; a dollar or two every time you bump it? You might save it over and over in a year; show just as much style and always be on time, too, with the new, quick-winding Waterbury.

Every jeweler keeps it. A jewelled watch. All styles for everybody. $4 to $15 buys it. Ladies', gentlemen's or boy's watch; cased in nickel, coin-silver or filled gold (10 to 14-karat). 30

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DR. WALKER DENTIST

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

FEW WOMEN IN PRISON

DOES THAT PROVE THAT THEY ARE BETTER THAN MEN?

A Newspaper Woman Has Been Investigating the Subject—A Penitentiary Warden Tells Her That the Courts Are Lenient, but She Refutes Him Easily.

I have been studying prison statistics, and I find the average proportion is 20 women to 1,000 men. In the case of the Columbus (O.) penitentiary there are only 29 women to nearly 2,000 men. At the Western penitentiary in this state there are 10 women to over 1,000 men. Talking with the courteous warden of this latter institution a few days since, I asked him for his theory and got it with readiness. It was with a mind made up that he answered, "It is largely owing to the leniency of the court that more women are not convicted."

"But," said I, "people must be arraigned before they can be convicted, and there are proportionately so few women brought to trial. Either they do not violate the law, or they are more clever in covering up their tracks, and this with a cleverness that amounts to talent, and even if this last be true does there not still remain something to be said for them from a worldly point of view? The Spartans taught their youth the sin was not in stealing, but in being found out, you know." And the warden agreed that the Spartans were not all dead yet, or at least that their teachings had lived after them, but would concede nothing to women on the ground of morality.

Women are something of a bother to most men, but to wardens in particular, I have concluded, and having known them both wisely and well I suppose when one such custodian insists that women of a low grade are worse than men of the same grade we should accept his judgment without question. But what I want to find out is why there are not as many women as men of this same grade? Warden Wright goes further and is especially positive that women in general are not better than men, and that once bad they are more incorrigible, and it is his experience that there are not so many reformations among women convicts as among the men, by which we may infer that women love wrongdoing.

Out of the fullness of his knowledge Mr. Wright argues that by the time women land in the penitentiary they are so steeped in sin as to be quite past redemption here, and I got the impression he had not much hope of them hereafter.

But let us see about the iniquity of women. In the first place, there are more women than men in the world. Therefore if women are more immoral than men ought they not to commit at least an equal number of crimes?

But they have not equal opportunity. They are not in the world as men are, therefore are not so beset by temptations, is the reply. But we may deny this, since there are now over 500 occupations for women and all crowded until there is scarcely any room, even at the top, whereas in 1850 there were but 40 employments in which women earned a living.

They are now by the hundreds working shoulder to shoulder with men in all the professions and a majority of the trades. And are they not subjected to the same temptations? It is now quite the exception to find a man on the cashier's stool in stores and restaurants, etc., and could there be a better card to woman's honesty? And yet it has been said women are only given this place and like places of responsibility because they can be hired for less money. So more the temptation to steal then. If women are so prone to go to such lengths to gratify their love for dress, as has been asserted, would they not, unless morally better, be more likely to steal than men who are paid a living salary and have less provocation?

But who ever heard of a woman running away with funds intrusted to her? There is no such curiosity on exhibition in the human menagerie at the Western penitentiary at least, though, to tell the truth, there is a greater one—that of a horse thief! The mention of this freak feminine suggests one more "manly pursuit" as free to women as to men. Why do not more women steal horses? They admire them, and surely a stolen horse is worth as much owned or sold to a woman who would steal as to a man?

And are not women as clever with the pen? Then why not Jane the penman as well as Jim? Yet how seldom we hear of women forging!

Prison reports the country over for 1891-2 show an alarming increase in the population of such institutions, but such statistics do not show a proportionate increase in crime among women. One of the propelling forces leading to criminality upon which the authorities are quite agreed is "the desire to live beyond legitimate means," and ever since women began wearing "store clothes" they have been accused of this very thing. Why, then, do they not steal to gratify this desire as their brothers do?

Through the courtesy of the warden I was permitted to visit the woman's department of the Western penitentiary. So far as I know I then stood for the first time face to face with a criminal of my own sex. I assure all who have not had the experience that it is a painful one, even though one cannot fully realize the situation just at the time. That character can be read in the countenance had up to that time been a pet theory of mine. It has been exploded.

There they sat in the light sewing room, working away as demurely and industriously and apparently as contentedly as if at a boarding school. Smiling and good humored, too, as if never a thought of evildoing had crossed the mind. There were pink and white blonds, the soulful blue eyes one reads about, and clear skinned brunettes, with the equally fetching dark eyes of that quality commonly called mournful, but whether blonds or brunettes I think the most expert observer, without having known they were criminals, could not have guessed it, nor could he have picked out from the lot those having had murder in their hearts or on their hands.—Meg in Philadelphia Times.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by, Baby.'" "The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."—Ram's Horn.

What She Forgot.

Visitor—So you have a little baby brother?

Little Girl—Yes'm. I prayed for a little baby sister, but I s'pose the angels had run out of girl babies. I forgot to tell them there wasn't any hurry.—Good News

A Growing Pleasure.

He—Aren't you pleased with the way my mustache is growing?

She—Yes, indeed! I'm more tickled with it every time you call.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Cold.

Mamma—Why don't you go outdoors and play?

Little Daughter—I've lost dolly's mittens.—Good News.

WHAT CIDER IS MADE OF.

Some Things Besides Apples That Find Their Way Into the Mills.

"There's good cider apples," said the cider miller. "Ain't nothin the matter with them."

"But they are windfalls, for the most part, all knotty and dried up. Miserable things."

"Make tiptop cider, them apples will," persisted the miller.

"But look at the rotten ones. Half of the apples that I can see are touched with decay, while a great many of them are rotten from skin to skin. Look at that," said the correspondent, poking his cane into one of the apples. "There isn't a sound spot in it."

"That don't hurt 'em none for cider," answered the miller. "Makes the cider all the better, some folks says."

"How about wormy apples? Are they fit to make into cider?"

The miller had talked long enough, and so one of the hangers on about the place volunteered a reply:

"Guess you wasn't ever into a cider mill 'fore today, was ye? If you had been, I reckon you wouldn't ask no questions about worms. Worms don't hurt cider none."

The correspondent looked incredulous.

"Don't you b'lieve it? Well, I tell ye what t' do. When you go home tonight, just try an experiment. Wait till it's dark, an then take two apples an go down int' the cellar an see if you can tell the difference 'twixt the one with a worm into it an t'other one."

"What do you mean? Why do you tell me to go down into the cellar?"

"Why, that's the most darkish place 'bout the house, ain't it? Don't take no light with ye."

"But how am I to examine the apples in the dark? Of course I shouldn't know which was which just by feeling of them."

"Thunder'n lightnin, you don't s'pose I wanted ye t' go down there an sit round a-feelin of the apples, did ye? That wan't what I meant. What I meant was this: You jest take a wormy apple an a sound one an go down int' the cellar an eat 'em, an I'll bet ye a shillin you won't know when you eat the worm."

The correspondent shuddered.

"Don't that prove it?" ran on the man. "Course it does. We put the worms right int' the grater 'long with the rest. How many of 'em they is we don't know. All we know is that they all turn into cider, an the man ain't livin that kin tell when he's drinkin the cider what part's apple juice an what part's worm juice.

"Then, ag'in, we couldn't do diff'rent if we tried. We couldn't send every wormy apple to a hospital an doctor it with vermifuge till we'd killed off the live stock. No, sir, the worms has to go, an they'll keep a-goin, I s'pose, till one of 'em cruelty to animal fellers shuts down on it an makes us 'gree to dose the worms with chloryform 'fore we grind 'em up."—New York Times.

The Tomb of Confucius.

The city of Chufu-hsien, the Mecca of the believers in Confucianism, is in the province of Shangtung, one of the most populous districts of the orient. Here Confucius was born, and here his sacred bones lie buried. The tomb, which is located in one of the largest cemeteries in the province, about three miles out from the city above mentioned, is one of the most imposing in the whole empire.

The grave itself is surmounted by an earth mound about 12 feet in height, the whole surrounded by a cluster of gnarled oaks and stately cypress trees. Before the mound is a tablet about 6 feet broad and 20 feet high, upon which is inscribed the names and deeds of the great founder of Confucianism, a religion adhered to by over 400,000,000 human beings. The burden of this inscription, according to reliable translation, is "Perfect One," "Absolutely Pure," "Perfect Sage," "First Teacher," "Great Philosopher," etc.

The avenue which leads up to the philosopher's tomb is even more interesting than the actual place of burial itself. On each side of the avenue are rows of figures of huge animals cut in stone—lions, tigers, elephants and horses, besides numerous mythical creatures, such as animals half dog and half frog, beasts with four legs and twice as many wings, besides a multitude of unnamable monsters that never lived on the earth, in the water or in the air. Taken altogether, the burial place of Confucius is one of the chief spots of interest in the orient.—St. Louis Republic.

It Outlived the Pharaohs.

The stone age and the bronze age have passed, but the advertising age remains.

Advertising is not so very modern. The pharaohs were prudent advertisers. With what subtility they put their ads in crafty lines on obelisk and pyramid, and they have drawn in the shekels splendidly!

Advertising is the searchlight of trade.

The advertiser is more privileged than the plaintiff's attorney. The former not merely has the opening and closing addresses, but keeps the ear of the jury all the time.

No exposition ever had such worldwide reputation as the Columbian. Why not? No other has ever advertised so ably and elaborately. Cause and effect!—Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

Mathematics and Money.

Husband—According to your own figures, you spent over $100 this year in cheap fripperies which had to be thrown away after once wearing. That $100 would have bought a piece of lace that would have lasted a lifetime—in fact, could be used by your descendants for generations.

Wife—Well, give me $100, and I will buy the lace for next year.

Husband—Um—never mind. I—I don't think lace is very becoming to your style of beauty. Here's 10 cents for another ruffle.—New York Weekly.

Different.

Head of the House (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?

Young Man—Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a three months' gas bill to collect.

Head of the House (in a milder tone)—I see. You will please call again.—London Million.

His Love.

Primus—Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.

Secundus—Which of the girls is it, young man?

Primus—Any of the three, sir.—Paris Grelot.

Hypnotism and Hysteria.

An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies, mental and physical, that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained it passes off very quickly.—Exchange.

She Was Liberal.

City Missionary—My good woman, did you ever give a cup of cold water to any one?

Mrs. Rafferty—Sure an Oi hov. Only yistiddy Oi threw a whole bucketful on ino husband's head.—Harper's Bazar.

New York city, with its 800,000 Hebrews, may properly be said to contain more Israelites than all Palestine.

POINTS AT CUE ENDS.

THEY SCORE AT THE TIP AND SHOW CHARACTER AT THE BUTT.

Watch a Man Playing Billiards, and You Will Learn Something About His Disposition—How to Tell the "Sharp"—Signs Which Betoken the Mean Man.

During these days of graphology, physiognomy and bootology—if I may coin a word for the science of character studying from one's old boots—it will not be surprising to learn that a man's many weaknesses and good or bad qualities invariably manifest themselves when "cannoning" or "hazarding" with the fascinating ivories. Let me see a man play a hundred up, and I will tell you with unerring accuracy more about his everyday character than the ordinary observer would know after years of close intercourse.

A well known authority, in a treatise on billiards, by way of warning to the tyro, says, "Beware of the man who carries the chalk in his trousers pocket and calls the marker John, for verily he is a sharp." With all due deference to the writer of the advice, I must say that my own experience is in direct antipodes to his aphorism. The sharp of today is not so easily spotted. You see that man playing over at the far table, possessed of a childlike and bland manner? Well, that is the modern billiard sharp. With patent leather boots and dressed with faultless taste, he lies in wait for the unsuspicious and confiding learner. To all appearances he is a perfect stranger to the marker, and it would not do to hint that the latter is subsidized and "goes whacks" in the spoil. Our gentleman sharp, you will notice, inquires innocently the way to turn the marking board, makes a tremendous number of scientific misses, does not carry the chalk in his pocket, makes shots worthy of Roberts himself and then apologizes for them to his unsuspecting opponent as "beastly flukes." He is most profuse with "I beg your pardon, sir," when he "unintentionally" pots his antagonist's white and assures him, with every expression of sincerity, that "he played for a screw cannon."

At the commencement of the game he insinuatingly suggests that the small sum of 2s. 6d. shall be a stake on the game, not for the sake of having a bet, but just to have a little "interest" in the game, while his real reason is to have both principal and interest in his pocket. He never wins by too many, and then he has been "exceedingly lucky to win," "the balls ran for him," but he will give his opponent "double or quits" on the next game if he cares to have his revenge. He constantly ejaculates "Hard lines, sir," "You are having all the bad luck," and so the sharp plucks his pigeon.

From my experience I should say that no game of skill in the world brings out a man's meanness like billiards. There is a mean man playing. Watch him prepare for the combat. Probably he has argued his friend into giving him half the game, for he never plays with a stranger—he might get taken in, he says. See him carefully chalk his cue, and with what care and anxiety he gives the preliminary miss in balk, his face expressive of his mental agony for fear the ball should stop out of balk. Watch him during the progress of the game, how he walks round the table and views the position of the balls when it is his stroke from every part of the table, lest he should by an oversight give his opponent an advantage. His hesitation over each shot is prolonged, and when he does make up his mind to strike his nervous prostration is terrible as the balls go spinning round the table, and he knocks one of the shades off as he flourishes his cue about in his endeavor to influence the course of the balls. Great is his disappointment when he fails to score. Listen to his grumbles deep and loud when his adversary brings off "a fluke." Let us leave him, for it is dreadfully painful to play with him, and to see him grudgingly part with a shilling, if he be the loser, is like having a tooth drawn. "When found" in a billiard room, "make a note of" and avoid. The jolly, good natured man is the life and soul of the room. He doesn't care a straw whether he wins or loses. He wants a game and means to enjoy it. "Which ball do I prefer?" he says. "I don't care. They are both round." Off he goes, forgets to chalk his cue and then laughs heartily when he gives a miss, rarely asks for points, and if you beat him will ask you to have a cigar, tips the marker and laughs loud and long when you make some extraordinary fluke. You play carelessly with the generous man, and as a consequence often get beaten, but you take your defeat kindly enough from a man like this.

The grumbler and the mean man at billiards are very much akin, and you take a keen delight, in which the spectators participate, in giving him a sound beating. He is to be met with in every large room, and whether the game be pool, pyramids or billiards his grumbles are to the fore, to the annoyance of every one, with the result that he gets intensely hated. He is always being "sold" at pool and is "the unluckiest man in the world." "Gets the yellow ball, which is crooked, nine times out of ten," and he "missed a certain division through one of the spectators ordering a mild and bitter." His tip always comes off on an important stroke which would have won him the game, he "missed a big break through his ball, which, by the way, is anything but round, jumping over an infinitesimal piece of chalk on the cloth," which the marker fails to find. "There is not a straight cue in the room," the cushions are too slow or too fast, bad light, the gas flickers, the room is drafty. Who can make a shot with all this row? And the marker is the worst he ever met—"always talking to some one and not paying attention to the game." One would wonder that he continues to play with all these various conditions against him. He leaves the room in a temper every night, to the great relief of the frequenters, solemnly vowing that he will never play again, only to bob up grumblingly the next night. He can't help it, poor fellow! It is his nature. Watch that youth over there. He has just been talking of a big 50 break he made while on his recent holidays and playing the marker of the hotel at Slosheum-on-the-Sand. "Take points?" Not he! "Will play the best player in the room level." He rolls up his sleeves, takes the chalk out of his pocket and after a big flourish commences the game. The uninitiated are prepared for something big, but are doomed to disappointment, as the youngster is only an empty boaster, just learning to play, and after being hopelessly beaten by 60 says he is out of form tonight and the table does not suit him. He is quite content to part with his shilling if he conveys the impression that he is a great player.—London Sporting Life.

Absurd.

German Landlord (to agent for firm of wine growers)—How is it you sell your red native wine dearer than your white?

Agent—Do you think we get the color for nothing?—Tit-Bits.

A Conclusive Argument.

First Dog—That's my ham bone.

Second Dog—Gr-r-r-r-o-o-o-u-n-r-r-a-a-l-l-a-a-y-r-r-o.

First Dog—I'm wrong; it's your bone.—Philadelphia Call.

A LAND OF MYSTERY.

The Weird Sketch of Country Tapped by the Nevada Southern Road.

One of the most peculiar and interesting places on the American continent lies across the diagonal line that forms the southern boundary of the state of Nevada, spreading into California and reaching almost to the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. The old forty-niners passed through this section during the California gold excitement. Many perished from the thirst, and the remains of their wagons, such as the tires and other iron parts, may be found strewn about the valleys.

Near Resting springs a man of the name of Lee has a ranch, an Indian wife and family of eight children. Not far from there is what is believed to be the famous Gunsight mine. One of the pioneers in passing through that section picked up a piece of lead almost pure and made a sight for his gun with it. It was so rich that when he told the story in civilization prospectors started out to locate it. The fact of the similarity of all the valleys led many astray, and they perished from thirst. His description of the spot applied to so many spots that no one has been able to locate the mine, but the present owners believe they have found it.

The valley adjoining that which is the route of the Nevada Southern is called Pahrump. It is the principal one of them all for gold and silver and lead mines. Up the valley, which is one of those dry, barren sand gulches between two perpendicular walls of rock, is the Mesquite stamp mill. On one side is the Keystone gold mine, from which $90,000 has been extracted. Up at the head of the alley is the Montgomery gold district. Several miles above the mill is the Pahrump springs, where a hardy pioneer has settled in a beautiful little oasis and reared a family.

Those who have visited the family say that away off there, imprisoned by canyon walls and sandy deserts, is the most beautiful woman in the west. She is one of nature's queens, and her fame for beauty is spreading quite rapidly since grim civilization placed his foot in the Pahrump valley. The Pahrump valley has not been noted for its civilization. A band of renegado Indians—a mixture of the Mohaves, Chingowayras and Piutes, all of which inhabit that country—have settled in it. They once had a chief, and when he died his son was the candidate for the chieftainship.

The tribe did not want him and would not elect him, so they went without a head, but not for long. Tecopa stepped into the job and has since held it and is looked up to as the chief. Chief Tecopa's attire consists of a plug hat and an old striped shirt. Once in awhile he wears trousers, but very seldom. When Mr. Blake went there Chief Tecopa said that he owned all that country, and that his consent was necessary before any railroads could be built. His consent could be bought with a plug hat and a red striped shirt. These being promised over a pipe, Tecopa allowed the white chief to proceed with his railroad.—Denver Republican.

Fish.

Firmness of the flesh and clearness of the eyes are the great criteria of any fish being fresh and good. In mackerel such tests are most important, as also in fresh herrings and in fresh water fish. The flavor and excellence of salmon, too, depend upon its firmness, and it should be tested in the same way. Cod is known to be fresh by the rigidity of the muscles or flesh, the redness of the gills and clearness of the eyes. Turbot and all flat white fish, besides being rigid and firm when fresh, will have the under side of a rich cream color. If out of season or too long kept, this becomes a bluish white and the flesh soft and flaccid. Lobsters, crabs and cray fish recently caught always retain some remains of muscular action in the claws, which may be excited by pressing the eyes with the fingers. When boiled, the tail of the lobster preserves its elasticity if fresh, but loses it as soon as it becomes stale. The heaviest lobsters are the best. When light, they are watery and poor. Prawns and shrimps, when fresh, are firm and crisp. If oysters are fresh, the shells are firmly closed. When the shells are open, the fish are dead and unfit for food. A peculiar elasticity will be perceived in fish recently caught, little or no permanent impression being made by the ordinary pressure of the fingers, the flesh immediately rising again. Fresh fish also lie in a slightly curved position and never quite straight.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Wasn't Superstitious.

A friend said to me the other day, "I used to be superstitious, but I have overcome the feeling entirely."

"Entirely?" I echoed.

"Oh, yes," was her reply. "Beginning anything on Friday or on the thirteenth of the month, going under ladders, refusing to turn back after I have started out, picking up black pins, meeting cross eyed people on Monday, singing before breakfast—in fact, all those ridiculous ideas—I have got bravely over."

"Good!" I replied as I put on my bonnet—we were going out together—"I am glad to know that you are so sensible."

"Have you got a hatpin you can loan me, Polly, dear?" she asked.

An idea struck me. I went to my jewel case and took out a long scarfpin with an opal head and handed it to her. She took it and then dropped it as if it was hot.

"Mercy me!" she cried, "I wouldn't wear an opal for $100 a minute!"

"But I thought you weren't superstitious?"

"Oh, well, opals everybody knows about. That's a fact and not a superstition," was her unconvincing and ungrammatical reply.

So there you are!—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Time Lost by an Overcoat.

He was an eminent practitioner in Philadelphia, and one of his patients noticed that he more often than otherwise came into the room with his overcoat on. Questioned about it, the doctor said:

"Whenever I can, I keep on my overcoat. It saves time. I average, say, 40 calls a day. Now, I cannot get on and off my overcoat in less than a minute. This would be 40 minutes wasted. I must save my time, and that is one of the best ways of doing it."

"But, doctor," expostulated the patient, "you would not recommend such a practice to me. You would at once say to me that keeping on my overcoat in the house would excite perspiration and so give me a cold when I went out."

"Yes, I would say that to you—you are the patient, I the doctor. Do as I say, not as I do."—Philadelphia Call.

A Firm Foundation.

The lady has implied a doubt as to the statement of the dairyman.

"Madam," he said indignantly, "my reputation rests upon my butter."

"Well," she replied testily, "you needn't get ugly about it. The foundation is strong enough to keep it up forever."—Detroit Free Press.

A Big Surprise.

Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkemdown paid a high compliment to me today.

Mother—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that a woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnny—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am.—Tit-Bits.

INDIANS AND LUNATICS.

The Former's Respect For the Latter Once Saved a Yale Professor.

"One very peculiar characteristic of the Indian," said Major Barbour, a former plainsman now metamorphosed into a clubman and raconteur, "is his reverence, amounting to absolute fear in many instances, of an insane person. They never harm one whom they believe to be mentally affected. I remember one striking instance which will illustrate. I was a member of the expedition headed by General Custer that made a tour through the Yellowstone valley and that section of the country the year before the Custer massacre.

"It was put on foot in the interest of science, and we had a lot of fellows from the Smithsonian institution and about a dozen Yale professors. It was a big party, comprising two or three companies of cavalry, one of infantry and some artillery, as the Sioux, who at that time simply swarmed over that country, were afraid to tackle us. But they hung around us all the time, and General Custer gave orders after two men who were hunting had been killed that no one should leave camp without permission.

"Those Yale professors just worried the life out of the soldiers. Every professor had a detail of five men who had to watch him. They would go around picking up bugs and chasing butterflies all over the prairie and would break up rocks and powwow over them with magnifying glasses until the soldiers swore that every man of them was a bowling idiot.

"One day the worst old fellow in the crowd, a bugoloist, who wore two pairs of glasses—one red and one green—managed in some way or other to get out of the sight of his detail and wandered two or three miles away. He ran plump into a gang of Sioux. He walked up to them and offered to shake hands. They grabbed him, and the first thing they did was to dive down into a big green baize bag he carried.

"They pulled out lizards and pieces of clay and bits of rock and bugs and the worst assortment of truck imaginable. Just about this time the old professor caught sight of a peculiar looking bug. He caught it, pulled out his glass and began to study it. That settled it.

"An Indian took him by the hand, led him to a hill close by, and pointing to the army below said, 'Go.' He came back and said that the soldiers totally misunderstand the Indians. 'Why, I found them the most polite and courteous of people,' said he to General Custer. But the old chief afterward told me that they wouldn't have had him stay in that country for anything on earth."—Washington Post.

An African Pest.

With regard to the utility of the crocodile there are diverse opinions. It is certainly a scavenger, though when the rapid currents of most rivers are taken into consideration the importance of his mission dwindles. The author of "In the Morambala Marsh" says that along the banks of African streams it is dangerous to approach the river edge. Water for domestic purposes is obtained from the top of the banks by means of a cup attached to a bamboo pole 20 or 30 feet in length, and in spite of these precautions the death roll is a most ghastly one.

The primitive dugouts used by the natives for traveling on the rivers are in many cases merely deathtraps. While the man is paddling along, barely two inches above the surface of the water, the crocodile seizes his hand and drags him to the bottom.

On one occasion I sent down some letters by a Hindoo merchant, and a few weeks later heard that both letters and postman had been devoured by crocodiles. At another time I was strolling along the bank, and hearing cries arrived at the water's edge in time to seize a young boy whose leg had been caught by one of these brutes and torn from him. He escaped with his life, thanks to my timely arrival.

In some places one sees thousands of crocodiles on a mud bank, most of them scarcely 3 inches in length, evidently just hatched. A week does not pass but in some river village wails and lamentations are heard for a fresh victim to the crocodile's insatiable appetite.—Youth's Companion.

Working a Racket.

The tramp was looking fairly respectable, and as he moved along the street a brilliant idea occurred to him—how to work a racket for a breakfast—and he went into the first good looking residence he came to and knocked at the front door. The lady of the house came out.

"Do you want to know how to prevent moths in carpets?"

"No," she replied curtly.

"Want to know how to prevent mold in first floor closets?"

"No."

"Want to know how to clean windows without water?"

"No."

"Would you like the secret of preserving the polish on furniture?"

"No."

He hesitated a moment.

"Excuse me," he said insinuatingly, "can I get something to eat here?"

"Of course you can," she replied promptly. "Why didn't you say so at first? Go on around to the kitchen door." And as he followed her directions he kicked himself four times for ever letting a brilliant thought occur to him how to work a racket.—Detroit Free Press.

Praising the Chinese Servant.

"I have had a good deal of experience with Chinese labor," said Judge Worden of Denver, "and my belief is that the Chinese make the best servants in the world. They will do just what you tell them to and in the way that you tell them to do it. A combination of three virtues constitutes their principal fault—they are industrious, obedient and frugal. Hence they will do more work, do it more willingly, do it cheaper and save more money than any other race of people. The difference in wages is not as great as is generally represented, and the coolies on the fruit farms in southern California, where I have seen more of them than any place else, are paid as well as similar labor is elsewhere. As house servants they are par excellence. They will obey the rules of the household and do not draw the lines as to what their duties shall or shall not be. They can be relied upon and are not given to changing employers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A King Who Could Change the Winds.

King Erricus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm arose they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again wearing his magic cap!"—St. Louis Republic.

A Cold Snap.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?"

"Yep."

"And the result?"

"The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."—Indianapolis Journal.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE WHALE CONSIDERED AS A MAMMAL.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal Beauty—Where the Capitol Has Been In the United States—Wild Goose Triangle.

Australia is set in the midst of a whale frequented sea, and it is but natural, therefore, that Sydney should have the best collection of whales in the world. An observer of the natural history of the whale writes from there: The whale is not a fish at all. It is a warm blooded, air breathing, simple, affectionate animal. It has descended from a family which "once upon a time" had four legs and lived upon the land. The law of nature is that if any organ is not used it becomes atrophied, useless and finally disappears. If a man uses his tongue too much and neglects his brain, the latter will become atrophied. We can see that law working today in New South Wales.

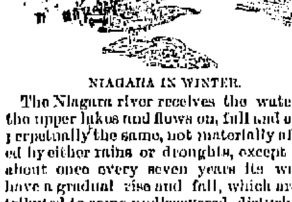
The whale family found the life was too hard on shore, so the members took to the sea. A tail was of more service there than hind legs, so the hind legs gradually went out of fashion, and the tail developed enormously. Then the fore paws were gradually modified into a monster fin.

The first time I noticed anything peculiar about a whale was off the coast of Peru a good many years ago. We had harpooned a large sperm whale that had a calf with her, and the whole desire of the mother whale appeared to be to save her babe, which was between 12 and 15 feet long. When the mother rose to the surface, gasping for air, she tried to get the baby on to her great fin and carry her away from the cruel hunters, but the rope attached to the harpoon kept her back. She had to give way to the merciless power of her pursuers, and her frantic efforts on behalf of her babe only hastened her own doom. After she had covered the sea with blood and foam and lay "fin up" in death, the little one came alongside of the dead mother and rubbed its nose against the smooth black skin and whistled pitifully to the one that would answer nevermore.

When we had planted our flag on the dead mother's body and cut loose from our harpoon, it became necessary to kill the little one. A protest arose from all the crew, for we were human beings, with hearts as tender as other people, and we were touched at the sight of the baby whale's grief, but we had to submit to see it harpooned, for its own sake. It had lost the "school" of whales now to which its mother belonged, and it would be starved to death on the trackless sea, or it would fall an easy victim to the swordfish, thrashers, sharks or other pirates of the sea.

A Monster Ice Bound.

The dull roar, the smooth glassy green rush over the precipice, the soft white foam, giving one the idea of the greatest reserve power in the world; the placid, lakelike expanse above, then the impatient rapid, which spares the islands and bridges apparently only in obedience to a supreme will—this is the impression that many visitors have carried away from Niagara. But, impossible as it may seem, the falls sometimes freeze in winter into a great hill of ice.



NIAGARA IN WINTER.

The Niagara river receives the waters of the upper lakes and flows on, full and clear, perpetually the same, not materially affected by either rains or droughts, except that about once every seven years its waters have a gradual rise and fall, which are attributed to some undiscovered disturbance that affects Lake Erie. It has long been a theory that the deep chasm through which the river flows and the gigantic cataract have been made by the action of the water on the limestone strata through countless ages. Within the short period of less than 100 years changes have occurred that appear to support this theory. Sir Charles Lyell's estimate of the wearing away of the falls is about one foot of the precipice every year.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal of Beauty.

Grenaille, a French author of the sixteenth century, wrote a large and very scientific book on female beauty and endowed his ideal of female loveliness with the following attributes: "Youth, medium stature, medium fullness of form, chestnut brown hair, symmetry of limb, a delicate skin revealing the blue veins, rosy complexion, a smooth, serene brow; uniformly arched temples; narrow eyebrows, which do not meet; eloquent, dark brown eyes; a winsome smile, cherry red lips, a small mouth; small, milk white teeth; a sweet breath; a soft, agreeable voice; a chin which does not protrude and is graced by a dimple; small, rosy ears; a slender throat of ivory whiteness; small, soft, white hands; nicely tapering fingers, graceful gestures; an even, dignified walk; shining finger nails, smooth and well curved; an even, pleasant temperament; good taste in dress, superficial education; small, pretty feet, and attentive demeanor toward others."

Where the Capital Has Been.

The capital of the United States has been situated at different times in different places. An exchange gives the following list of them with dates: At Philadelphia from Sept. 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from Dec. 20, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from Sept. 27, 1777, to Sept. 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from Sept. 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., from June 30, 1783, to Nov. 20, 1783; at Annapolis from November, 1783, to November, 1784; at Trenton from November, 1784, to January, 1785; at New York from Jan. 11, 1785, to 1790, when the seat of government was changed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

Why Wild Geese Form a Triangle In Flight.

Why do flocks of wild ducks and geese form a triangle when they have to fly long distances? It is said to be because they know that in that form they can cleave the air most easily. The most courageous bird takes its position at the apex of the great triangle, and when it becomes weary with the heavy task another takes its place.

Designs on Coins.

Numismatists say that no human head was impressed on coins until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that were of deities.

A Great Impression.

Fogg—Was up at Grosgrain's last evening. His daughter spoke of you. You have made an impression there, you young rascal.

Fenderson—I believe I am something of a lady killer.

Fogg—Yes, the Grosgrain girls said they thought they would die a-laughing about you after you went away.—Boston Transcript.

Contentment *is folly when you might do better.*

What is the matter with your time? A trifle fast? A little slow? Always a few minutes wrong?—Does your watch cost more to carry than it did to buy it? Repairs, regulating, cleaning; a dollar or two every time you bump it? You might save it over and over in a year; show just as much style and always be on time, too, with the new, quick-winding Waterbury.

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Vaseline 5c. Bottle. 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

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DR WALKER DENTIST

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, FEB. 3.

SUN RISES	6 56	MOON RISES	6 02 AM
SUN SETS	5 02	FULL SEA	9 45 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	10 06		10 30 PM

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The area of the high barometer center over the middle Mississippi valley has passed off the middle Atlantic coast.

Forecast for New England: Increasing cloudiness; decidedly warmer; south winds, increasing in force.

IMPORTANT.

There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

The water board met last evening and approved bills.

Mrs. Anna Jordan of Appleton street, is visiting in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Charles W. Mayotte is attending the winter carnival in Quebec.

Patrick McCarthy of this city has received a reissue of pension.

Mrs. Effie Webster of Lynn will give tests for the spiritualists tomorrow.

Prof. Taylor of Andover will preach at the Kirk street church tomorrow.

Miss Florence Garfield of C. J. Hood's, is entertaining Miss Amy Robinson of Waltham.

About 75 residents of Pawtucketville enjoyed a sleigh ride to North Chelmsford, last evening.

Rev. F. D. George of this city has been called to the Free Baptist church at Gardiner, Me.

Officers J. B. Crowley and Frank Fox were present at the ball given by the Nashua police, last evening.

A saloon, everything but the license, on Davidson street, was sold under the sheriff's hammer this morning.

Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T., installed its officers last evening. After the exercises an entertainment was held.

Rev. Dr. D. C. Knowles, a former pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, preaches at the Centralville M. E. church tomorrow.

The Middlesex North Agricultural society held a farmers' institute meeting at Tyngsboro yesterday. The attendance was large.

A. N. Stevens' "Arthur D." will trot with "General Day," on the river, this afternoon. "General Day" is an out-of-town animal.

Rep. James Stuart Murphy was appointed a member of a committee to attend the funeral of a member of the house of representatives yesterday.

Philip Marchand who with his brother George was suspected of having broken into the house of Josephine Desrosiers in Dracut last November was arrested yesterday by Inspectors Laflamme and Allen. The boys are aged 13 and 11 years. Philip confessed.

The Belmont associates held their tenth annual re-union and banquet at the St. Charles hotel, Thursday evening, and elected the following officers: President, Horace S. Bacon; vice president, William Livingston; secretary and treasurer, Harry S. Duckworth.

The No Name Whist club met Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sherwood on Mt. Vernon street. The first prizes were won by Mr. Sherwood and Mrs. A. E. Nichols, while the second honors went to Mr. A. E. Nichols and Mrs. William Gray.

About one hundred friends of Mr. and Mr. Michael J. Cryan, called upon him last evening at their home 40 Bridge street. During the social time the host and hostess were presented a purse of money, Mr. Breen making the presentation speech. Dancing followed the serving of refreshments.

A jaded horse attached to a milk pung fell down on Central street, last night, and it took twenty minutes to get up, during which time several cars were blockaded. There must have been a crowd of 300 around the horse. When finally it was gotten up it was taken to a Centralville stable for care.

Everiste Richard has sued the Corporation St. Andre for sick benefits, which he claims he is entitled to but never received. He has retained as counsel John J. Harvey, Esq. The sick and visiting committee of the corporation will investigate the case again and unless they decide to pay the sick benefit the case will come to trial.

The Meigs' Elevated.

Joe V. Meigs of this city asked the committee on railroads yesterday for permission to construct a system of elevated roads in Boston.

Mr. Apsley In Luck.

Congressman Apsley, who represents the congressional district in which Billerica belongs, has been elected a member of the republican congressional committee. This committee will have charge of the coming congressional campaign, and Mr. Apsley feels it incumbent on him to see that Massachusetts sends as many republicans as possible to the next congress. The election is in the nature of a compliment, and is doubly so in his case, as he is a new member.

Whist Club Meeting.

The Lawrence Whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Lizzie Hallaren in Pawtucketville, the first prizes being won by Miss Nellie Flynn and Miss Lilian Smith. Refreshments were partaken of at 11 o'clock, after which songs were sung by Miss Nellie Flynn, Miss Dollie LeClaire, Miss Emma Murdock, and a banjo solo and song by Mr. M. Kennedy. The party broke up in the early hours of the morning after having spent an enjoyable evening. The next meeting of the club will take place on Feb. 15, at the home of Miss Nellie Flynn.

HIS MEMORY SACRED.

Wrong Impression Taken From the Story Of Mr. Spaleny.

In relation to the death of Augustus Spaleny, the surviving family say that many misstatements have been made about his life and habits that are either wrong or create the wrong impression. First of all the children had done all they could to have him come and live with them but without avail. The house on Myrtle street was his home, he said, and he would not leave it. As to his leaving much property they say that this is wrong, he owned only a little property, a small part of the amount credited to him. They say also that he had resided here fully 40 years, not 14, and had been a voter many years. He was a musician of considerable note, and had always lived a upright, manly life, well liked by his neighbors and acquaintances. The family regret that his closing days should have been such as they were but there is no reason on their part why he should not have made his home with them and enjoyed a comfortable, peaceful decline. The daughters who reside in Connecticut are in this city, and will return to their homes on Monday. The funeral of Mr. Spaleny occurred today and interment was in the Edson cemetery.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 53 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

HEARING ON THE REGULATION OF BICYCLES.

Death of Robert C Brown—The Third Member to Die—Bill to Regulate the Sale of Liquor.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—The committee on cities gave a hearing upon Senator Durant's bill to regulate the speed of bicycles in cities and towns of over 1000 inhabitants. City Solicitor Povey said that any changes that were deemed advisable would be accepted without objection; all that was wanted was to protect the public and at the same time be fair with the riders. Senator Sanger said the committee were satisfied that some legislation was needed.

Chief Consul Perkins of the Massachusetts League of American Wheelmen said that the bicyclists did not object to any reasonable legislation They would accept willingly an act regulating the speed of bicycles to 10 miles an hour in public streets, but they feel that eight miles an hour, especially in country towns, is too slow. The Cambridge ordinance, fixing the rate at eight miles an hour, is all right for cities

The provision in the bill that bicycles shall not go faster than three miles an hour in streets where there is a civic funeral or military procession, Mr. Perkins said, was absurd. He strongly objected to lanterns, as more likely to cause confusion and accidents than to prevent them. He did not object to a law forbidding riding on sidewalks, but thought that the trouble with the proposed bill is that it is too complicated, and a rider would not know whether he were breaking the law or not. Mr. Perkins will present to the committe a draft of a bill that will suit the wheelmen, and the committee will make up a bill themselves if necessary.

The third member of the legislature to die is Robert C. Brown of Taunton, who passed away of brain fever. Deceased was only 27 years of age. He was a lawyer by profession and the son of a lawyer. Representative Brown was born in Taunton, and graduated at the Boston university law school in 1890. He was a member of last year's house and served on the judiciary committee, to which he was reappointed by Speaker Meyer. He was a partner of Lloyd E. White, recently appointed district attorney for the southern district

Mr. Gray introduced a bill to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage except through public agencies. The bill provides for the appointment by the governor of a liquor commission, to consist of three men, to hold office three years, two years and one year, respectively; the chairman will be termed the liquor manager; the annual question for the people will not be "Shall licenses be granted?" but "Shall liquor be sold?" No licenses shall hereafter be granted except sixth class. The liquor commissioners shall furnish and open one or more places where the vote is "Yes," not more than one place to each 1000 inhabitants. The liquor commission appoints trusty local liquor agents. The sum of $75,000 is hereby appropriated for the purposes of this act.

SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

Is Mentioned as an Available Piece of Presidential Timber.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Hon. Thomas C. Carter, chairman of the Republican national committee, was yesterday asked if the northwest would present a candidate at the next Republican presidential convention

"Well," replied the ex-congressman from Montana, "the friends of ex-Senator Spooner of Wisconsin speak of him as a strong candidate, who is thoroughly identified with the interests of the northwest. His name will no doubt receive favorable consideration."

An Exciting Scene.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Pedestrians on Tremont street last evening were startled to see a horse and empty sleigh flying down the street. When the team reached the corner of Winter street it swerved and continued its career on the sidewalk, which was crowded. A number of persons were injured. After receiving medical treatment at the drug stores in the vicinity many were sent to the city hospital.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Another case of smallpox was found in Roxbury (Boston).

Boston borrowed $1,000,000 for nine months at 3 per cent interest.

Christopher Donovan was found dead in a brook at Watertown, Mass.

John Morey was drowned at New York while trying to board a moving ferryboat.

Patrick McLaughlin, 70 years old, hanged himself at the state almshouse at Providence

William B. Brewer, a Boston lawyer, became suddenly insane as a result of an attack of the grip.

Peter Redpath of Montreal, a merchant and an educational philanthropist, has died at Chislehurst, Eng.

The American ship Louisiana, long overdue at San Francisco, has been reported 700 miles off shore.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken steps to stop the sale of "chameleons."

The New Haven Law and Order league has petitioned the courts to investigate charges of corrupt practices by the prosecuting attorney.

Points For Informers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—A new circular directs that information concerning customs frauds shall be conveyed by the informer direct to the "chief officer" of a port, except when it may be impracticable and improper. A neglect of this precaution will hazard the right of the informer to any compensation

Appeal of Parnellites.

DUBLIN, Feb. 3.—Members of the Parnellite party have issued a manifesto to Irishmen, appealing for funds and declaring that the present government of England is a confessed failure; that it is the same as the Conservative government, and that home rule has been thrust on one side

Tax Riots In India.

CALCUTTA, Feb 3.—Serious riots, in the attempts of the authorities to collect revenue, have occurred at Gauhati and Mangoldai. At Mangoldai the police fired on the mob and killed 15 persons.

Seven Years For Burglary.

SALEM, Mass., Feb. 3.—In the superior criminal court Frank Mellows, for burglary of an unoccupied summer residence at Andover, was sentenced to seven years in state prison.

Founded the Swiss Army.

AARAU, Feb 3.—General Herzog, the founder of the Swiss army organization, is dead. The cause of his death was influenza of the lungs.

A Million For New York Parks.

ALBANY, Feb. 3.—Governor Flower has signed the act appropriating $1,000,000 for park improvements in New York city.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Old Hundred 10c. cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The swindler who worked a young woman for $20 and an umbrella on Tyler street a few days ago did the same thing at Fitchburg Thursday, getting $15 from a poor woman. The fellow got away.

The participants in the Spanish dance at the kermiss, together with friends were entertained Thursday evening by Miss Nellie Hicks of Royal street. Prof. Baril entertained the company with several feats of legerdemain, and games were played and refreshments served.

A series of practical talks has been arranged by the Y. M. C. A. The subjects, speakers and dates are: Feb. 13, Rev. W. J. Yarrow, "On the carboniferous age;" Feb. 28, Rev. R. G. Seymour, "Work;" Mar. 7, Rev. Hugh Montgomery, "Missions, as I saw them in Europe during the summer of 1893;" Mar. 14, Rev. W. T. Leland, "The glacial or ice period;" Mar. 28, Rev. H. W. O. Millington, "Character building."

A Sad Case.

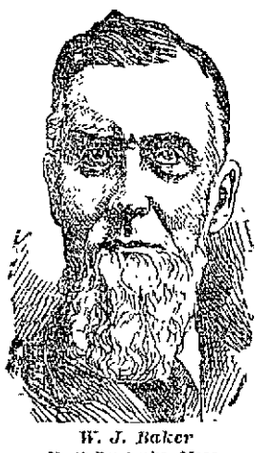
Dr. Ricker was called with the ambulance to the club room of the Pawtucketville Social club, where Thomas Conley, a young man about 20 years of age, had been living for three days in a very ill condition. Conley, it seems, was out of work and without money or a home, called at the club room a few days ago, knowing some of the members and asked if he might rest. The members taking pity on him made him a comfortable bed and furnished him with food, and some whiskey which they thought might cure his cold. The following day he went out but came back again and practically lived there for three days, the members doing all in their power to aid him. Last evening his condition became so bad that after a consultation the members decided to call the ambulance. Conley hails from Lewiston Me., and is now at St. John's hospital in critical condition.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

Democrats in the Legislature Refrain From Debating.

The democratic members of the legislature have refrained from taking part in the debate on the women's suff rage bill, preferring to leave the talking with the republicans. The democrats are opposed to the bill and will vote against it on principle. There is no doubt that should the bill pass, there will be more democrats than republicans qualified vote. This would be especially so in this city, as may be seen from the school-committee contest last year. It will be remembered that the women whose sympathies were with the republican party began to register early, and had quite a lead on their democratic friends. However in three days the democrats got out more women voters than the republicans did in two weeks.

The republicans of the legislature refused to allow the bill to be submitted to male voters, in order to obtain their will in the matter. An amendment to submit to the male voters and as many women voters as might be registered at a certain date, was likewise defeated by the republicans. Is not the principle of referrendum involved here, and does it not show that these same republican legislators lack confidence in the intelligence of the people, who are privileged to vote?



W. J. Baker
North Pembroke, Mass

After the Grip

Relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla Wonderful and Permanent.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass:

"I had kidney trouble and severe pains in my back which was brought about by a cold contracted while in camp at Mansfield in 1862. I have been troubled more or less since that time and have been unable to do any heavy work, much less any lifting. I received only temporary relief from medicines. Last spring I had an attack of the grip, which left me with

A Bad Cough, Very Weak

physically. In fact my system was completely run down. I tried a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel so much better that I continued taking it, and have taken six bottles. It has done wonders for me, as I have not been so free from my old pains and troubles since the war. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a God-sent blessing to the suffering." WILLIAM J. BAKER, North Pembroke, Mass

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

POLICE COURT.

Week is Brought to a Close in a Quiet Way.

Two drunks.

Philip Marchand, the boy who confessed to having broken into the trunk of Josephine Desrosiers last Novembers was held in $100 until Feb. 9.

Eugene Forget forgot to pay his board and was charged with illegally removing baggage. He was placed on probation.

After the Scamp.

It is thought that the man who swindled a girl out of $20 on Tyler street last week is under arrest in Fall River. Inspector Laflamme went to Fall River today with the young lady who was swindled to see if she can identify him.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

One Reason Why You Should Trade With Us.

22 lbs. best granulated sugar for $1.00. Think of it, saving you eleven per cent on goods always sold at cost by the general trade. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $ 4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central St.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

HARD TIMES!

MUST ECONOMIZE!

These statements voiced by all Women are the best economists; they do the shopping because they recognize bargains the quickest.

Chalifoux's Ladies' Shoe Parlor

—AND—

Men's and Children's Shoe Depts.

Are crowded daily in consequence of

CHALIFOUX'S

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARING SALE

The item of footwear forms no inconsiderable portion of the family expense account, and a saving of twenty to thirty per cent. on the purchase price is a great attraction to shoe buyers Thousands are taking advantage of this sale.

Our Shoes Fit Right.

Hence NO ACHES, NO CORNS, NO BUNIONS. Every Shoe perfect, correct in style and perfect in fit. If any doubt of this statement exists, personal investigation will conclusively prove otherwise.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.

Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding. Blank Books a Specialty

18 CHURCH STREET.

☞ The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'f'g Co., 158-170 Middle St.

JOHN E. COLEMAN

Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented

ROOM 7, POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

CUT PRICES

—ON—

STREET AND STABLE BLANKETS

TO REDUCE STOCK.

LOOK AT OUR $9.00 HARNESS.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

We are now Inventorying and when completed we shall offer Bargains that will interest every reader of this paper. For this week we shall offer PARLOR STOVES at prices that will not cover the cost, as we need money and want to close out our stock of stoves at some prices. A few more Quilts at the same low figures of last week. Special Sale on Pictures and Easels for this week. Do not pass by without calling.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

PANTS,

Trousers, Breeches,

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

PANTALOONS.

Call them what you will, they will still be sold lower here than elsewhere. Yes, on some qualities it may be only 5c. or 10c. a pair, and on the better grades 50c. to $1.00 a pair; but then it is a saving, and with the present scarcity of employment you should economize to the single penny's worth. We have three LEADERS for SATURDAY in Young Men's and Men's sizes.

1 Lot Fine All-wool Pants $1.75, actually worth $3.00 a pair.

1 Lot extra quality Fancy Cassimeres, $3 95 a pair, Shuman's custom made, worth $6.00.

1 Lot Fine Fancy Worsteds, in stripes and checks, $2.98, worth $5.00.

1 Lot Boys' Knee Pants, strictly all-wool nobby, fancy Cassimeres, regular $1.00 goods, for SATURDAY and MONDAY 50c. a pair, at

MERRIMACK CORNER, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

FROM A DIME TO A DOLLAR.

—xox—

Only a Dime is worth saving on a Pair of Rubbers, 25c. to $1 and upwards on better goods. The more expensive the quality of goods the greater the reduction.

We are overhauling our stock and cutting prices to meet the stringency of the times. Do not buy because we want to sell, but if you must buy we will save you from a dime to $1.00 on Rubber and Leather Footwear.

Staple goods are always good value. You can buy them now cheaper than some time hence. Some goods at half price. It may pay you to come and see what we are doing.

—OXO—

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

Best Haxall Flour

$4.75 per Barrel.

BEST No. 1 ONIONS, 75c. Per Bushel.

30 lb. PAILS JELLY, 4c. Per lb.

5 lb. PAILS JAM, 40c. Each.

FARLEY'S .:. CASH .:. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

Arthur M. Bertrand,

(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)

MERCHANT TAILOR.

FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

14 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dress Suits to Let.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.

20 Bags to the Ton.

No Dust.

No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.

Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office.

FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director,

All orders promptly attended to.

Warerooms, 333 Moody Street.
Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

WHY USE

ELLINGWOOD'S COUGH BALSAM?

Because It cures without delay, And cures forever and a day.

Because Each bottle the makers try, And warrant that 'twill satisfy.

Because Though worth its weight in gold, The price is small at which 'tis sold

Because Where'er you may be bound, This remedy is easily found.

Because It's winning fame in every state, From the Spindle City to the Golden Gate.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.

109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

If you have a sore arm try one of our Vaccination Shields.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Two Nights and Saturday Matinee.

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2 and 3.

Return of the big show. Greatest indoor entertainment in the world. The mammoth $100,000 Production. C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's

COUNTRY CIRCUS.

Greater, grander, more gorgeous than ever 100 people, 50 horses and ponies. A world of novelties in the ring, including the leading phenomenon, JOE DARBY, champion jumper of the world. Three big shows in one pageant, three big shows in one circus.

No advance in prices, 25, 50, 75c. and $1.

Special Children's Matinee Saturday at 2.30 p. m. Seats on sale Wednesday.

Monday, Feb. 5th.

Oscar Wilde's Play,

Lady Windermere's Fan.

Direction of Charles Frohman.

The greatest social comedy since Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

PRICES, $1.00, 75c, 50c., 35c., 25c., 10c. Seats on sale Friday at 10 a. m.

Primrose & West's

SPECTACULAR, FARCICAL ABSURDITY,

MONTE CARLO,

Presenting the famous minstrel comedians, GEORGE WILSON, assisted by the GORMAN BROTHERS (late proprietors of the Gorman Minstrels) and a host of others equally clever. The pretty faces of burlesque, the melody of grand opera, the rollicking fun of minstrelsy, and the consuming and scenic splendor of a Parisian spectacle.

Prices $1, 75c, 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats ready Monday.

BIJOU THEATRE

EDWARD C. BASCOM, Manager.

ENTIRE WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 29.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

THE GAIETY BURLESQUE CO.

20-ARTISTS.-20.

Opening with a

Mastedon Female Minstrel Performance

... MISS EVA RAYMOND, ...
In Popular Vocal Selections.
.... BRYANT AND CLEVER, ...
In a Taking Comedy Sketch.
.... DOT CLEARY, ...
In Neat Skirt Dances
.... FERGUSON AND HALE, ...
In an Irish Comedy Sketch.
.... EDDIE ODEL, ...
A Clever Contortionist.
.... CASTELLET AND HALL ....
In a Strong Musical Act.
.... CHARLES ADAMS, ...
A Funny Dutch Comedian.

The performance to conclude with a funny afterpiece, "Irish Justice," by the entire comp'y.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Music - Hall

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Nights, Miss Tucker's Society Play,

QUEENA.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday and Saturday Matinee,

Under the Gaslight,

Introducing the Imperial Quartet, re-engaged for these three nights.

SPECIAL—Miss Tucker's Photograph given on Monday and Friday nights, to every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat.

The Mikado.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Merry Opera

Will be produced by the best local talent in behalf of the SACRED HEART CHURCH,

HUNTINGTON HALL,

Tuesday, Feb. 6th.

In the cast will be Lowell's favorite singers: Misses Mabel Ware, Sylvia Burnham, Minnie E. Clifford and Adelaide Sullivan, and Messrs. D H. Hally of Waltham, James A Murphy, David A. McHugh, D. S. O'Brien, and W. B. Tyrell.

Tickets now on Sale.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852 --- CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known For particulars address: The Superior.

Great Cut in Prices

For the Next Ten Days

—AT—

YOUNG'S

GREAT

Stock Reducing Sale

111 CENTRAL ST.

39c. Tam O'Shanters, only 15c. each.

39c. Heavy Jersey Vests and Pants, 29c. each.

29c. Heavy Jersey Vests, 20c. each.

98c. Ladies' All-Wool Scarlet Vests, now 69c. each.

9 doz. Gent's Random Wool Shirts and Drawers, only 50c. each, worth 98c

Children's Merino Vests and Pants from 10c. upwards.

20c. buys a large Skein Best Scotch Yarn, well worth 30c.

Best Germantown Yarn 12½c. a skein.

50c. Corsets, all sizes, now 39c. pair.

Children's All-Wool Hose 8c. a pair; just Half Price.

20c. Large Muslin Aprons 10c. each.

Our 12½c. Large Gingham Aprons are the talk of the city.

Ladies' 10c. Fleeced Fast Black Hose 5c. a pair.

Ladies' Jerseys at prices to suit the hard Times.

39c. Jerseys, all sizes, 25c. each.

49c. Jerseys in dark colors, with Jabot Fronts, 39c. each.

Men's Merino Seamless Hose 11c. pair.

Ladies' Gauntlet Gloves 15c. a pair, regular price 39c. a pair. Hamburg Edging from 1c. a yard; an elegant line; come and see it, and lots of other bargains at the Bargain Store of Lowell,

YOUNG'S,

111 Central Street.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, FEB. 3.

SUN RISES	6 58	MOON RISES	6 03 AM
SUN SETS	5 02	FULL SEA	9 45 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	10 06		10 30 PM

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The area of the high barometer center over the middle Mississippi valley has passed off the middle Atlantic coast.

Forecast for New England: Increasing cloudiness; decidedly warmer; south winds, increasing in force.

IMPORTANT.

There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

The water board met last evening and approved bills.

Mrs. Anna Jordan of Appleton street, is visiting in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Charles W. Mayotte is attending the winter carnival in Quebec.

Patrick McCarthy of this city has received a reissue of pension.

Mrs. Effie Webster of Lynn will give tests for the spiritualists tomorrow.

Prof. Taylor of Andover will preach at the Kirk street church tomorrow.

Miss Florence Garfield of C. I. Hood's, is entertaining Miss Amy Robinson of Waltham.

About 75 residents of Pawtucketville enjoyed a sleigh ride to North Chelmsford, last evening.

Rev. F. D. George of this city has been called to the Free Baptist church at Gardiner, Me.

Officers J. B. Crowley and Frank Fox were present at the ball given by the Nashua police, last evening.

A saloon, everything but the license, on Davidson street, was sold under the sheriff's hammer this morning.

Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T., installed its officers last evening. After the exercises an entertainment was held.

Rev. Dr. D. C. Knowles, a former pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, preaches at the Centralville M. E. church tomorrow.

The Middlesex North Agricultural society held a farmers' institute meeting at Tyngsboro yesterday. The attendance was large.

A. N. Stevens' "Arthur D." will trot with "General Day," on the river, this afternoon. "General Day" is an out-of-town animal.

Rep. James Stuart Murphy was appointed a member of a committee to attend the funeral of a member of the house of representatives yesterday.

Philip Marchand who with his brother George was suspected of having broken into the house of Josephine Desrosiers in Dracut last November was arrested yesterday by Inspectors Lallamme and Allen. The boys are aged 13 and 11 years. Philip confessed.

The Belmont associates held their tenth annual re-union and banquet at the St. Charles hotel, Thursday evening, and elected the following officers: President, Horace S. Bacon; vice president, William Livingston; secretary and treasurer, Harry S. Duckworth.

The No Name Whist club met Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sherwood on Mt. Vernon street. The first prizes were won by Mr. Sherwood and Mrs. A. E. Nichols, while the second honors went to Mr. A. E. Nichols and Mrs. William Gray.

About one hundred friends of Mr. and Mr. Michael J. Cryan, called upon him last evening at their home 40 Bridge street. During the social time the host and hostess were presented a purse of money, Mr. Breen making the presentation speech. Dancing followed the serving of refreshments.

A jaded horse attached to a milk pung fell down on Central street, last night, and it took twenty minutes to get up, during which time several cars were blockaded. There must have been a crowd of 300 around the horse. When finally it was gotten up it was taken to a Centralville stable for care.

Everiste Richard has sued the Corporation St. Andre for sick benefits, which he claims he is entitled to but never received. He has retained as counsel John J. Harvey, Esq. The sick and visiting committee of the corporation will investigate the case again and unless they decide to pay the sick benefit the case will come to trial.

The Melgs' Elevated.

Joe V. Melgs of this city asked the committee on railroads yesterday for permission to construct a system of elevated roads in Boston.

Mr. Apsley In Luck.

Congressman Apsley, who represents the congressional district in which Billerica belongs, has been elected a member of the republican congressional committee. This committee will have charge of the coming congressional campaign, and Mr. Apsley feels it incumbent on him to see that Massachusetts sends as many republicans as possible to the next congress. The election is in the nature of a compliment, and is doubly so in his case, as he is a new member.

Whist Club Meeting.

The Lawrence Whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Lizzie Hallaren in Pawtucketville, the first prizes being won by Miss Nellie Flynn and Miss Lilian Smith. Refreshments were partaken of at 11 o'clock, after which songs were sung by Miss Nellie Flynn, Miss Dollie LeClaire, Miss Emma Murdock, and a banjo solo and song by Mr. M. Kennedy. The party broke up in the early hours of the morning after having spent an enjoyable evening. The next meeting of the club will take place on Feb. 15, at the home of Miss Nellie Flynn.

HIS MEMORY SACRED.

Wrong Impression Taken From the Story Of Mr. Spaleny.

In relation to the death of Augustus Spaleny, the surviving family say that many misstatements have been made about his life and habits that are either wrong or create the wrong impression. First of all the children had done all they could to have him come and live with them but without avail. The house on Myrtle street was his home, he said, and he would not leave it. As to his leaving much property they say that this is wrong, he owned only a little property, a small part of the amount credited to him. They say also that he had resided here fully 40 years, not 14, and had been a voter many years. He was a musician of considerable note, and had always lived a upright, manly life, well liked by his neighbors and acquaintances. The family regret that his closing days should have been such as they were but there is no reason on their part why he should not have made his home with them and enjoyed a comfortable, peaceful decline. The daughters who reside in Connecticut are in this city, and will return to their homes on Monday. The funeral of Mr. Spaleny occurred today and interment was in the Edson cemetery.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 53 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

HEARING ON THE REGULATION OF BICYCLES.

Death of Robert C. Brown—The Third Member to Die—Bill to Regulate the Sale of Liquor.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—The committee on cities gave a hearing upon Senator Durant's bill to regulate the speed of bicycles in cities and towns of over 1000 inhabitants. City Solicitor Pevey said that any changes that were deemed advisable would be accepted without objection; all that was wanted was to protect the public and at the same time be fair with the riders. Senator Singer said the committee were satisfied that some legislation was needed.

Chief Consul Perkins of the Massachusetts League of American Wheelmen said that the bicyclists did not object to any reasonable legislation. They would accept willingly an act regulating the speed of bicycles to 10 miles an hour in public streets, but they feel that eight miles an hour, especially in country towns, is too slow. The Cambridge ordinance, fixing the rate at eight miles an hour, is all right for cities.

The provision in the bill that bicycles shall not go faster than three miles an hour in streets where there is a civic funeral or military procession, Mr. Perkins said, was absurd. He strongly objected to lanterns, as more likely to cause confusion and accidents than to prevent them. He did not object to a law forbidding riding on sidewalks, but thought that the trouble with the proposed bill is that it is too complicated, and a rider would not know whether he were breaking the law or not. Mr. Perkins will present to the committee a draft of a bill that will suit the wheelmen, and the committee will make up a bill themselves if necessary.

The third member of the legislature to die is Robert C. Brown of Taunton, who passed away of brain fever. Deceased was only 27 years of age. He was a lawyer by profession and the son of a lawyer. Representative Brown was born in Taunton, and graduated at the Boston university law school in 1890. He was a member of last year's house and served on the judiciary committee, to which he was reappointed by Speaker Meyer. He was a partner of Lloyd E. White, recently appointed district attorney for the southern district.

Mr. Gray introduced a bill to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage except through public agencies. The bill provides for the appointment by the governor of a liquor commission, to consist of three men, to hold office three years, two years and one year, respectively; the chairman will be termed the liquor manager; the annual question for the people will not be "Shall licenses be granted?" but "Shall liquor be sold?" No licenses shall hereafter be granted except sixth class. The liquor commissioners shall furnish and open one or more places where the vote is "Yes;" not more than one place to each 1000 inhabitants. The liquor commission appoints trusty local liquor agents. The sum of $75,000 is hereby appropriated for the purposes of this act.

SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

Is Mentioned as an Available Piece of Presidential Timber.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Hon. Thomas C. Carter, chairman of the Republican national committee, was yesterday asked if the northwest would present a candidate at the next Republican presidential convention.

"Well," replied the ex-congressman from Montana, "the friends of ex-Senator Spooner of Wisconsin speak of him as a strong candidate, who is thoroughly identified with the interests of the northwest. His name will no doubt receive favorable consideration."

An Exciting Scene.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Pedestrians on Tremont street last evening were startled to see a horse and empty sleigh flying down the street. When the team reached the corner of Winter street it swerved and continued its career on the sidewalk, which was crowded. A number of persons were injured. After receiving medical treatment at the drug stores in the vicinity many were sent to the city hospital.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Another case of smallpox was found in Roxbury (Boston).

Boston borrowed $1,000,000 for nine months at 3 per cent interest.

Christopher Donovan was found dead in a brook at Watertown, Mass.

John Morey was drowned at New York while trying to board a moving ferryboat.

Patrick McLaughlin, 70 years old, hanged himself at the state almshouse at Providence.

William D. Brewer, a Boston lawyer, became suddenly insane as a result of an attack of the grip.

Peter Redpath of Montreal, a merchant and an educational philanthropist, has died at Chislehurst, Eng.

The American ship Louisiana, long overdue at San Francisco, has been reported 700 miles off shore.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken steps to stop the sale of "chameleons."

The New Haven Law and Order league has petitioned the courts to investigate charges of corrupt practices by the prosecuting attorney.

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E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The swindler who worked a young woman for $20 and an umbrella on Tyler street a few days ago did the same thing at Fitchburg Thursday, getting $16 from a poor woman. The fellow got away.

The participants in the Spanish dance at the kermiss, together with friends were entertained Thursday evening by Miss Nellie Hicks of Royal street. Prof. Baril entertained the company with several feats of legerdemain, and games were played and refreshments served.

A series of practical talks has been arranged by the Y. M. C. A. The subjects, speakers and dates are: Feb. 13, Rev. W. J. Yarrow, "On the carboniferous age;" Feb. 28, Rev. R. G. Seymour, "Work;" Mar. 7, Rev. Hugh Montgomery, "Missions, as I saw them in Europe during the summer of 1893;" Mar. 14, Rev. W. T. Leland, "The glacial or ice period;" Mar. 28, Rev. H. W. O. Millington, "Character building."

A Sad Case.

Dr. Ricker was called with the ambulance to the club room of the Pawtucketville Social club, where Thomas Conley, a young man about 20 years of age, had been living for three days in a very ill condition. Conley, it seems, was out of work and without money or a home, called at the club room a few days ago, knowing some of the members and asked if he might rest. The members taking pity on him made him a comfortable bed and furnished him with food, and some whiskey which they thought might cure his cold. The following day he went out but came back again and practically lived there for three days, the members doing all in their power to aid him. Last evening his condition became so bad that after a consultation the members decided to call the ambulance. Conley hails from Lewiston Me., and is now at St. John's hospital in critical condition.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

Democrats In the Legislature Refrain From Debating.

The democratic members of the legislature have refrained from taking part in the debate on the women's suffrage bill, preferring to leave the talking with the republicans. The democrats are opposed to the bill and will vote against it on principle. There is no doubt that should the bill pass, there will be more democrats than republicans qualified vote. This would be especially so in this city, as may be seen from the school-committee contest last year. It will be remembered that the women whose sympathies were with the republican party began to register early, and had quite a lead on their democratic friends. However in three days the democrats got out more women voters than the republicans did in two weeks.

The republicans of the legislature refused to allow the bill to be submitted to male voters, in order to obtain their will in the matter. An amendment to submit to the male voters and as many women voters as might be registered at a certain date, was likewise defeated by the republicans. Is not the principle of referendum involved here, and does it not show that these same republican legislators lack confidence in the intelligence of the people, who are privileged to vote?

W. J. Baker
North Pembroke, Mass.

After the Grip

Relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla Wonderful and Permanent.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I had kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, which was brought about by a cold contracted while in camp at Blanfield in 1862. I have been troubled more or less since that time and have been unable to do any heavy work, much less any lifting. I received only temporary relief from medicines. Last spring I had an attack of the grip, which left me with

A Bad Cough, Very Weak

physically, in fact my system was completely run down. I tried a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel so much better that I continued taking it, and have taken six bottles. It has done wonders for me, as I have not been so free from my old pains and troubles since the war. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a God-sent blessing to the suffering." WILLIAM J. BAKER, North Pembroke, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

POLICE COURT.

Week Is Brought to a Close in a Quiet Way.

Two drunks.

Philip Marchand, the boy who confessed to having broken into the trunk of Josephine Desrosiers last Novembers was held in $100 until Feb. 9.

Eugene Forget forgot to pay his board and was charged with illegally removing baggage. He was placed on probation.

After the Scamp.

It is thought that the man who swindled a girl out of $20 on Tyler street last week is under arrest in Fall River. Inspector Lallamme went to Fall River today with the young lady who was swindled to see if she can identify him.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

One Reason Why You Should Trade With Us.

22 lbs. best granulated sugar for $1.00. Think of it, saving you eleven per cent. on goods always sold at cost by the general trade. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 55 Central St.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

HARD TIMES!

MUST ECONOMIZE!

These statements voiced by all Women are the best economists; they do the shopping because they recognize bargains the quickest.

Chalifoux's Ladies' Shoe Parlor

—AND—

Men's and Children's Shoe Depts.

Are crowded daily in consequence of

CHALIFOUX'S SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARING SALE

The item of footwear forms no inconsiderable portion of the family expense account, and a saving of twenty to thirty per cent. on the purchase price is a great attraction to shoe buyers. Thousands are taking advantage of this sale.

Our Shoes Fit Right.

Hence NO ACHES, NO CORNS, NO BUNIONS. Every Shoe perfect, correct in style and perfect in fit. If any doubt of this statement exists, personal investigation will conclusively prove otherwise.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.

Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

18 CHURCH STREET.

The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'f'g Co., 158-170 Middle St.

JOHN B. COLEMAN

Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

ROOM 7, POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

CUT PRICES

—ON—

STREET AND STABLE BLANKETS

TO REDUCE STOCK.

LOOK AT OUR $9.00 HARNESS.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

We are now Inventorying and when completed we shall offer Bargains that will interest every reader of this paper. For this week we shall offer PARLOR STOVES at prices that will not cover the cost, as we need money and want to close out our stock of stoves at some prices. A few more Quilts at the same low figures of last week. Special Sale on Pictures and Easels for this week. Do not pass by without calling.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

PANTS,

Trousers, Breeches,

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL MASS.

PANTALOONS.

Call them what you will, they will still be sold lower here than elsewhere. Yes, on some qualities it may be only 5c. or 10c. a pair, and on the better grades 50c. to $1.00 a pair; but then it is a saving, and with the present scarcity of employment you should economize to the single penny's worth. We have three LEADERS for SATURDAY in Young Men's and Men's sizes.

1 Lot Fine All-wool Pants $1.75, actually worth $3.00 a pair.

1 Lot extra quality Fancy Cassimeres, $3 95 a pair, Shuman's custom made, worth $6.00.

1 Lot Fine Fancy Worsteds, in stripes and checks, $2.98, worth $5.00.

1 Lot Boys' Knee Pants, strictly all-wool nobby, fancy Cassimeres, regular $1.00 goods, for SATURDAY and MONDAY 50c. a pair, at

MERRIMACK CORNER, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

FROM A DIME TO A DOLLAR.

—xOx—

Only a Dime is worth saving on a Pair of Rubbers, 25c. to $1 and upwards on better goods. The more expensive the quality of goods the greater the reduction.

We are overhauling our stock and cutting prices to meet the stringency of the times. Do not buy because we want to sell, but if you must buy we will save you from a dime to $1.00 on Rubber and Leather Footwear.

Staple goods are always good value. You can buy them now cheaper than some time hence. Some goods at half price. It may pay you to come and see what we are doing.

—oxo—

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

Best Haxall Flour

$4.75 per Barrel.

BEST No. 1 ONIONS, 75c. Per Bushel.

30 lb. PAILS JELLY, 4c. Per lb.

5 lb. PAILS JAM, 40c. Each.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

Arthur M. Bertrand,

(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)

MERCHANT TAILOR.

FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

14 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dress Suits to Let.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office.

FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director,

All orders promptly attended to.

Warerooms, 333 Moody Street.
Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

WHY USE ELLINGWOOD'S COUGH BALSAM?

Because It cures without delay, And cures forever and a day.
Because Each bottle the makers try, And warrant that 'twill satisfy.
Because Though worth its weight in gold, The price is small at which 'tis sold.
Because Where'er you may be bound, This remedy is easily found.
Because It's winning fame in every state, From the Spindle City to the Golden Gate.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.

109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

If you have a sore arm try one of our Vaccination Shields.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily going to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Two Nights and Saturday Matinee.

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2 and 3.

Return of the big show. Greatest indoor entertainment in the world. The marvelous $100,000 Production. C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's

COUNTRY CIRCUS.

Greater, grander, more gorgeous than ever 100 people, 50 horses and ponies. A world of novelties in the ring, including the leaping phenomenon, JOE DAILEY, champion jumper of the world. Three big shows in one pageant, three big shows in one circus.

No advance in prices, 25, 50, 75c. and $1.

Special Children's Matinee Saturday at 2.30 p. m. Seats on sale Wednesday.

Monday, Feb. 5th.

Oscar Wilde's Play,

Lady Windermere's Fan.

Direction of Charles Frohman.

The greatest social comedy since Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

PRICES, $1.00, 75c, 50c., 35c., 25c., 10c. Seats on sale Friday at 10 a. m.

Primrose & West's

SPECTACULAR, FARCICAL ABSURDITY,

MONTE CARLO,

Presenting the famous minstrel comedians, GEORGE WILSON, assisted by the GORMAN BROTHERS (late proprietors of the Georgia Minstrels) and a host of others equally clever. The pretty faces of burlesque, the melody of grand opera, the rollicking fun of minstrelsy, and the consuming and scenic splendor of a Parisian spectacle.

Prices $1, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats ready Monday.

BIJOU THEATRE

EDWARD C. BASCOM, Manager.

ENTIRE WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 29.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

THE GAIETY BURLESQUE CO.

20-ARTISTS.-20.

Opening with a

Mastedon Female Minstrel Performance

....MISS EVA RAYMOND,....
In Popular Vocal Selections.
....BRYANT AND CLEVER,....
In a Talking Comedy Sketch.
....DOT CLEARY,....
In Neat Skirt Dances.
....FERGUSON AND HALE,....
In an Irish Comedy Sketch.
....EDDIE ODELL,....
A Clever Contortionist.
....CASTELLET AND HALL....
In a Strong Musical Act.
....CHARLES ADAMS,....
A Funny Dutch Comedian.

The performance to conclude with a funny afterpiece, "Irish Justice," by the entire comp'y.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Music - Hall

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Nights, Miss Tucker's Society Play,

QUEENA.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday and Saturday Matinee,

Under the Gaslight,

Introducing the Imperial Quartet, re-engaged for these three nights.

SPECIAL—Miss Tucker's Photograph given on Monday and Friday nights, to every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat.

The Mikado.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Merry Opera

Will be produced by the best local talent in behalf of the SACRED HEART CHURCH,

HUNTINGTON HALL,

Tuesday, Feb. 6th.

In the cast will be Lowell's favorite singers: Misses Mabel Ward, Sylvia Burnham, Minnie E. Clifford and Adelaide Sullivan, and Messrs. D. H. Baily of Waltham, James A. Murphy, David A. McHugh, D. S. O'Brien, and W. B. Tyrell.

Tickets now on Sale.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. - - - CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

Great Cut in Prices

For the Next Ten Days

AT

YOUNG'S

GREAT

Stock Reducing Sale

111 CENTRAL ST.

39c. Tam O'Shanters, only 15c. each.

39c. Heavy Jersey Vests and Pants, 29c. each.

29c. Heavy Jersey Vests, 20c. each.

98c. Ladies' All-Wool Scarlet Vests, now 69c. each.

9 doz. Gent's Random Wool Shirts and Drawers, only 50c. each, worth 98c.

Children's Merino Vests and Pants from 10c. upwards.

20c. buys a large Skein Best Scotch Yarn, well worth 30c.

Best Germantown Yarn 12½c. a skein.

50c. Corsets, all sizes, now 39c. pair.

Children's All-Wool Hose 8c. a pair; just Half Price.

20c. Large Muslin Aprons 10c. each.

Our 12½c. Large Gingham Aprons are the talk of the city.

Ladies' 10c. Fleeced Fast Black Hose 5c. a pair.

Ladies' Jerseys at prices to suit the hard Times.

39c. Jerseys, all sizes, 25c. each.

49c. Jerseys in dark colors, with Jabot Fronts, 39c. each.

Men's Merino Seamless Hose 11c. pair.

Ladies' Gauntlet Gloves 18c. a pair, regular price 39c. a pair. Hamburg Edging from 1c. a yard; an elegant line; come and see it, and lots of other bargains at the Bargain Store of Lowell,

YOUNG'S,

111 Central Street.

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXI. NO. 53. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

LIKE WAR

900 Armed Men March Over Virginia's Border.

SHERIFF AND POSSE WAIT FOR THEM WITH WEAPONS.

If the Forces Meet There Will be Bloodshed.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Feb. 3. The Montgomery miners are marching with a force estimated at from 300 to 500, on Stevens' coal mines at Acme, to make the miners quit work.

Sheriff Silman is on the spot with an armed posse. Reliable information received here states that the miners employed in the Stevens mines turned out at 4 p. m. yesterday nearly 300 strong, all armed, and prepared to meet the approaching strikers.

Two carloads of strikers from the mines above Montgomery, armed with winchesters, came to Mouth Creek yesterday and started for the mines on foot about 6 p. m.

The miners who went up the Cabin creek road to Acme by the train which carried the sheriff's party numbered 300 men. They came down on 12 crowded gondolas from Montgomery and points above, and reliable information states that all were armed with rifles, pistols, shotguns and winchesters.

Five hundred armed men crossed the mountains en route for Acme from Powellton and other points. This raises the number to nearly 900 men.

It is impossible to secure news of what has occurred.

PEOPLE WILL SUFFER.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE OPERATION OF WILSON BILL.

English Journals Believe the Present Delay in Passing the Bill Will Demand a Reconsideration of It.

By Cable to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 3. The Standard says this morning of the passage of the Wilson bill:

"The pressure of the people's sufferings ought to bear down any opposition that the senate may attempt to organize against the Wilson bill. We hope that those sanguine persons are right, and hope that the bill will be passed in February."

MAN DROPS DEAD.

He Was at Work Shovelling Snow on Wamesit Street.

This afternoon William Hyde, an elderly resident of Wamesit street, fell dead while engaged in shovelling snow in his yard. He fell on a pile of snow and was later found by two young men. Dr. O'Connor was called but life had fled.

FROM THE WIRE.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

Price Lee (colored) of Danbridge, Tenn., killed his wife, yesterday, by crushing her skull with an axe and then almost severing her head. In attempting to evade his pursuers he jumped into French Broad river and was drowned.

Ex-Vice President Leonard of the defunct Santa Clara (Cal.) bank, was arrested, yesterday, the grand jury having returned an indictment against him for embezzlement. The total amount taken by Leonard is said to be $173,000.

LABOR NEWS.

Several committees of the city government meet this evening to approve bills.

Mr. Donahoe, the first small pox patient, was discharged from the hospital today, cured.

Messrs. Michael Dooley and James Lane of Lawrence were in this city yesterday, the guests of Messrs. Edward O'Donnell and John Hanlon.

A lady named Mrs. Conners residing in Warren court slipped and fell this morning on Warren street and injured her leg.

George N. Hancock of Denver, Col., has been called east to attend the funeral of his mother-in-law at Reading. Today he is the guest of Mr. George E. Putnam in this city.

Property owners of Little Canada, and D. Laporte in particular, have a grievance. Somebody has a diamond glass-cutter and has been destroying window glass. Vigilant property owners and Officer Lennon are on the lookout for the vandal.

Wednesday next will be Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the Lenten season, on which the ashes will be distributed. Masses will be celebrated in the Catholic churches in the morning and forenoon of that day, and in the evening vespers will be celebrated with sermon and benediction of the blessed sacrament.

Those buildings in Coolidge street, Little Canada, which have been built on corporation lands and which the companies order vacated, belonging to Landlord Harris, who owns so many structures in that section, are to be removed. The two large ones will be cut in two, to make four small blocks, and will be removed to Pawtucket and Aiken streets. Cotton sheds will be built on their present site.

Can Use Memorial Hall.

The lands and buildings committee held a brief session yesterday forenoon and voted to allow the Waubatchi Command Union Veterans' Union, the use of Memorial hall. After the meeting the committee visited the school houses of the city.

The street committee meet this afternoon and the First street extension may be considered.

SOME PERTINENT TALK.

HOW A YOUNG MAN'S TALENT WAS WELL RECOGNIZED.

He Turns His Hand to Newspaper Work and Outstrips the Veterans and Outwits a Dozen of Gotham's Detectives—Some Opinions on Other Interesting Matters.

A well known young man about town—that is he used to be about town—who recently disappeared from view and showed up a few weeks ago in the train of a theatrical company, told a pretty good romance of his wanderings. He is gifted with "gab" to an abnormal degree and so his romance was taken by his friends with more than the traditional grain of salt.

To tell it very much after his own style will give the story flavor: "Well," said he, "I was a little strapped so I went out to H—— and went into the theatrical business. I had pretty good luck in the summer and when business was good I made $1200. But business got bad again and I lost nearly all the $1200.

"I was getting tired of the town so I thought I'd go to New York. I blew into town and lived on champagne for quite a while. Then I found that my money did not hold out so I had to make a living somehow. I went to the Hoffman house and got a room; then I thought I'd try newspaper work for a while. I sailed over to the World office and went right up to the editor's room."

"I said to him 'I'm a student and want to go to work on your paper doing police court. I can do it and you want a good man in that line of work.'

"Said the editor to me 'I'll put your name on the list.'

"I said: 'Now, Mr. Editor, you know that won't do; I'm hard up; I've got to work to get money to buy my meals; you can give me a trial right away.'

"The editor said: 'Well, we have enough legal reporters just at present, and I don't know as we can use you.'"

"I said 'you must, because I can do good work.'

"Then the editor asked 'Where are you stopping?'

"I said 'At the Hoffman.'

"'Well, I'll tell you what to do,' said the editor, 'you go to the hotel cross the street, recross it and then write me a column of it.'"

"I said 'all right' and I went over to the Hoffman. I crossed the street, and didn't see anything; I recrossed it and didn't see anything. I tell you I was discouraged, so I went to the barroom and got some encouragement.

"I crossed and recrossed the street again and didn't see anything; again I got encouragement in the barroom. I went out again and crossed and recrossed the street; again more encouragement.

"The next time I crossed the street I thought I saw something and after more encouragement in the barroom I was certain I saw something. I took more encouragement, and crossed and recrossed the street seven or eight times; then I ordered a bottle of brandy and cigars and went up to my room.

"I sat down and dashed off a column and a half story; then I put out the light and turned in.

"The next morning I took the story down to the World office and gave it to the editor. He said he would look it over. I didn't believe it would amount to anything as I simply dashed it off and forgot to read what I had written.

"That afternoon I bought a World and there was the story under a big heading. I was surprised I can tell you, but I went down to the office and talked with the editor.

"He said it was a pretty good story, and had been copied by all the papers. 'You'll do!' so he assigned me to the police court work, and to work up the cases where the police wouldn't give out any information. I ran down a great case where there were twelve detectives chasing a man. I knew all about the case and where the man was, so I said to the editor, 'I can hunt that man up and give you a big 'scoop' on it.' The editor replied, 'Then you'd better take hold of the case; don't spare any expense, and give us the details.'

"I know I had a hard case, so I drew $500 and started after the man who was in Chicago. I knew the detectives, but they didn't know me, so I outwitted them. I got pretty 'chummy' and blew in a pile of cash getting familiar; but I got the story and when the detectives landed their man the World was the only paper to have the story.

"While I was out in Chicago I incidentally looked over the World's Fair, and I didn't hurry either, for the paper was paying the bills.

"When I came back to New York, the editor said: 'That's a pretty good piece of work you did; we'll use you again.' So a little later he wanted me to 'write up' a cattle steamer. The paper was to make all the arrangements and the office gave me five hundred dollars. I was to sail on a certain day. When the day came I went to the steamer and found that the paper had failed to make arrangements. The captain, who was a very nice chap, said he was sorry he couldn't take me. Of course I told him I didn't want him to do anything wrong, and I would not bother him. I dined with him and had a jolly time. When I returned to my hotel I wrote to the editor and told him the circumstances returning the $500. I did not want to impose upon the paper after its kindness. Then as there was no imporant business to do I came home."

***

There is a barber not far from the post office who is an artist in arranging an improvised chair. Having had occasion for sometime to form a temporary makeshift for a chair he finally became very skilful in supplementing the form of the customer with a backing of pillows and cushions which followed the curvature of the spine, the roundness of the shoulders, the easy bend of the limbs and the support of the head. Indeed the chairs were so easy that customers who settled down in them fell asleep right away and many after waking wanted to buy the chair that had such a power to lure sweet slumbers. This barber thus evolved the idea of constructing a sleeping chair, one in which the most sleepless mind will sink in sweetest slumbers. This gentleman intends to apply for a patent on some of his sleep producing chairs and as he is yet a Young man if he continues to evolve new ideas in the form of easy chairs he may be wealthy before he dyes.

***

Mr. T. C—— of Belvidere is not a pugilist, he never trained as a boxer, but he is not unacquainted with the weight of a stove or the secret of making out a good plumbing bill in the winter when the pipes get frozen. But he is remarkably well informed on the subject of prize fighting. There is hardly a fighter of any prominence in the country whose record he cannot repeat verbatim and he is sought by many of the sporting fraternity for his views on the merits of boxers, light and heavy weights, and upon the probable outcome of pending challenges. The men who want to bet on a fight usually get his opinion before placing their bets. His memory on such matters is good and his judgment is better.

***

There is now a desire among some young ladies to take up kindergarten work at the kindergarten training school. A good story is told by Supt. Whitcomb of an applicant for admission—her name was not mentioned of course—who gave as proof of her qualification the fact that she belonged to a very large family and would therefore have a sort of intimate knowledge of kindergarten work. The superintendent did not seem to catch her idea and the lady soon disappeared.

***

The popularity of manual training with the boys in the highest grammar grade of each school is surprising. No matter how distant their homes within the city limits they arrive punctually on time usually at 7 o'clock and work till 9 with the closest attention to their business. Each pupil has an exercise to perform—they do not all work upon the same exercise at the same time—and each makes a drawing indicating what is to be done. Each exercise embodies a principle such as the making of a joint, wood splicing, dovetailing, etc., and in each different tools are usually required. Thus any complete exercise comprises first the drawing which must be neat and accurate, next the application of the various tools required and finally the test or measurement as to accuracy. During the process of the work many problems arise requiring the exercise of the judgment, close observation and manual dexterity. All these are developed in manual training and hence the branch is as truly educational as is the study of arithmetic or geometry. Parents of pupils should call at the old city hall any evening and see how the work progresses. They will be surprised to find their boys making such rapid progress.

***

Why this hurrah over the "popular interest in Shakespeare?" Why this pointing a moral to managers and critics? "Henry VIII," is now given in sumptuous manner at the Tremont Theatre. Who is the hero: Shakespeare or the stage carpenter?—Journal.

Irving and Miss Terry are people of great social prestige. Miss Terry shows more real art than does the great theatrical star in whose rays she is allowed to bask. Irving as a tragedian is a pronounced failure. His voice is weak, his face is almost a blank so far as expression goes, and his action is of the most common place kind. In his Henry VIII. when he played Cardinal Wolsey he had one of the finest opportunities for a display of talent in Wolsey's soliloquy on his fall from greatness. The speech is perhaps the finest in the language and although Irving exerted himself in it he did not attain anything like the distinct and pronounced effect of voice and action usually achieved by great tragedians in impassioned Irving is more of a fad than most people imagine. The scenic effects produced are gorgeous and but for these the rendition of some of of Shakespeare's finest inspirations as given by Irving would fall flat.

BOWLING NEWS.

The Lowell Highlands bowled and were defeated in a very close game on the Oxford alleys at Lynn, last night. It was a game where the last box was necessary to decide the contest. The margin for the Oxford's victory was eight pins. The score was as follow:

OXFORDS.				Totals.
Keene	152	172	141	465
Conner	140	140	158	438
Hay	213	161	148	522
Purrington	139	176	219	534
Lord	160	159	153	472
Totals	804	808	819	2431
LOWELL HIGHLANDS				
Shaw	148	147	175	470
Anderson	161	166	136	463
Chandler	180	164	161	505
Cheney	172	164	157	493
Hartwell	177	153	162	492
Totals	838	794	791	2423

In the Vesper schedule last night these scores were made:

Team Three—Bean 429, Holmes 489, Mitchell 452, Battles 422, Kimball 364, total 2151.

Team Two—Leigh 420, J. K. Whittier 489, Sidebottom 369, Corner 360, Murkland 360, total 1998.

The Lowells defeated a picked team from the Highlands last night, in a game of high scores, as follows:

Lowells—McCurdy 522, Kerwin 458, French 447, Swift 496, Murray 488, total 2411.

Highland Juniors—Morse 473, Smith 454, Peabody 526, Brown 498, Dickerman 468, total 2339.

Capt. Conant's team fought a hard game against Team Five in the L. C. A. A. schedule last night and was defeated, even while J. B. Swift put up a score of 557.

Team Five—Clogston, 460; Sherwood, 451; Grant, 464; Butcher, 412; Comber, 451; total, 2238.

Team Four—Swift, 557; Conant, 445; Edwards, 439; Myers, 427; Illsley, 305; total, 2173.

The Bankers in teams Six and Three fought out a lively match yesterday and the latter won by a margin of 112 pins. The scores were:

Team Six—L. H. Swift 442, G. Coburn 372, F. Coburn 441, Perley 300, total 1553.

Team Three—Murphy 471, Gibson 355, Hurd 417, Butterfield 424, total 1667.

A team from the Highland club defeated a picked team from the Melrose club, on the Boylston alleys in Boston last night, with fair scores as follows:

Highlands—Sturtevant 457, Kirby 510, Saunders 471, Paulint 402, Ela 460; total, 2300.

Melrose—Bruce 548, Burnham 397, Evans 387, Dennison 441, Tilston 454; total, 2224.

The big cry of the bowlers around town is "Give us an inter club tournament on Les Miserables' alleys." Early in the season THE SUN said a tournament would be started to be known as a "city tournament" for local championship, the league teams to be debarred. It is probable that at the end of the L. C. A. A. tournament the city tournament will be started. The Lowell, Pastimes, Highland juniors, Vesper juniors, Miserables juniors, L. C. A. A., Raleigh and police teams are ready to enter.

It would be possible to make the tournament lively by arranging the schedule so that each team meets each of its opponents in two games. This plan is being carried out in the L. C. A. A. tournament and is very successful. When one team is defeated by another in the first round the defeated team makes up its mind to defeat the victorious team on the second round. This plan does away with the one sideness, for a strong team in the first half is pretty certain of falling in the second. If the membership of the city tournament should include a number of teams, the schedule could be arranged for four teams to bowl each night.

Dan Donohoe has a three string total of 584 on Miserables alleys, and Frank Rawson holds the single string total of 228.

The Waverleys defeated the Salems on the Hyde Park alleys last night in a league match, 2340 to 2129. Four of the Salem men were under 423, and only Hull bowled in decent form with 476.

The Miserables attributed waxed alleys as the cause of their defeat Wednesday at Roxbury. The same trouble prevailed at their previous defeat. The Vespers bowled on waxed alleys at Newton Thursday night and won with big scores. The league rules prohibit wax and a kick was made on the Lowell alleys, yet other clubs are permitted to violate the rule.

LATEST

DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Walter Johnson Shoots a Pretty Young Woman.

HE THEN TURNS THE REVOLVER ON HIMSELF.

Jilting is Said to Have Turned Johnson's Mind.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 3. A horrible double tragedy was enacted this forenoon in the apartment over Doll & Richard's store on Park street, near the Park street church. One of the victims was Walter Johnson, a prominent young resident of Gloucester and the other was Miss Andrews, a prepossessing young woman of Essex, Mass.

The scene of the tragedy was in the room used by Mrs. Clara E. Munger as a music room, and in it at the time were a number of young women who were waiting to take their music lesson.

Among the number was Miss Andrews. Suddenly the door opened and Johnson came in. He went directly to Miss Andrews and drawing a revolver from his pocket shot her in the head.

Miss Andrews fell and then Johnson placed the revolver against his own head and shot himself.

The frightened occupants of the room rushed into the street. The officers came and found Johnson cold in death. To ensure his death he had taken a razor and dismembered his left hand. Miss Andrews died in a few minutes.

Johnson was a prominent young man of Gloucester. It is said he was refused by Miss Andrews in his offer of marriage, and the jilting turned his brain. Miss Andrews is highly spoken of.

USED A REVOLVER.

YOUNG BLOOD OF CHARLESTOWN CHARGED WITH SHOOTING.

Held in $1000 to Await the Action of the Grand Jury—Pistol Balls Had Hit Three Persons.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 3. Carl Dinsmore of 27 Adams street, Charlestown, appeared in the Charlestown district court, this morning, charged with assault with a loaded revolver on Charles O'Flannagan, Annie Mauley and Margaret Donahue.

It is alleged by the police that Dinsmore sat in the window of his home on Adams street and shot the above named persons when they passed the corner of Mt. Vernon and Chelsea streets.

The mysterious shooting aroused all the energies of the Charlestown police department, and after several days' work they decided that Dinsmore was the shooter.

His arrest was made yesterday. This morning he pleaded not guilty to the charge and was held in $1000 for the grand jury.

WILL REJECT BILL.

Senate is Likely to Kill Income Tax Measure.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3. The poll of the U. S. senate indicates that the income tax will be stricken from the tariff bill by a small majority. Several of the senators are out of the city and a few who are here could not be found yesterday. In many cases senators have been able to state with absolute certainty how the absentees will vote, and they have been put down accordingly.

DESPERATE CONVICTS FREE.

They Overpowered the Jailer While He Was Feeding Them.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

VIRGINIA, Ill., Feb. 3. Jailer Alex. Robison of the county jail went into the corridor surrounding the cells with the evening meal last night, and as he stepped inside the first grated door he was overpowered by three desperate characters, James Bennett and John Garrett, charged with highway robbery at Beardstown, and Joseph Brown, forger. All three made their escape.

GOV. AMES ALIVE.

Rumor of His Death Became Prevalent in Boston Today.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 3. There was a report generally circulated today that ex-Governor Ames was dead. The story had no confirmation as Mr. Ames is all right.

OUR THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE—The Country Circus drew a large audience last night and it gave an excellent performance throughout, the ring specialties being enthusiastically received. Tonight, there is another performance which should not be missed.

Monday evening "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be given. This is a society drama which last season took New York by storm. It has been pronounced one of the greatest dramas of its kind by prominent critics.

BIJOU THEATRE.—Owing to a disbandment of the company engaged next week the theatre will be closed.

A Flattering Offer.

Dr. Sara J. Williams has received the very flattering offer to become head physician of the Child's hospital of New York located on Staten Island, which position she will occupy until June 1st. During this period she will make a special study of diseases of children and do other post-graduate work while in New York, returning to her office in Central block at the above date. Her large circle of friends wish her all success and will welcome her return to Lowell.

Will be No Shut Down.

Stevens & Son's mills at Haverhill will not shut down, but there will be a reduction in wages. The employes are much pleased with the new turn of affairs. The mills have been running for some time with about half a complement of hands, but next Monday the number will be increased to 150, being the same as employed in good times.

Who does your printing? The Sun job print would do it well and save you money.

A RUNAWAY BOY.

TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE COUNTRY CIRCUS.

He Finds Himself Miles From Home Without the Means to Return—Another Instance Where All That Glitters is not Gold.

There is always some kind of a story connected with a circus, or a show like a circus and the "Country Circus" which is here now furnishes a little story with runaway boys as principals. The circus always has attractions for youngsters and in every town there are to be found youths who become stage and circus struck.

When the "Country Circus" showed in Washington recently three boys who saw it were fascinated by the splendor of the last act. Two lived in Washington, the other in Baltimore. When the show left Washington two weeks ago these three boys left with it, running away from home. They boarded the cars in which the animals are transported and applied for a "job." They claim, or at least one of them claims, that they were promised work.

They staid with the company doing odd jobs, until yesterday, when they reached Lowell. While here, one of them, Conrad Neaman, aged 16 years of Washington, was told by the man who has charge of the horses, to get out of the car and not go near it again. This was a hard blow for the boy who has no money or friends.

He met a SUN reporter whom he told a story which, if true, shows hard experience. He said he was given hopes of getting a job, and went with the company cleaning horses and cars, and sleeping in the cars, and sometimes in a stable. For pay, for the two weeks, young Neaman said he received not over 75 cents. Some days the boss would give him 10 cents, but never more than 25 cents. He could not write home as the show played to one night stands, and as he was kept working all the time. The best meal he had had since going with the circus was a plate of beans and a cup of coffee. In regard to his trouble here in Lowell he said that he was cleaning out a car, and his hands were numb with the cold. Going to where there was a stove he sat down to warm his hands, and was told to get out and not come near the place again. His breakfast and dinner yesterday consisted of four rolls. The boy admits that he was never hired to work on the cars. He was in a sad plight yesterday afternoon when Daniel F. Carey, the well known horse clipper of Church street heard his story. Mr. Carey taking pity on the lad gave him some old clothes, food and a night's lodging. The boy is now waiting for a chance to get home. His two companions are content with their lot and are willing to follow the show.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Catherine Provost took place this morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church in Graniteville, where a high mass of requiem was offered up by Rev. Fr. Shaw. The funeral was very well attended and there were several floral offerings. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery in this city.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hogan will take place tomorrow afternoon.

The funeral of Elizabeth Sweeney took place this morning from her late home, 1 George street. The remains were taken to St. Peter's church where a high mass of requiem was celebrated at 9 o'clock. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William P. Phelps, the artist, met with a serious accident at his residence at Chetham, N. H., recently. While going down cellar, carrying a lamp, he fell and fractured two ribs. He managed to crawl up stairs, where he lay on the floor for some time in great agony, as he was alone in the house at the time.

Miss Helen Montgomery, daughter of Rev. Hugh Montgomery, has accepted the position of teacher of languages at Bernston academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Phelps, (the latter born Miss Grace E. Besse) of Dorchester, are happy over the advent of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Putnam and Mr. James Bayles sail next Wednesday for the West Indies to be gone a month.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Isabella Dean, aged 28 years, died yesterday at her home, 218 Lawrence street. She leaves a husband and one child.

Mrs. Ruth W. Smith, aged 76 years, died yesterday afternoon at her home in Chelmsford.

Mrs. Isabella Dean, a very estimable young woman, died at her home, 215 Lawrence street, yesterday, aged 28 years. Deceased was the wife of Simon Dean, a popular resident of Ward Three, and sister to Wm. Merritt of the Boston B. B. club. She is survived by a husband and one child, and leaves a large circle of friends, who will mourn her loss. Funeral tomorrow afternoon at 3 30 o'clock.

Elizabeth A. Mooney, aged 3 months, child of Thomas C., and Mary Mooney, died last night at their home in East Chelmsford.

Mrs. Ruth W. Smith, mother of Russell P. Smith, overseer in the Lowell Machine shop, died at the latter's residence at Chelmsford Center, last evening, aged 76 years. Besides Russell P., she leaves another son, a resident of Willimantic, Conn., and a daughter at Bradford, N. H.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

Look Out For Her.

People residing in the Highlands, are being called upon by a woman who seeks funds, claiming that she desires to go to her home in Michigan and has not sufficient money to pay her fare.

She represents to those whom she approaches that she was sent by some prominent resident whose names she gives.

Why Not

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

A Merry Sleighing Party.

About 40 members of the Butler school alumni enjoyed a sleighride to Chelmsford last evening. The large barge equipped with blankets and robes in large numbers left the school house at 6.30 o'clock, arriving at the Adams house, Chelmsford Center, an hour later. Here the merry party took possession of the parlor and an enjoyable entertainment was provided. About nine o'clock the party adjourned to the dining room where a bountiful turkey supper was done justice to. After supper games and music were in order, and a fine time was had until near midnight when the return trip was made. The success of the affair is due to the efforts of Mr. Albert Whitworth. Misses Lane and Mills were the chaperones.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

GOVERNOR GREENHALGE

LECTURES UPON GOOD READING AT HIGHLAND CLUB.

It Was the Usual Eloquent Effort and the Governor Informally Received at Its Conclusion—The Occasion Quite Enjoyable.

For the first time since its organization, Governor Greenhalge visited the Highland club house last evening and entertained the members and their friends with a delightful lecture on "Good Reading."

The governor was accompanied by Private Secretary Thomas and reached the club house about 7.30 o'clock. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause, which was renewed when Rev. F. O. Hall arose and in a few well chosen word introduced His Excellency to the select audience.

The governor expressed his pleasure at being able to be present with the members of the Highland club, and said that though he is a member of the club, this was the first time he has ever been in the elegantly appointed home. Proceeding to the subject of the lecture he said:

Some of the best expressions in our language are to be found in the works of the poet, but some of these expressions cannot be properly presented from a public platform. He had learned to make a distinction between those things which should be read in the presence of an audience that has a particular liking for some special poet, and the utterance that strike us all at once as pat and appropriate.

There is something charming and attractive even in the popular songs, such even as the "Bowery," "Daisy Belle" and the "Two Little Girls in Blue."

Shakespeare and Milton cannot be properly understood at a single reading. During the lecture the governor read two poems by Edward Roland Lill, entitled, "Words, Words, Words," and "The Fool's Prayer," and closed with "Sabine" which was delivered in a masterly manner.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the governor, held a brief reception and shook hands with all those present. He took the 9.25 train for Boston.

SPORTING NEWS.

Thomas Flaherty and Johnny T. Cairns signed articles to spar to a finish last night the contest to be at catch weights for a purse of $200 before a Boston club and is to be pulled off during the present month. The match will create considerable interest about town.

The Metropole club of Providence has again been given a license to run sparring exhibitions.

Ike O'Neil Weir says: "I am entirely agreeable to a meeting with Jerry Barnett in New York, and let him weigh 124 pounds. I am giving him six pounds. My sole ambition in finish fighting is a match with George Dixon. I have a new woodcut of myself which I am going to use on my envelopes and letterheads. I shall have 'Featherweight Champion of the World' printed beneath it, and Dixon, Griffo, Griffin or any featherweight who disputes my right to the title can come and fight me. I am not so hard to please as fighters who have managers."

LOCAL NOTES.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

The February gala week will be the Putnam Guards bazaar, opening Monday week. You can spare $1 for a season ticket.

Six lessons and a good banjo or guitar for $10, $5 in advance. This hard time offer good for a few weeks only. J. A. Handley, assistant to W. E. Stratton, 40 P. O. block.

The marriage of William Conners and Miss Annie Cullinan occurred Wednesday evening at the parochial residence of the Immaculate Conception church. J. Cassidy was best man and Miss Agnes L. Cullinan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. The couple were the recipients of many presents. They will reside in Bartlett street.

At the Sacred Heart parochial residence Wednesday evening, Rev. Fr. Lavoie united in marriage Mr. John McLean and Miss Rose Baxter. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Lincoln street. Mr. John Crowley was best man and Miss Ida Baxter bridesmaid.

The Lowell Reform club and the ladies' auxiliary gave a charity party at Columbia hall last evening, which was a great success both socially and financially. The dance order contained 30 numbers and music was furnished by McElroy's orchestra. E. M. Bowers was general manager; Hugh F. Williams floor director, and R. I. Hallowell chairman of the reception committee.

The box party given by the Burkes Temperance Institute at its hall on Middle street, last evening, was attended by about 50 couples. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock and continued till midnight. At 11 o'clock an intermission was taken and the boxes were auctioned. The officers in charge were as follows; Patrick H. Kane, manager, assisted by John H. McGinnis, floor director, Daniel Donohoe; aids, Joseph Murphy, Thomas Farrell, Thomas Higgins and John Maguire.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.

No instructed man nowadays will appear after 6 o'clock p. m. at a formal social entertainment in anything but a dress suit.

The question of evening dress has been simplified by Rogers, Peet & Co., who provide dress suits that are made better and fit better than those turned out by most custom tailors, and for about half the cost.

We furnish these suits made with all the latest touches, $25 to $45, with one of less expensive material for $21.

We have also all that is necessary to complete the evening outfit.

Full Dress White Vests, Full Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties, and French Lawn Bows.

Full Dress Shields, Evening Gloves, Black Hosiery, Silk Hats and Cape Overcoats.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

A CLEVER SWINDLE.

Bottle of Cold Tea Replaces a Bottle of Whiskey.

Another clever swindle was worked on a local saloon keeper a few nights ago. A young man went into a saloon about six o'clock and asked the clerk for a pint of the best whiskey, 75 cent goods. The clerk filled a pint bottle from the barrel and gave it to the customer who put it in his pocket and began fumbling in his pockets for the money to pay for his pint. He found that he hadn't enough and asked the clerk to trust him. The latter couldn't see it, and the would-be customer gave him back the bottle saying, "Leave that aside, I will be back with the money in a few minutes." He went out and fifteen minutes afterwards when the proprietor returned, he had not come for his pint. The proprietor noticed the bottle on the shelf and asked about, the clerk relating the circumstance. "That doesn't look like the best whiskey," said the boss as he took up the bottle. He then removed the cork and tasted the beverage. It was cold tea. The customer had swapped bottles and the house was out 75 cents.

MR. PEARSON'S NAME

Said to Have Been Discussed by Capt. Hanscom and P. M. G. Bissell.

The following despatch from Washington to the Globe relating to the Lowell postmastership is of interest: The contest over the appointment of a postmaster at Lowell, which has been attracting some little attention of late, has been settled, so far as Representative Stevens is concerned, by his having recommended to the postmaster general the name of Gardner W. Pearson for the office.

Capt. Hanscom, who was an applicant for the place, is in Washington, and has called upon Postmaster General Bissell, and it is understood, has told Mr. Bissell that Pearson's appointment would not be the most satisfactory that could be made.

It was stated some time ago in this connection that ex-Assistant Secretary of State Quincy had indorsed Michael Corbett for the place and would oppose any nomination which Mr. Stevens might make except Corbett's.

There is little foundation for this. In view of these facts it is believed that Mr. Pearson's name will shortly be sent to the senate by the president.

Don't forget to call at J. J. Gaynor & Co.'s, 35 Prescott street. You can save money by buying your house furnishing goods there.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 373-4.

Money deposited in the Savings Department of the

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Before 9 P. M. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3d, 1894, Will Draw INTEREST at the rate of

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From February 1st COMPOUNDING TWICE in Each Year.

Banking House, 30 Middlesex Street, Lowell, Mass.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

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Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

LIKE WAR

900 Armed Men March Over Virginia's Border.

SHERIFF AND POSSE WAIT FOR THEM WITH WEAPONS.

If the Forces Meet There Will be Bloodshed.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Feb. 3. The Montgomery miners are marching with a force estimated at from 300 to 500, on Stevens' coal mines at Acme, to make the miners quit work.

Sheriff Silman is on the spot with an armed posse. Reliable information received here states that the miners employed in the Stevens mines turned out at 4 p. m. yesterday nearly 300 strong, all armed, and prepared to meet the approaching strikers.

Two carloads of strikers from the mines above Montgomery, armed with winchesters, came to Mouth Creek yesterday and started for the mines on foot about 6 p. m.

The miners who went up the Cabin creek road to Acme by the train which carried the sheriff's party numbered 300 men. They came down on 12 crowded gondolas from Montgomery and points above, and reliable information states that all were armed with rifles, pistols, shotguns and winchesters.

Five hundred armed men crossed the mountains on route for Acme from Powellton and other points. This raises the number to nearly 900 men.

It is impossible to secure news of what has occurred.

PEOPLE WILL SUFFER.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE OPERATION OF WILSON BILL.

English Journals Believe the Present Delay in Passing the Bill Will Demand a Reconsideration of It.

By Cable to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 3. The Standard says this morning of the passage of the Wilson bill:

"The pressure of the people's sufferings ought to bear down any opposition that the senate may attempt to organize against the Wilson bill. We hope that those sanguine persons are right, and hope that the bill will be passed in February."

MAN DROPS DEAD.

He Was at Work Shovelling Snow on Wamesit Street.

This afternoon William Hyde, an elderly resident of Wamesit street, fell dead while engaged in shovelling snow in his yard. He fell on a pile of snow and was later found by two young men. Dr. O'Connor was called but life had fled.

FROM THE WIRE.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

Price Lee (colored) of Danbridge, Tenn., killed his wife, yesterday, by crushing her skull with an axe and then almost severing her head. In attempting to evade his pursuers he jumped into French Broad river and was drowned.

Ex-Vice President Leonard of the defunct Santa Clara (Cal.) bank, was arrested, yesterday, the grand jury having returned an indictment against him for embezzlement. The total amount taken by Leonard is said to be $173,000.

LABOR NEWS.

Several committees of the city government meet this evening to approve bills.

Mr. Donohoe, the first small pox patient, was discharged from the hospital today, cured.

Messrs. Michael Dooley and James Lane of Lawrence were in this city yesterday, the guests of Messrs. Edward O'Donnell and John Hanlon.

A lady named Mrs. Conners residing in Warren court slipped and fell this morning on Warren street and injured her leg.

George N. Hancock of Denver, Col., has been called east to attend the funeral of his mother-in-law at Reading. Today he is the guest of Mr. George E. Putnam in this city.

Property owners of Little Canada, and D. Laporte in particular, have a grievance. Somebody has a diamond glass-cutter and has been destroying window glass. Vigilant property owners and Officer Lennon are on the lookout for the vandal.

Wednesday next will be Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the Lenten season, on which the ashes will be distributed. Masses will be celebrated in the Catholic churches in the morning and forenoon of that day, and in the evening vespers will be celebrated with sermon and benediction of the blessed sacrament.

Those buildings in Coolidge street, Little Canada, which have been built on corporation lands and which the companies order vacated, belonging to Landlord Harris, who owns so many structures in that section, are to be removed. The two large ones will be cut in two, to make four small blocks, and will be removed to Pawtucket and Allen streets. Cotton sheds will be built on their present site.

Can Use Memorial Hall.

The lands and buildings committee held a brief session yesterday forenoon and voted to allow the Wauhatchi Command Union Veterans' Union, the use of Memorial hall. After the meeting the committee visited the school houses of the city.

The street committee met this afternoon and the First street extension may be considered.

SOME PERTINENT TALK.

HOW A YOUNG MAN'S TALENT WAS WELL RECOGNIZED.

He Turns His Hand to Newspaper Work and Outstrips the Veterans and Outwits a Dozen of Gotham's Detectives—Some Opinions on Other Interesting Matters.

A well known young man about town—that is he used to be about town—who recently disappeared from view and showed up a few weeks ago in the train of a theatrical company, told a pretty good romance of his wanderings. He is gifted with "gab" to an abnormal degree and so his romance was taken by his friends with more than the traditional grain of salt.

To tell it very much after his own style will give the story flavor: "Well," said he, "I was a little strapped so I went out to Il—— and went into the theatrical business. I had pretty good luck in the summer and when business was good I made $1200. But business got bad again and I lost nearly all the $1200.

"I was getting tired of the town so I thought I'd go to New York. I blew into town and lived on champagne for quite a while. Then I found that my money did not hold out so I had to make a living somehow. I went to the Hoffman house and got a room; then I thought I'd try newspaper work for a while. I sailed over to the World office and went right up to the editor's room."

"I said to him 'I'm a student and want to go to work on your paper doing police court. I can do it and you want a good man in that line of work.'

"Said the editor to me 'I'll put your name on the list.'

"I said: 'Now, Mr. Editor, you know that won't do; I'm hard up; I've got to work to get money to buy my meals; you can give me a trial right away.'

"The editor said: 'Well, we have enough legal reporters just at present, and I don't know as we can use you.'"

"I said 'you must, because I can do good work.'

"Then the editor asked 'Where are you stopping?'

"I said 'At the Hoffman.'

"'Well, I'll tell you what to do,' said the editor, 'you go to the hotel cross the street, recross it and then write me a column of it.'"

"I said 'all right' and I went over to the Hoffman. I crossed the street, and didn't see anything; I recrossed it and didn't see anything. I tell you I was discouraged, so I went to the barroom and got some encouragement.

"I crossed and recrossed the street again and didn't see anything; again I got encouragement in the barroom. I went out again and crossed and recrossed the street; again more encouragement.

"The next time I crossed the street I thought I saw something and after more encouragement in the barroom I was certain I saw something. I took more encouragement, and crossed and recrossed the street seven or eight times; then I ordered a bottle of brandy and cigars and went up to my room.

"I sat down and dashed off a column and a half story; then I put out the light and turned in.

"The next morning I took the story down to the World office and gave it to the editor. He said he would look it over. I didn't believe it would amount to anything as I simply dashed it off and forgot to read what I had written.

"That afternoon I bought a World and there was the story under a big heading. I was surprised I can tell you, but I went down to the office and talked with the editor.

"He said it was a pretty good story, and had been copied by all the papers. 'You'll do?' so he assigned me to the police court work, and to work up the cases where the police wouldn't give out any information. I ran down a great case where there were twelve detectives chasing a man. I knew all about the case and where the man was, so I said to the editor, 'I can hunt that man up and give you a big 'scoop' on it.' The editor replied, 'Then you'd better take hold of the case; don't spare any expense, and give us the details.'

"I know I had a hard case, so I drew $500 and started after the man who was in Chicago. I knew the detectives, but they didn't know me, so I outwitted them. I got pretty 'chummy' and blew in a pile of cash getting familiar; but I got the story and when the detectives landed their man the World was the only paper to have the story.

"While I was out in Chicago I incidentally looked over the World's Fair, and I didn't hurry either, for the paper was paying the bills.

"When I came back to New York, the editor said: 'That's a pretty good piece of work you did; we'll use you again.' So a little later he wanted me to 'write up' a cattle steamer. The paper was to make all the arrangements and the office gave me five hundred dollars. I was to sail on a certain day. When the day came I went to the steamer and found that the paper had failed to make arrangements. The captain, who was a very nice chap, said he was sorry he couldn't take me. Of course I told him I didn't want him to do anything wrong, and I would not bother him. I dined with him and had a jolly time. When I returned to my hotel I wrote to the editor and told him the circumstances returning the $500. I did not want to impose upon the paper after its kindness. Then as there was no important business to do I came home."

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There is a barber not far from the post office who is an artist in arranging an improvised chair. Having had occasion for sometime to form a temporary makeshift for a chair he finally became very skilful in supplementing the form of the customer with a backing of pillows and cushions which followed the curvature of the spine, the roundness of the shoulders, the easy bend of the hams and the support of the head. Indeed the chairs were so easy that customers who settled down in them fell asleep right away and many after waking wanted to buy the chair that had such a power to lure sweet slumbers. This barber thus evolved the idea of constructing a sleeping chair, one in which the most sleepless mind will sink in sweetest slumbers. This gentleman intends to apply for a patent on some of his sleep producing chairs and as he is yet a young man if he continues to evolve new ideas in the form of easy chairs he may be wealthy before he dyes.

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Mr. T. C—— of Belvidere is not a pugilist, he never trained as a boxer, but he is not unacquainted with the weight of a stove or the secret of making out a good plumbing bill in the winter when the pipes get frozen. But he is remarkably well informed on the subject of prize fighting. There is hardly a fighter of any prominence in the country whose record he cannot repeat verbatim and he is sought by many of the sporting fraternity for his views on the merits of boxers, light and heavy weights, and upon the probable outcome of pending challenges. The men who want to bet on a fight usually get his opinion before placing their bets. His memory on such matters is good and his judgment is better.

***

There is now a desire among some young ladies to take up kindergarten work at the kindergarten training school. A good story is told by Supt. Whitcomb of an applicant for admission—her name was not mentioned of course—who gave as proof of her qualification the fact that she belonged to a very large family and would therefore have a sort of intimate knowledge of kindergarten work. The superintendent did not seem to catch her idea and the lady soon disappeared.

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The popularity of manual training with the boys in the highest grammar grade of each school is surprising. No matter how distant their homes within the city limits they arrive punctually on time usually at 7 o'clock and work till 9 with the closest attention to their business. Each pupil has an exercise to perform—they do not all work upon the same exercise at the same time—and each makes a drawing indicating what is to be done. Each exercise embodies a principle such as the making of a joint, wood splicing, dovetailing, etc., and in each different tools are usually required. Thus any complete exercise comprises first the drawing which must be neat and accurate, next the application of the various tools required and finally the test or measurement as to accuracy. During the process of the work many problems arise requiring the exercise of the judgment, close observation and manual dexterity. All these are developed in manual training and hence the branch is as truly educational as is the study of arithmetic or geometry. Parents of pupils should call at the old city hall any evening and see how the work progresses. They will be surprised to find their boys making such rapid progress.

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Why this hurrah over the "popular interest in Shakespeare?" Why this pointing a moral to managers and critics? "Henry VIII," is now given in sumptuous manner at the Tremont Theatre. Who is the hero: Shakespeare or the stage carpenter?—Journal.

Irving and Miss Terry are people of great social prestige. Miss Terry shows more real art than does the great theatrical star in whose rays she is allowed to bask. Irving as a tragedian is a pronounced failure. His voice is weak, his face is almost a blank so far as expression goes, and his action is of the most common place kind. In his Henry VIII, when he played Cardinal Wolsey he had one of the finest opportunities for a display of talent in Wolsey's soliloquy on his fall from greatness. The speech is perhaps the finest in the language and although Irving exerted himself in it he did not attain anything like the distinct and pronounced effect of voice and action usually achieved by great tragedians in impassioned Irving is more of a fad than most people imagine. The scenic effects produced are gorgeous and but for these the rendition of some of of Shakespeare's finest inspirations as given by Irving would fall flat.

BOWLING NEWS.

The Lowell Highlands bowled and were defeated in a very close game on the Oxford alleys at Lynn, last night. It was a game where the last box was necessary to decide the contest. The margin for the Oxford's victory was eight pins. The score was as follow:

OXFORDS.				Totals.
Keene	152	172	141	465
Connor	140	140	158	438
Hay	213	161	148	622
Purrington	139	176	219	534
Lord	160	159	153	472
Totals	804	808	819	2931
LOWELL HIGHLANDS				
Shaw	148	147	175	470
Anderson	161	156	136	453
Chandler	150	161	167	505
Cheney	172	164	157	493
Hartwell	177	153	162	492
Totals	838	794	791	2423

In the Vesper schedule last night these scores were made:

Team Three—Bean 429, Holmes 489, Mitchell 452, Battles 422, Kimball 304, total 2151.

Team Two—Leigh 420, J. K. Whittier 489, Sidebottom 369, Corner 360, Markland 360, total 1998.

The Lowells defeated a picked team from the Highlands last night, in a game of high scores, as follows:

Lowells—McCurdy 522, Kerwin 458, French 447, Swift 496, Murray 488, total 2411.

Highland Juniors—Morse 473, Smith 454, Peabody 526, Brown 498, Dickerman 468, total 2339.

Capt. Conant's team fought a hard game against Team Five in the L. C. A. A. schedule last night and was defeated, even while J. B. Swift put up a score of 557.

Team Five—Clogston, 460; Sherwood, 451; Grant, 404; Butcher, 412; Comber, 451; total, 2228.

Team Four—Swift, 557; Conant, 445; Edwards, 430; Myers, 427; Illsley, 405; total, 2173.

The Bankers in teams Six and Three fought out a lively match yesterday and the latter won by a margin of 112 pins. The scores were:

Team Six—L. H. Swift 442, G. Coburn 372, F. Coburn 441, Perley 300, total 1553.

Team Three—Murphy 471, Gibson 355, Hurd 417, Butterfield 424, total 1667.

A team from the Highland club defeated a picked team from the Melrose club, on the Boylston alleys in Boston last night, with fair scores as follows:

Highlands—Sturtevant 457, Kirby 510, Saunders 471, Paulint 402, Ela 460; total, 2300.

Melrose—Bruce 548, Burnham 397, Evans 387, Dennison 441, Tilston 454; total, 2224.

The big cry of the bowlers around town is "Give us an inter club tournament on Les Miserables' alleys." Early in the season THE SUN said a tournament would be started to be known as a "city tournament" for local championship, the league teams to be debarred. It is probable that at the end of the L. C. A. A. tournament the city tournament will be started. The Lowell, Pastimes, Highland juniors, Vesper juniors, Miserables juniors, L. C. A. A., Raleigh and police teams are ready to enter.

It would be possible to make the tournament lively by arranging the schedule so that each team meets each of its opponents in two games. This plan is being carried out in the L. C. A. A. tournament and is very successful. When one team is defeated by another in the first round the defeated team makes up its mind to defeat the victorious team on the second round. This plan does away with the one-sideness, for a strong team in the first half is pretty certain of falling in the second. If the membership of the city tournament should include a number of teams, the schedule could be arranged for four teams to bowl each night.

Dan Donohoe has a three string total of 564 on Miserables alleys, and Frank Rawson holds the single string total of 228.

The Waverleys defeated the Salems on the Hyde Park alleys last night in a league match, 2340 to 2120. Four of the Salem men were under 420, and only Hull bowled in decent form with 476.

The Miserables attributed waxed alleys as the cause of their defeat Wednesday at Roxbury. The same trouble prevailed at their previous defeat. The Vespers bowled on waxed alleys at Newton Thursday night and won with big scores. The league rules prohibit wax and a kick was made on the Lowell alleys, yet other clubs are permitted to violate the rule.

LATEST

DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Walter Johnson Shoots a Pretty Young Woman.

HE THEN TURNS THE REVOLVER ON HIMSELF.

Jilting is Said to Have Turned Johnson's Mind.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 3. A horrible double tragedy was enacted this forenoon in the apartment over Doll & Richard's store on Park street, near the Park street church. One of the victims was Walter Johnson, a prominent young resident of Gloucester and the other was Miss Andrews, a prepossessing young woman of Essex, Mass.

The scene of the tragedy was in the room used by Mrs. Clara E. Munger as a music room, and in it at the time were a number of young women who were waiting to take their music lesson.

Among the number was Miss Andrews. Suddenly the door opened and Johnson came in. He went directly to Miss Andrews and drawing a revolver from his pocket shot her in the head.

Miss Andrews fell and then Johnson placed the revolver against his own head and shot himself.

The frightened occupants of the room rushed into the street. The officers came and found Johnson cold in death. To ensure his death he had taken a razor and dismembered his left hand. Miss Andrews died in a few minutes.

Johnson was a prominent young man of Gloucester. It is said he was refused by Miss Andrews in his offer of marriage, and the jilting turned his brain. Miss Andrews is highly spoken of.

USED A REVOLVER.

YOUNG BLOOD OF CHARLESTOWN CHARGED WITH SHOOTING.

Held in $1000 to Await the Action of the Grand Jury—Pistol Balls Had Hit Three Persons.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 3. Carl Dinsmore of 27 Adams street, Charlestown, appeared in the Charlestown district court, this morning, charged with assault with a loaded revolver on Charles O'Flannagan, Annie Manley and Margaret Donahue.

It is alleged by the police that Dinsmore sat in the window of his home on Adams street and shot the above named persons when they passed the corner of Mt. Vernon and Chelsea streets.

The mysterious shooting aroused all the energies of the Charlestown police department, and after several days' work they decided that Dinsmore was the shooter.

His arrest was made yesterday. This morning he pleaded not guilty to the charge and was held in $1000 for the grand jury.

WILL REJECT BILL.

Senate is Likely to Kill Income Tax Measure.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3. The poll of the U. S. senate indicates that the income tax will be stricken from the tariff bill by a small majority. Several of the senators are out of the city and a few who are here could not be found yesterday. In many cases senators have been able to state with absolute certainty how the absentees will vote, and they have been put down accordingly.

DESPERATE CONVICTS FREE.

They Overpowered the Jailer While He Was Feeding Them.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

VIRGINIA, Ill., Feb. 3. Jailer Alex. Robison of the county jail went into the corridor surrounding the cells with the evening meal last night, and as he stepped inside the first grated door he was overpowered by three desperate characters, James Bennett and John Garrett, charged with highway robbery at Beardstown, and Joseph Brown, forger. All three made their escape.

GOV. AMES ALIVE.

Rumor of His Death Became Prevalent in Boston Today.

By Telegraph to THE SUN.

BOSTON, Feb. 3. There was a report generally circulated today that ex-Governor Ames was dead. The story had no confirmation as Mr. Ames is all right.

OUR THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE—The Country Circus drew a large audience last night and it gave an excellent performance throughout, the ring specialties being enthusiastically received. Tonight, there is another performance which should not be missed.

Monday evening "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be given. This is a society drama which last season took New York by storm. It has been pronounced one of the greatest dramas of its kind by prominent critics.

BIJOU THEATRE.—Owing to a disbandment of the company engaged next week the theatre will be closed.

A Flattering Offer.

Dr. Sara J. Williams has received the very flattering offer to become head physician of the Child's hospital of New York located on Staten Island, which position she will occupy until June 1st. During this period she will make a special study of diseases of children and do other post-graduate work while in New York, returning to her office in Central block at the above date. Her large circle of friends wish her all success and will welcome her return to Lowell.

Will be No Shut Down.

Stevens & Son's mills at Haverhill will not shut down, but there will be a reduction in wages. The employes are much pleased with the new turn of affairs. The mills have been running for some time with about half a complement of hands, but next Monday the number will be increased to 150, being the same as employed in good times.

Who does your printing? The Sun job print would do it well and save you money.

A RUNAWAY BOY.

TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE COUNTRY CIRCUS.

He Finds Himself Miles From Home Without the Means to Return—Another Instance Where All That Glitters is not Gold.

There is always some kind of a story connected with a circus, or a show like a circus and the "Country Circus" which is here now furnishes a little story with runaway boys as principals. The circus always has attractions for youngsters and in every town there are to be found youths who become stage and circus struck.

When the "Country Circus" showed in Washington recently three boys who saw it were fascinated by the splendor of the last act. Two lived in Washington, the other in Baltimore. When the show left Washington two weeks ago these three boys left with it, running away from home. They boarded the cars in which the animals are transported and applied for a "job." They claim, or at least one of them claims, that they were promised work.

They stuck with the company doing odd jobs, until yesterday, when they reached Lowell. While here, one of them, Conrad Neuman, aged 16 years of Washington, was told by the man who has charge of the horses, to get out of the car and not go near it again. This was a hard blow for the boy who has no money or friends.

He met a SUN reporter whom he told a story which, if true, shows hard experience. He said he was given hopes of getting a job, and went with the company cleaning horses and cars, and sleeping in the cars, and sometimes in a stable. For pay, for the two weeks, young Neuman said he received not over 75 cents. Some days the boss would give him 10 cents, but never more than 25 cents. He could not write home as the show played to one night stands, and as he was kept working all the time. The best meal he had had since going with the circus was a plate of beans and a cup of coffee. In regard to his trouble here in Lowell he said that he was cleaning out a car, and his hands were numb with the cold. Going to where there was a stove he sat down to warm his hands, and was told to get out and not come near the place again. His breakfast and dinner yesterday consisted of four rolls. The boy admits that he was never hired to work on the cars. He was in a sad plight yesterday afternoon when Daniel F. Carey, the well known horse clipper of Church street heard his story. Mr. Carey taking pity on the lad gave him some old clothes, food and a night's lodging. The boy is now waiting for a chance to get home. His two companions are content with their lot and are willing to follow the show.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Catherine Provost took place this morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church in Graniteville, where a high mass of requiem was offered up by Rev. Fr. Shaw. The funeral was very well attended and there were several floral offerings. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery in this city.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hogan will take place tomorrow afternoon.

The funeral of Elizabeth Sweeney took place this morning from her late home, 1 George street. The remains were taken to St. Peter's church where a high mass of requiem was celebrated at 9 o'clock. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William P. Phelps, the artist, met with a serious accident at his residence at Chelsea, N. H., recently. While going down cellar, carrying a lamp, he fell and fractured two ribs. He managed to crawl up stairs, where he lay on the floor for some time in great agony, as he was alone in the house at the time.

Miss Helen Montgomery, daughter of Rev. Hugh Montgomery, has accepted the position of teacher of languages at Bernston academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Phelps, (the latter born Miss Grace E. Besse) of Dorchester, are happy over the advent of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Putnam and Mr. James Bayles sail next Wednesday for the West Indies to be gone a month.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Isabella Dean, aged 28 years, died yesterday at her home, 218 Lawrence street. She leaves a husband and one child.

Mrs. Ruth W. Smith, aged 76 years, died yesterday afternoon at her home in Chelmsford.

Mrs. Isabella Dean, a very estimable young woman, died at her home, 215 Lawrence street, yesterday, aged 28 years. Deceased was the wife of Simon Dean, a popular resident of Ward Three, and sister to Wm. Merritt of the Boston B. B. club. She is survived by a husband and one child, and leaves a large circle of friends, who will mourn her loss. Funeral tomorrow afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

Elizabeth A. Mooney, aged 3 months, child of Thomas C., and Mary Mooney, died last night at their home in East Chelmsford.

Mrs. Ruth W. Smith, mother of Russell P. Smith, overseer in the Lowell Machine shop, died at the latter's residence at Chelmsford Center, last evening, aged 76 years. Besides Russell P., she leaves another son, a resident of Willimantic, Conn., and a daughter at Bradford, N. H.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts.

Look Out For Her.

People residing in the Highlands, are being called upon by a woman who seeks funds, claiming that she desires to go to her home in Michigan and has not sufficient money to pay her fare.

She represents to those whom she approaches that she was sent by some prominent resident whose names she gives.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

A Merry Sleighing Party.

About 40 members of the Butler school alumni enjoyed a sleighride to Chelmsford last evening. The large barge equipped with blankets and robes in large numbers left the school house at 6.30 o'clock, arriving at the Adams house, Chelmsford Center, an hour later. Here the merry party took possession of the parlor and an enjoyable entertainment was provided. About nine o'clock the party adjourned to the dining room where a bountiful turkey supper was done justice to. After supper games and music were in order, and a fine time was had until near midnight when the return trip was made. The success of the affair is due to the efforts of Mr. Albert Whitworth. Misses Lane and Mills were the chaperones.

Granulated Sugar

Sold at cost to our tea and coffee customers. We buy direct from the refinery. The U. S. Tea Co., corner Central and Prescott streets.

GOVERNOR GREENHALGE.

LECTURES UPON GOOD READING AT HIGHLAND CLUB.

It Was the Usual Eloquent Effort and the Governor Informally Received at Its Conclusion—The Occasion Quite Enjoyable.

For the first time since its organization, Governor Greenhalge visited the Highland club house last evening and entertained the members and their friends with a delightful lecture on "Good Reading."

The governor was accompanied by Private Secretary Thomas and reached the club house about 7.30 o'clock. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause, which was renewed when Rev. F. O. Hall arose and in a few well chosen word introduced His Excellency to the select audience.

The governor expressed his pleasure at being able to be present with the members of the Highland club, and said that though he is a member of the club, this was the first time he has ever been in the elegantly appointed home. Proceeding to the subject of the lecture he said:

Some of the best expressions in our language are to be found in the works of the poet, but some of these expressions cannot be properly presented from a public platform. He had learned to make a distinction between those things which should be read in the presence of an audience that has a particular liking for some special poet, and the utterance that strike us all at once as pat and appropriate.

There is something charming and attractive even in the popular songs, such even as the "Bowery," "Daisy Belle" and the "Two Little Girls in Blue."

Shakespeare and Milton cannot be properly understood at a single reading. During the lecture the governor read two poems by Edward Rowland Lill, entitled, "Words, Words, Words," and "The Fool's Prayer," and closed with "Sabine" which was delivered in a masterly manner.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the governor, held a brief reception and shook hands with all those present. He took the 9.25 train for Boston.

SPORTING NEWS.

Thomas Flaherty and Johnny T. Cairns signed articles to spar to a finish last night the contest to be at catch weights for a purse of $200 before a Boston club and is to be pulled off during the present month. The match will create considerable interest about town.

The Metropole club of Providence has again been given a license to run sparring exhibitions.

Ike O'Neil Weir says: "I am entirely agreeable to a meeting with Jerry Burnett in New York, and let him weigh 124 pounds. I am giving him six pounds. My sole ambition in finish fighting is a match with George Dixon. I have a new woodcut of myself which I am going to use on my envelopes and letterheads. I shall have "Featherweight Champion of the World" printed beneath it, and Dixon, Griffo, Griffin or any featherweight who disputes my right to the title can come and fight me. I am not so hard to please as fighters who have managers."

LOCAL NOTES.

Fine shoe repairing at Cunningham's, Palmer street.

The February gale week will be the Putnam Guards bazaar, opening Monday week. You can spare $1 for a season ticket.

Six lessons and a good banjo or guitar for $10, $5 in advance. This hard time offer good for a few weeks only. J. A. Handily, assistant to W. E. Stratton, 40 P. O. block.

The marriage of William Conners and Miss Annie Cullinan occurred Wednesday evening at the parochial residence of the Immaculate Conception church. J. Cassidy was best man and Miss Agnes L. Cullinan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. The couple were the recipients of many presents. They will reside in Bartlett street.

At the Sacred Heart parochial residence Wednesday evening, Rev. Fr. Lavoie united in marriage Mr. John McLean and Miss Rose Baxter. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Lincoln street. Mr. John Crowley was best man and Miss Ida Baxter bridesmaid.

The Lowell Reform club and the ladies' auxiliary gave a charity party at Columbia hall last evening, which was a great success both socially and financially. The dance order contained 30 numbers and music was furnished by McElroy's orchestra. E. M. Bowers was general manager; Hugh F. Williams floor director, and R. I. Hallowell chairman of the reception committee.

The box party given by the Burkes Temperance Institute at its hall on Middle street, last evening, was attended by about 50 couples. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock and continued till midnight. At 11 o'clock an intermission was taken and the boxes were auctioned. The officers in charge were as follows; Patrick H. Kane, manager, assisted by John H. McGinnis, floor director, Daniel Donohoe; aids, Joseph Murphy, Thomas Farrell, Thomas Higgins and John Maguire.

Our store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock until March.

No instructed man nowadays will appear after 6 o'clock p. m. at a formal social entertainment in anything but a dress suit.

The question of evening dress has been simplified by Rogers, Peet & Co., who provide dress suits that are made better and fit better than those turned out by most custom tailors, and for about half the cost.

We furnish these suits made with all the latest touches, $25 to $45, with one of less expensive material for $21.

We have also all that is necessary to complete the evening outfit.

Full Dress White Vests, Full Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties, and French Lawn Bows.

Full Dress Shields, Evening Gloves, Black Hosiery, Silk Hats and Cape Overcoats.

PUTNAM & SON

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Corner Central and Warren Streets.

A CLEVER SWINDLE.

Bottle of Cold Tea Replaces a Bottle of Whiskey.

Another clever swindle was worked on a local saloon keeper a few nights ago. A young man went into a saloon about six o'clock and asked the clerk for a pint of the best whiskey, 75 cent goods. The clerk filled a pint bottle from the barrel and gave it to the customer who put it in his pocket and began fumbling in his pockets for the money to pay for his pint. He found that he hadn't enough and asked the clerk to trust him. The latter couldn't see it, and the would-be customer gave him back the bottle saying, "Leave that aside, I will be back with the money in a few minutes." He went out and fifteen minutes afterwards when the proprietor returned, he had not come for his pint. The proprietor noticed the bottle on the shelf and asked about, the clerk relating the circumstance. "That doesn't look like the best whiskey," said the boss as he took up the bottle. He then removed the cork and tasted the beverage. It was cold tea. The customer had swapped bottles and the house was out 75 cents.

MR. PEARSON'S NAME

Said to Have Been Discussed by Capt. Hanscom and P. M. G. Bissell.

The following despatch from Washington to the Globe relating to the Lowell postmastership is of interest: The contest over the appointment of a postmaster at Lowell, which has been attracting some little attention of late, has been settled, so far as Representative Stevens is concerned, by his having recommended to the postmaster general the name of Gardner W. Pearson for the office.

Capt. Hanscom, who was an applicant for the place, is in Washington, and has called upon Postmaster General Bissell, and it is understood, has told Mr. Bissell that Pearson's appointment would not be the most satisfactory that could be made.

It was stated some time ago in this connection that ex-Assistant Secretary of State Quincy had indorsed Michael Corbett for the place and would oppose any nomination which Mr. Stevens might make except Corbett's.

There is little foundation for this. In view of these facts it is believed that Mr. Pearson's name will shortly be sent to the senate by the president.

Don't forget to call at J. J. Gaynor & Co.'s, 35 Prescott street. You can save money by buying your house furnishing goods there.

Paper by the Pound.

Today we open 5 cases of high grade Linen Writing Paper, in all sizes, and ruled or plain, as preferred. These papers are perfect and are cheap at 50 CENTS A POUND. We have marked it at 25 CENTS A POUND, and at this price it cannot last long. Come and see us; you will want some. Envelopes to match, all sizes, 3 packs for 25c.; worth 20c. a bunch.

Thomas H. Lawler

Fashionable Stationer and Bookseller,

79 Merrimack and 15 John Streets. - Telephone 373-4.

Money deposited in the Savings Department of the

Traders' National Bank

Before 9 P. M. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3d, 1894, Will Draw INTEREST at the rate of

4 Per Cent. Per Annum,

From February 1st COMPOUNDING TWICE in Each Year.

Banking House, 30 Middlesex Street. Lowell, Mass.

THE TAX ON INCOMES.

Its Relation to the Rich and the General Welfare.

Some of the Objections Urged Against It.—Why It is Opposed by the Plutocrats—Views of "Great Financiers"—Relations of the Castles to the Hovels.

An income tax?

Yes, by all means. All the arguments that have been advanced against it are based upon the assumption, so pernicious and so contrary to the spirit of a republican form of government, that the state has no right to legislate for the general welfare.

Suppose it would be injurious to those who are the fortunate possessors of liberal incomes. Is it not also injurious to the sportsman that he cannot shoot game or fish out of season? Is it not a detriment to the farmer that he cannot pasture his cows in the common, to the lover of flowers that she cannot pick roses in the park? Is it not a misfortune to the head of a destitute family that he cannot help himself to bread at the baker's?

Can we never get our wiseacres, our so called statesmen and our editors to recognize a fact upon which rests the very bulwark of our form of government—namely, that all legislation should be considered in the relation that it bears to the general well being and not to its effects upon the primitive rights of the individual?

Nobody with a spoonful of brains will claim that an income tax would be a benefit to the rich. If it would, there would be no need of it. As it would not, as it would create a wider diffusion of moderate welfare, as it would tend to level the extremes of poverty and wealth, it is not merely the right but the imperative duty of a government of this kind to impose it.

So likewise the claim that an income tax "cannot be enforced" is, per se, not the slightest ground for opposing its enactment. The distillery tax, the oleomargarine law, the laws against all forms of crime, are difficult of enforcement, and their success depends very much upon the penalties imposed and the efforts of justice to enforce them. There would be little difficulty in enforcing such a law if everybody were honest, and the difficulty of enforcing a law where there is dishonesty is great in all cases.

But such a law would be a temptation to lead men into the vice of dishonesty, says some objector for the one hundredth time. Yes, and so are poverty and destitution temptations to vice and dishonesty. Nay, more. Want and destitution are the strongest temptations to crime with which man is afflicted. If the enforcement of an income tax would lead to more dishonesty, not mentioning crime, than is fertilized by the despair of destitution, then God help us all. An income tax has been systematically imposed and collected in England, France and Germany for years. Are the rich of the United States so much more unscrupulous that it cannot be done here? Is our form of government so much more plutocratic that it would be contrary to its spirit to enact it?

Most of the objections against imposing an income tax come from the only interests that the press has thus far consulted to secure an expression of opinion—"the great financiers of the country" and the Wall street bankers.

Mr. C. P. Huntington says he is opposed to an income tax because "it interferes with the people's economics." Probably it did not occur to this venerable moneybags that we have been interfering with the people's economics right along for the past 100 years, and that if we had not done so he would probably have very little income to be taxed. It would be laughable were it not irritating to hear millionaires, who owe all they have to an interference with economics, oppose and question legislation of the kind that tends to help a class that a government for the people is bound to make the subject of its first consideration. It reminds me of the howls that are made against a depreciated dollar from this same class and their sublime satisfaction over an appreciated one, which is far more pernicious, as it enriches the creditor who can take care of himself and robs the debtor who cannot.

But Russell Sage of New York is another individual who has been consulted on the subject. He says, "I am opposed to an income tax because—well, because I don't think it is fair." You don't mean what you say, Mr. Sage. Probably your feelings would have been more correctly defined if you had said, "I am opposed to an income tax because it would cause me to disgorge an infinitesimal fraction of my ill gotten gains, because it would not be legislating for the rich."

Richard Croker, the czar of Tammany Hall in New York, who has had no visible means of support since he was coroner, and who never earned a dollar of his great wealth, is opposed to an income tax because "it would, after all, fall heaviest upon poor people." He need not give himself any uneasiness about the poor people. If this government can be maintained in the spirit in which it was founded, the worthy poor will be able to take care of themselves. This cry that taxes fall upon the poor people is about as old as sin, yet no matter where they fall men of wealth will lie and steal and juggle and adopt any method, no matter how pitiful and paltry, to get rid of paying them.

True, the imposition of an income tax offers no great relief for the industrial disease from which the country is suffering. It will not turn enforced idleness, the greatest curse from which civilization can suffer, to leisure, its greatest blessing. It will mitigate but little that despairing present day cry for plenty of work, without which there can be no real prosperity, except that by increasing the revenue of the government it will give the means of carrying forward more public improvements.

But it is a step in the right direction. It will rightly compel those having large incomes to contribute more toward the support of the government than those possessed of small incomes. For every castle on the hilltop there are a hundred hovels in the valley. It may tend to reduce the castles, but it will also reduce the hovels correspondingly. Castles and hovels are equally inimical to the welfare of a government for, of and by the people.

After all, one of the strongest arguments in favor of an income tax is the fact that those who have large incomes oppose it. Possessors of large incomes are few. Those who have small incomes are many. Have we so far forgotten the spirit of our government that we refuse to legislate for the many against the few? JEROME WOOD.

Pittsburg.

An Altruist Community.

C. W. Gibson, president of the Detroit Carbonic Acid Gas company and a capitalist, has made a proposition to the poor committee to take care of 60 needy families, who will become members of the Gibsonville altruist community, of which Mr. Gibson is president.

This community is located on 415 acres of the best farming land in Michigan, in Genesee county, near the town of Grand Blanc, five miles from Flint. The purpose of the community, which is organized under the laws of the state as a stock company, is to conduct the business of agriculture, manufacturing and merchandising for the benefit of all its members.

The community is strictly co-operative, and the women have as much say as the men in the arrangement of its affairs. The fruits of the labor of the members will be placed in a common treasury and divided at the end of each year. The number of days each member has worked during the year will be figured up, and half the proceeds will be divided pro rata among them.

The other half will be expended for public improvements and needs. Besides work in the broom and basket factories, there will be carried on all sorts of farming and gardening, and an immense creamery will be started in the spring.

A district school has already been established, and kindergartens and nurseries will also be established, where the women can leave their children during the day.

Mr. Gibson will furnish free transportation to all families who wish to enter the community and guarantees to see that all are comfortably housed, clothed and fed during this winter.—Detroit Special.

Pennoyer and the Critics.

Governor Pennoyer, replying to criticisms of the statement in his Christmas letter to President Cleveland that two-thirds of the people of Oregon were without employment, said:

"In one sense of the word all are employed—the tramp is employed in hunting from place to place for a job, and the mechanic out of work is employed in contemplating the sorrowful condition of his wife and children. What I meant was remunerative employment, and what I said was true. Business is paralyzed, and two-thirds of our people if not falling behind, are making no headway, nor will they until we have sufficient full legal tender currency—gold, silver and treasury notes—with which to effect a ready and complete interchange of commodity."

A London cablegram says that the war department, employing some 20,000 workmen, has adopted eight hours for a day's labor, with no deduction of wages. Logically the same course must now be taken in the navy department, and thus the government will be fully committed to the principle which the Labor party has been fighting for for years

Showing Her Sympathy.

On a Grand River avenue street car the other afternoon was a man with a bandage over his eyes who had been put aboard by some friend down town. At his left sat a motherly woman, who fidgeted about for awhile, and then gained courage to inquire:

"Have you met with an accident, sir?"

"No, ma'am. I am being treated for cataract of the eye."

"In both eyes?"

"Yes'm."

"And can't you see at all?"

"Not the slightest."

"Dear me, but that is awful!"

During the next three or four minutes she seemed to be studying the case to see what she could do to prove her good will and sympathy. A newsboy finally boarded the car just as she was about to get off, and she hurriedly bought a paper, laid it on the blind man's knee, and tenderly said:

"Poor fellow! I know just how you must feel about it! Here's the evening paper for you to read and take your mind off your misfortune."—Detroit Free Press.

Did Not Want Trunks.

"Pardon me, madam," gently urged travel stained Rhodes as he struck the lady of the house at the alley gate, "have you an old pair of shoes you can spare a poor pilgrim on life's thorny path?"

Bidding him wait a moment, the good woman went into the house and returned with a pair of shoes, which she handed to him.

"Excuse me, good lady," he murmured hoarsely, "your husband is a Philadelphia policeman?"

"He is," she replied, wonderingly. "How did you know?"

"By the size of these," was the sorrowful reply. "Here, madam, take them back. I wanted shoes to walk in. I could use these for trunks; but, alas! I have no need for such."

Then he drifted on, and the woman leaned against the gatepost and thought.—Philadelphia Call

LAST DITCH BUT ONE.

AFTER THIS THERE IS ONLY THE TRENCH IN POTTER'S FIELD.

Now Is the Pawnshop's Harvest, and Woman's Tears and Heart's Blood Fall Beneath the Reaper—Parting With Old Keepsakes Under Pressure of Bitter Need

The real pathos of the present condition of things is not to be found in the streets. Neither is it to be found in saloons or in the courts or police stations. But it is in the pawnshops and loan offices that scenes enough to melt a heart of stone are enacted daily, with only men inured by long experience to such sights as witnesses. All day long the pawnshops are crowded. Men, women and children are there, each with some trinket or garment on which they want to raise a few cents.

Several afternoons ago a young woman on whose face the marks of care and trouble were plainly to be seen walked down Park row from the direction of Chatham square. Her clothing was shabby, but carefully brushed. She wore an old hat, with a couple of time worn feathers and a raffled artificial rose for decoration, while in her arms she carried a baby not much more than a year old, around which an old and tattered shawl was carefully wrapped. The woman's face was pale and thin. Her dark brown eyes were sunken deep in her head, and she trembled like a leaf in the cold wind. Reaching the corner of William street, she strode swiftly around to the private entrance of the pawnshop and entered.

"C-can you let me have $5 on this?" she said timidly, pulling a plain band ring from her finger and handing it to the man.

The man looked at it and smiled.

"Well, hardly," he said, not unkindly.

"It's real gold. I know it," said the woman.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but it wouldn't be worth much more than $2 melted up. I'll give you $2.50 on it if that'll do."

"I ca—can't do without $5," replied the woman. "I must have it. Oh, my God, what shall I do?" and she burst out into tears. The clerk said nothing. The proprietor looked disgusted. Suddenly the woman wiped away her tears, and a look of complete despair and misery came over her face. Throwing aside the shawl which covered the baby, she took from the child's neck a thin gold chain, with a small locket attached. Throwing them down on the counter, she said: "Is that worth $2? Take it all and let me have $5."

"Certainly," said the clerk, and he brushed the trinkets to one side, made out two tickets and handed them, with a $5 note, to the woman. The latter then folded the shawl carefully around the child, weeping softly all the while, and then went out of the private entrance and disappeared down Park row.

"Hum," said the clerk to a gentleman standing near by. "Kinder tough. Let's see," examining the ring. "'Jack to Henrietta, 1893.' Well, there's dozens more like her—poor devils. Not a year married, I guess, and pawning the wedding ring so soon." Then the clerk opened the locket. "Goo whiz!" he exclaimed. "That can't be the same," and he showed the gentleman the contents of the locket—a small tintype of an exceedingly pretty girl.

"Yes, it is," said the gentleman. "Same eyes—no mistake there. Tough, by gad! Tough," and he walked away as the clerk did the trinkets up in a small piece of newspaper and placed them in the safe.

A clerk in one of the biggest pawnshops in this city said to a Sun reporter the other day that never in the 15 years he has been in the business had he seen things quite as prosperous. "Of course we profit by the misfortunes of others," he said, "and, as there are always plenty of unfortunates around, business is always pretty lively with us. But for the past few weeks we have been overrun.

"The pawned articles include everything from watches and diamonds down to old hats and soiled vests. We're not quite so hard hearted about these matters as the general public seem to think. Of course it's simply business with us right through, but more than one hungry looking woman has come in this place within the past few days and tried to raise $1 on some article that never cost more than 50 cents and gone away with the $1 too. Mr. ——, the proprietor, knows it's clean loss to him, as the article will of course never be redeemed. Of course we have to carry the reputation of being avaricious and hard hearted just because we're in this business, but let me tell you that the average pawnbroker does a great deal more good than the average business man, and that, too, without getting a bit of credit for it.

"Some of the scenes I have witnessed in this place in the past few weeks have been simply heartrending. A women came in here the other day and wanted $5 on a silver backed hairbrush. It was plated stuff and not worth that much, and of course we couldn't let her have the money. The way she went on was pitiable. She wasn't violent and didn't rant or tear her hair. She simply wept quietly and agreed to take the $2 we offered her. We had just given her the money when she threw up her hands and fainted dead away. An ambulance surgeon who was summoned said that woman was starving to death. She had a gentle face, but I learned afterward that when they undressed her at the hospital they discovered that she hadn't a particle of underclothing on and was suffering as much from exposure as lack of food. That's only one of dozens of similar cases we have every day.

"If I had time, I could tell you of dozens of such cases. The pawnshop is the place for the philanthropist to hang around if he wants to find worthy objects of charity. It isn't the beggars that come here. It's the men and women who have seen better days and who have lost everything but their pride that come here to raise a little money on keepsakes and momentos of time gone by."—New York Sun.

Getting Over It Easily.

"Carrie," said the bashful youth, with a gasp. "If you liked somebody else about the same as you like me, would you care to marry him?"—Chicago News-Record.

Defined.

"What must one do to get into the Four Hundred?"

"Nothing."—Vogue.

HOW TO SLEEP.

THE MATTER OF POSITION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

How to Make Oyster Soup—How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun—Other Hints For Practical Use.

In sleeping, much depends on securing a comfortable position. Lying on the back would seem to give the most ease, but general experience and practice prove that it does not, and it is liable to some definite objections. In a weakly state of the heart and blood vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to produce troublesome dreams. Persons who have contracted chest, and who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so in that position.

For these and other reasons it is therefore better to lie on the side, and in lung disease to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand. It is well to choose the right side, because, when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines.

Sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated, but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles in the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches and dreams.

The best sleep is obtained when the shutters are closed so as to make the room dark and the windows are adjusted so as to admit plenty of fresh air.

How to Make Oyster Soup.

Two quarts of oysters, a quart of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, a teacupful of hot water, pepper, salt. Strain all the liquor from the oysters, add the water and heat. When near the boil, add the seasoning; then the oysters. Cook about five minutes from the time they begin to simmer until they "ruffle." Stir in the butter, cook one minute and pour into the tureen. Stir in the boiling milk and send to table.

How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun.

It may be pretty generally known that the spots on the sun can be quite easily seen with an opera glass. The spots on the sun observe, with considerable regularity, a period. At the minimum the spots are small and very few in number, so that a telescope of some power is needed, but at the maximum they are numerous and of large size. This period is about 11 years, and it is now nearly at its maximum.

To appreciate this properly it is well to remember the magnitude of the object we are observing, and from that one can easily judge the size of the spots. The diameter of the sun is about 880,000 miles, and in comparison to the earth is as a large carriage wheel to a marble. If, therefore, the spots observed appear to be about one-twentieth the diameter of the disk, they occupy space about 44,000 miles in diameter.

To view the sun, take a hazy morning or evening, when the intervening mist gives it the appearance of a dull red ball, or get a couple of pieces of glass large enough to cover the eye pieces of the opera glass and smoke one of them until you can look at the sun through it easily. Put two strips of card between the ends with the smoked surface inside and attach to the instrument with a similar rubber band.

It will be best to get your opera glasses accurately focused on some distant object before adjusting the darkened glasses to them.

Timely Hints as to the Acquisition of Loveliness.

The hot bath is the bath most esteemed by our world famed beautiful women, so hot at first to be carefully entered; this done with due caution, let the water be fragrant with benzoin and foaming with the finest of soap. Use a linen or Turkish washrag and rub and scrub every inch of the body until it is glowing with healthy vigor. After the scrub, let out the hot water very gradually while the cold spigot empties the cold into the bath—but you must not get out—and the temperature of the bath will be so gradually reduced that no shock will be felt; then rinse as carefully as possible, and you will rise from it feeling splendidly.

The diet is of almost as much import as bathing. Avoid pastry, French sweets, fat meat and gravies. Eschew pork if you would have a beautiful skin. Choose cereals, lean meat, beef, mutton, fowls, fish, fruit and all vegetables, salads, greens and lettuce simply dressed. Avoid every kind of diet that is of oleaginous nature. For an oily face use benzoin lotion frequently and a triweekly vapor bath. Freckles are stubborn things to many, but the use of lemon juice and borax very often meets with great success.

How to Prevent Cold Feet.

Do not wear the same stockings on two successive days, but keep two pairs going alternately, hanging each to dry and air when not in use. Every night bathe the feet in tepid water and rub hard with a coarse towel.

How to Make Virginia Eggnog.

To make a gallon of eggnog take one dozen eggs; separate the whites and the yolks very carefully. Beat each until it becomes as light as practicable. Add a pound of pulverized white sugar to the yolks and mix. Then add a quart of cognac brandy and half pint of Jamaica rum, pouring them in a small stream while stirring actively. Add half a gallon of rich milk. Then add not less than three-fourths of the bulk of the whites. The remainder of the whites should be put upon the surface merely as an ornament. A large portion of the white of the eggs should always be mixed to render it light and wholesome.

Popular.

Primus—My fiancee is not only beautiful, but to know her is to love her.

Secundus—Yes. I have heard that to meet her is to be engaged to her.—Life.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY ROOM AND VIOLET COLORINGS.

An Invisible Woodbox—The Charm of Blue China—Brewing the Tea—Domestic Recipes.

Violet is an odd color to choose for the decoration of a bedroom, but an English lady of taste has used it in the refitting of a room in her London house in a manner which is extremely pleasing. The woodwork and furniture are all in white enamel, and the wall paper has a design of violet figures on a white ground, with a deep frieze of the purple clematis.

Chintz hangings at windows and doorways show the wistaria blossom, and the bed is draped with violet silk, elaborately embroidered with the same purple flowers. Purple velours is used for upholstering the divan, which is heaped with pillows in white and white and heliotrope combined, and the dressing table is draped like the bed with the soft violet silk. On the white frame of the mirror is painted a spray of clematis, and all the linen covers and toilet mats are dotted with tiny purple blossoms, wrought with the needle in washable silks.

A large carpet rug with a very light ground covers the center of the floor, and this is supplemented with white goatskin rugs placed wherever they are needed.

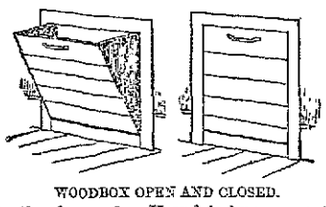
This scheme of color may be carried out in a less expensive manner by using the chintz both for bed and table draperies as well as for the covering of the couch, but care must be taken to keep the color within the limits of the different violet tones in all the decorations, and white alone should be used for woodwork and furniture. White wooden lattices, which Harper's Bazar says may be made at home, would add much to the beauty of a room decorated in this way, and the additional expense would be so trifling that it need not be considered.

Pommes Souffles.

This is a very tempting form of potato. Peel some nice sized potatoes, and cut them in slices about one-quarter inch thick, dry them well in a clean cloth, put them into a frying basket, and fry in plenty of boiling lard or fat till they are cooked, but not colored. It is on this first cooking that their success depends, and they should be just so cooked that, while quite soft, they should bite crisp and short if you put a piece in your mouth. Now have ready a second pan of fat, throw a few of the cooked potato slices into the basket, and fry them in the fat till they color prettily and puff out on both sides. Put these to drain in a hot corner, and continue till all are colored and light.

An Invisible Woodbox.

Where the kitchen adjoins a porch or woodshed, it is possible to make a woodbox in the partition so that the box can be filled from the porch or shed, and the wood need not be brought into the kitchen at all. The Country Gentleman tells how a woodbox can be constructed so that it need occupy no space whatever in the kitchen—a most desirable feature. The box is made



WOODBOX OPEN AND CLOSED.

in the form of a V and is hung so as to swing on the point at the bottom or on a spindle passing from the partition through the box just at the point.

When the box is shut up on the kitchen side, it projects on the other side of the partition and can be filled. When wood is desired in the kitchen, the box is swung into the room, a few sticks of wood removed and the box swung back again. Its weight will of course hold it in either position.

The Charm of Blue China.

It was Charles Lamb, with his "almost feminine partiality for old China," as well as "old and pretty" wares, who understood and expressed the vague enchantment of "those little, lawless, azure tinted grotesques that under the notion of men and women float about uncircumscribed by any element in that world before perspective—a china teacup. Here is a young and courtly mandarin handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream! Farther on, if far or near can be predicted of their world, see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays. Here a cow and rabbit, couchant and coextensive—so objects show seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay." In the world of blue china there are no right angles of incidence, no stubborn facts, but only a sweet unreasonableness—a happy and blessed inconsequence.

Good Sauce For Any Steamed Puddings.

Here is a good sauce for all kinds of steamed puddings: Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream, into which beat gradually one cupful of powdered sugar. When the mixture becomes light and smooth, add one unbeaten egg and beat rapidly for three minutes. Now add the grated yellow rind of one lemon and about one-third of a nutmeg grated. Then gradually pour half a cupful of hot milk into the bowl. Beat well and serve at once.

Brewing the Tea.

The excellence of all teas depends much upon the method of brewing. Freshly boiled water poured quickly upon the leaves, covered tightly and allowed to stand in a hot place (but never where it can boil) for five minutes is the accepted time for perfect tea making. Cream should not be served with tea, a slice of lemon in the cup, and either with or without sugar as preferred, represents the correct fashion.

Cocoanut Cakes.

Grate 2 ounces of cocoanut, and let it dry for a day or two; spread out on paper. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to snow and stir in one-quarter pound of fine sugar and the cocoanut, and with a teaspoon or a forcing pipe drop the cakes onto a sheet of white paper placed on an oven tin. Bake in a cool oven till hard—about half an hour.

Snow Cake.

Beat half a pound of fresh butter to a cream, add 2 well beaten eggs, 6 ounces of sifted sugar and a pound of farina or corn flour. Beat all together for 20 minutes and bake on a flat buttered tin in a slow oven. Do not let it color. When all is done, cut into squares.

The Crushed Author.

"So your great work on 'The Subconsciousness of the Normal Apperception' was rejected?"

"Yes. The publisher said his presses were going to be so busy with Clara Jeeps Chippy's new novel, 'Only the Second Chambermaid,' that he couldn't think of bringing out anything frivolous this season."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Reason Why.

I do not understand the reason why,
Though we toil all the day,
My Jock and I,
Yet poverty sits in our cottage door,
And each day wears the look that yester wore.

My Jock hath brawn and muscle, aye, and brain!
Yet duller men in chariots pass us by;
The reason why.
I cannot say—but this I know,
No nobler heart than Jock's could God bestow.

We eat our simple fare in thankfulness,
Nor crave the dainties spread before the high,
My Jock and I;
They quaff life's wine, and we the lees—
And who can tell the reason why?

And haply, a little while, we'll understand.
When cowslips grow and long grass waves
Upon our humble graves,
It shall be well with my dear Jock and I—
We shall be happy with God in reason why.
—Mattie Holland Swann.

Could Not Talk a Little Bit.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy.

"I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him.

"Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance,' said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop. I've got to go there, and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.'

"Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success.

"The proprietor walked hurriedly, and I after him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears.

"Looking at my man, I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket, 'Now, tell me all about it!'

"He smiled sardonically as he said this, and I could have murdered him. It was impossible to say a word, and so I went right out. It was a darn mean trick."—New York Herald.

Preparing For a Hurricane.

Speaking of hurricanes at the island of St. Thomas, ex-Consul Horne said: "We had one that scared me a good deal more than it hurt me. One day when the sun was shining brightly I suddenly heard four guns fired from the fort. Everybody began jumping around and shutting up things. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Hurry up,' said the clerk, 'that's the signal. There's a storm coming.' And in the street the people were running in all directions, and blinds were banging. All the houses have heavy, solid outside shutters, and my clerk was shutting these as fast as he could. Soon I was left in total darkness entirely alone. Everybody goes into the lower stories of the houses during a hurricane, as they are built of stone and the upper part of the buildings are of wood. In an earthquake they use the wooden story. Well, the storm came up and banged and howled around, and I would have given $5 for even a black companion. I expected to see the whole place in ruins, but when I opened the shutters and got a breath of fresh air the people were beginning to walk about again, and the sun was shining, and everything was lovely. They're used to little things like hurricanes there and don't mind them. That's the way all rainstorms come up—out of a clear sky."—Hartford Courant.

India.

The civilization of today is indebted to the old time civilization of India. Without it there could scarcely have been an Athens or a Rome, and without a Rome no France or England, as we know them.

Do not imagine India as a country inhabited by a single race. You might as well say that the creole in the streets of New Orleans belongs to the same race as the Yankees because they live in the same country. India is densely populated by a large number of races, the people of which are widely separated by caste. Between the high and low castes there can be no affiliation. It is hard to convert these people to Christianity. The high caste would prefer hell to the idea of a heaven where he would be obliged to mingle with inferiors. Then, too, the native gravely answers when asked to change his religion that if his own faith were wrong his forefathers would surely have discovered it.—Lecturer Frank R. Roberson.

What Shall We Call Him?

Professor Muybridge, the artist who first succeeded in photographing an animal on the run or on the jump, writes his first name Eadweard. This is odd, but there is a man in West Virginia who writes his thus: Llewellyn Phthologuyrrh. His given name is not hard to read, but the other is a puzzler until you take it to pieces and determine the sounds of the letters and combinations by the following words: Phth, in phthisic; olo, in colonel; gn, in cologne; yrrh, in myrrh.—Harper's Young People.

The Storage Battery.

It is maintained very stoutly by expert electricians that the storage battery is, after all, a success for commercial work; that the new processes for manufacturing them have cheapened their cost, and that in train lighting they are especially efficient and economical. It is estimated that $85 per horse power is the annual cost of the accumulator.—Inventive Age.

James Wormley, son of the Washington hotel keeper, recently found stowed away in a closet a coffee wood cane, highly polished, engraved upon the head of which was this inscription, "Hon. Charles Sumner, from a citizen of Liberia." The stick had in turn been presented to Mr. Wormley.

Somebody still "reads Dickens," after all. A group of children was found not long ago placing flowers at the feet of the novelist's statue in a park at Sydney. When asked why they were doing it, little Australians answered simply, "It's the story writer."

On the night of the 11th of June, 1852, there were heavy frosts all over New England, and in Livingstone county, N. Y., 300 sheep that had been sheared a few days before were frozen to death.

Ice artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures is not a late idea by any means, the invention dating back to 1788.

Occasion of It.

Traveler (in haste)—Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank, porter?

Porter—Plenty of time, sir—10:50 tomorrow morning.—Tit-Bits.

Difficult.

His Friend—What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?

Footlights—Trying to live on the salary I told my friends I was drawing.—

THE KIND THAT CURES

WILLIAM BURKE,
Springfield, Mass

"It's The Kind That Cures"
SAYS
WILLIAM BURKE.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,
GENTLEMEN,—For the past eight years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, fearful headaches and a tired feeling constantly—unable to work most of the time. I was induced to try DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, and after using three bottles I felt better than I had for five years. At times I could not eat for two or three days at a time—now I feel like a new man. My appetite is ravenous—can eat anything. Headache all gone, and I can say I feel entirely cured. I can fully warrant

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

to do all it claims—and to any suffering, I recommend it. Try it and be convinced. "It's the Kind That Cures."
Yours very truly, WM. BURKE
Springfield, Mass.

SIGS.—Mr Burke is well known in Springfield, especially in sporting circles as owner of the running horse "Rugby." His testimony is reliable. Respectfully yours, W. H. NOBLE, Druggist.
167 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

Boston and Maine.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 7.30, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Sacco and Portland 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m

For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell.

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.25, *9.50, 11.00 a. m.; *12.10, 1.35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7.45, 8.45, *9.15 a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, 7.01, *7.18, *7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.28, *9.35, *9.58, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.38, 2.13, ¶3.04, 4.02, 4.33, *5.32, ¶5.43, *6.28, 7.32, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.17, *7.27, ¶7.48, 8.48, *9.20 a. m.; *4.25, 6.08 p. m.

For Woburn, 6.30, §7.01, *7.35, *¶7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.35, 4.50, *§5.33, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m. §4.25, §6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.50 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.15 a. m., 7.35 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.33 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m

☞Time below is from Northern depot.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.13, 5.43 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.13, (5.42 Nashua only), 5.42, 6.22, 8.13, 6.48 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.00, a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.11 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m. 1.47 (5.42 Franklin only) §8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—8.15 a m; 1.47 and 7.43.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, §8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; §5.48 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞Daily for Montreal.

J. W. SANBORN, General Manager.
D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Western Div.
C. E. PAIGE, Gen. Agent So. Div.

JAMES MEEK,

HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.

Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.

LOWEST PRICES TELEPHONE 55-3.

All Honor to the Board of Health,

For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox—typhoid fever, is amongst us; but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If that is so, the remedy is easy: don't take it raw—cook it; that is, boil it, and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different: there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk. Every doctor will tell you that. Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever; we cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body—wine, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else. Now, if these remedies are good in case of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c. per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which others ask $1.25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, best California, 35 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to

JOHN WARBURTON,
Globe Hotel, City.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PIHL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

COR. CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.,

Where all kinds of new and second-hand furniture can be bought at lowest prices

DR. KELLEY SURGEON DENTIST 104 CENTRAL

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE TAX ON INCOMES.

Its Relation to the Rich and the General Welfare.

Some of the Objections Urged Against It.—Why It is Opposed by the Plutocrats—Views of "Great Financiers"—Relations of the Castles to the Hovels.

An income tax?

Yes, by all means. All the arguments that have been advanced against it are based upon the assumption, so pernicious and so contrary to the spirit of a republican form of government, that the state has no right to legislate for the general welfare.

Suppose it would be injurious to those who are the fortunate possessors of liberal incomes. Is it not also injurious to the sportsman that he cannot shoot game or fish out of season? Is it not a detriment to the farmer that he cannot pasture his cows in the common, to the lover of flowers that she cannot pick roses in the park? Is it not a misfortune to the head of a destitute family that he cannot help himself to bread at the baker's?

Can we never get our wiseacres, our so called statesmen and our editors to recognize a fact upon which rests the very bulwark of our form of government—namely, that all legislation should be considered in the relation that it bears to the general well being and not to its effects upon the primitive rights of the individual?

Nobody with a spoonful of brains will claim that an income tax would be a benefit to the rich. If it would, there would be no need of it. As it would not, as it would create a wider diffusion of moderate welfare, as it would tend to level the extremes of poverty and wealth, it is not merely the right but the imperative duty of a government of this kind to impose it.

So likewise the claim that an income tax "cannot be enforced" is, per se, not the slightest ground for opposing its enactment. The distillery tax, the oleomargarine law, the laws against all forms of crime, are difficult of enforcement, and their success depends very much upon the penalties imposed and the efforts of justice to enforce them. There would be little difficulty in enforcing such a law if everybody were honest, and the difficulty of enforcing a law where there is dishonesty is great in all cases.

But such a law would be a temptation to lead men into the vice of dishonesty, says some objector for the one hundredth time. Yes, and so are poverty and destitution temptations to vice and dishonesty. Nay, more. Want and destitution are the strongest temptations to crime with which man is afflicted. If the enforcement of an income tax would lead to more dishonesty, not mentioning crime, than is fertilized by the despair of destitution, then God help us all. An income tax has been systematically imposed and collected in England, France and Germany for years. Are the rich of the United States so much more unscrupulous that it cannot be done here? Is our form of government so much more plutocratic that it would be contrary to its spirit to enact it?

Most of the objections against imposing an income tax come from the only interests that the press has thus far consulted to secure an expression of opinion—"the great financiers of the country" and the Wall street bankers.

Mr. C. P. Huntington says he is opposed to an income tax because "it interferes with the people's economics." Probably it did not occur to this venerable moneybags that we have been interfering with the people's economics right along for the past 100 years, and that if we had not done so he would probably have very little income to be taxed. It would be laughable were it not irritating to hear millionaires, who owe all they have to an interference with economics, oppose and question legislation of the kind that tends to help a class that a government for the people is bound to make the subject of its first consideration. It reminds me of the howls that are made against a depreciated dollar from this same class and their sublime satisfaction over an appreciated one, which is far more pernicious, as it enriches the creditor who can take care of himself and robs the debtor who cannot.

But Russell Sage of New York is another individual who has been consulted on the subject. He says, "I am opposed to an income tax because—well, because I don't think it is fair." You don't mean what you say, Mr. Sage. Probably your feelings would have been more correctly defined if you had said, "I am opposed to an income tax because it would cause me to disgorge an infinitesimal fraction of my ill gotten gains, because it would not be legislating for the rich."

Richard Croker, the czar of Tammany Hall in New York, who has had no visible means of support since he was coroner, and who never earned a dollar of his great wealth, is opposed to an income tax because "it would, after all, fall heaviest upon poor people." He need not give himself any uneasiness about the poor people. If this government can be maintained in the spirit in which it was founded, the worthy poor will be able to take care of themselves. This cry that taxes fall upon the poor people is about as old as sin, yet no matter where they fall men of wealth will lie and steal and juggle and adopt any method, no matter how pitiful and paltry, to get rid of paying them.

True, the imposition of an income tax offers no great relief for the industrial disease from which the country is suffering. It will not turn enforced idleness, the greatest curse from which civilization can suffer, to leisure, its greatest blessing. It will mitigate but little that despairing present day cry for plenty of work, without which there can be no real prosperity, except that by increasing the revenue of the government it will give the means of carrying forward more public improvements.

But it is a step in the right direction. It will rightly compel those having large incomes to contribute more toward the support of the government than those possessed of small incomes. For every castle on the hilltop there are a hundred hovels in the valley. It may tend to reduce the castles, but it will also reduce the hovels correspondingly. Castles and hovels are equally inimical to the welfare of a government for, of and by the people.

After all, one of the strongest arguments in favor of an income tax is the fact that those who have large incomes oppose it. Possessors of large incomes are few. Those who have small incomes are many. Have we so far forgotten the spirit of our government that we refuse to legislate for the many against the few?

JEROME WOOD.

Pittsburg.

An Altruist Community.

C. W. Gibson, president of the Detroit Carbonic Acid Gas company and a capitalist, has made a proposition to the poor committee to take care of 60 needy families, who will become members of the Gibsonville altruist community, of which Mr. Gibson is president.

This community is located on 415 acres of the best farming land in Michigan, in Genesee county, near the town of Grand Blanc, five miles from Flint. The purpose of the community, which is organized under the laws of the state as a stock company, is to conduct the business of agriculture, manufacturing and merchandising for the benefit of all its members.

The community is strictly co-operative, and the women have as much say as the men in the arrangement of its affairs. The fruits of the labor of the members will be placed in a common treasury and divided at the end of each year. The number of days each member has worked during the year will be figured up, and half the proceeds will be divided pro rata among them.

The other half will be expended for public improvements and needs. Besides work in the broom and basket factories, there will be carried on all sorts of farming and gardening, and an immense creamery will be started in the spring.

A district school has already been established, and kindergartens and nurseries will also be established, where the women can leave their children during the day.

Mr. Gibson will furnish free transportation to all families who wish to enter the community and guarantees to see that all are comfortably housed, clothed and fed during this winter.—Detroit Special.

Pennoyer and the Critics.

Governor Pennoyer, replying to criticisms of the statement in his Christmas letter to President Cleveland that two-thirds of the people of Oregon were without employment, said:

"In one sense of the word all are employed—the tramp is employed in hunting from place to place for a job, and the mechanic out of work is employed in contemplating the sorrowful condition of his wife and children. What I meant was remunerative employment, and what I said was true. Business is paralyzed, and two-thirds of our people if not falling behind, are making no headway, nor will they until we have sufficient full legal tender currency—gold, silver and treasury notes—with which to effect a ready and complete interchange of commodity."

A London cablegram says that the war department, employing some 20,000 workmen, has adopted eight hours for a day's labor, with no deduction of wages. Logically the same course must now be taken in the navy department, and thus the government will be fully committed to the principle which the Labor party has been fighting for for years

Showing Her Sympathy.

On a Grand River avenue street car the other afternoon was a man with a bandage over his eyes who had been put aboard by some friend down town. At his left sat a motherly woman, who fidgeted about for awhile, and then gained courage to inquire:

"Have you met with an accident, sir?"

"No, ma'am. I am being treated for cataract of the eye."

"In both eyes?"

"Yes'm."

"And can't you see at all?"

"Not the slightest."

"Dear me, but that is awful!"

During the next three or four minutes she seemed to be studying the case to see what she could do to prove her good will and sympathy. A newsboy finally boarded the car just as she was about to get off, and she hurriedly bought a paper, laid it on the blind man's knee, and tenderly said:

"Poor fellow! I know just how you must feel about it! Here's the evening paper for you to read and take your mind off your misfortune."—Detroit Free Press.

Did Not Want Trunks.

"Pardon me, madam," gently urged travel stained Rhodes as he struck the lady of the house at the alley gate, "have you an old pair of shoes you can spare a poor pilgrim on life's thorny path?"

Bidding him wait a moment, the good woman went into the house and returned with a pair of shoes, which she handed to him.

"Excuse me, good lady," he murmured hoarsely, "your husband is a Philadelphia policeman?"

"He is," she replied wonderingly. "How did you know?"

"By the size of these," was the sorrowful reply. "Here, madam, take them back. I wanted shoes to walk in. I could use these for trunks; but, alas! I have no need for such."

Then he drifted on, and the woman leaned against the gatepost and thought.—Philadelphia Call

LAST DITCH BUT ONE.

AFTER THIS THERE IS ONLY THE TRENCH IN POTTER'S FIELD.

Now Is the Pawnshop's Harvest, and Woman's Tears and Heart's Blood Fall Beneath the Reaper—Parting With Old Keepsakes Under Pressure of Bitter Need

The real pathos of the present condition of things is not to be found in the streets. Neither is it to be found in saloons or in the courts or police stations. But it is in the pawnshops and loan offices that scenes enough to melt a heart of stone are enacted daily, with only men inured by long experience to such sights as witnesses. All day long the pawn shops are crowded. Men, women and children are there, each with some trinket or garment on which they want to raise a few cents.

Several afternoons ago a young woman on whose face the marks of care and trouble were plainly to be seen walked down Park row from the direction of Chatham square. Her clothing was shabby, but carefully brushed. She wore an old hat, with a couple of time worn feathers and a ruffled artificial rose for decorations, while in her arms she carried a baby not much more than a year old, around which an old and tattered shawl was carefully wrapped. The woman's face was pale and thin. Her dark brown eyes were sunken deep in her head, and she trembled like a leaf in the cold wind. Reaching the corner of William street, she strode swiftly around to the private entrance of the pawnshop and entered.

"C-can you let me have $5 on this?" she said timidly, pulling a plain band ring from her finger and handing it to the man.

The man looked at it and smiled.

"Well, hardly," he said, not unkindly.

"It's real gold. I know it," said the woman.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but it wouldn't be worth much more than $3 melted up. I'll give you $2.50 on it if that'll do."

"I ca—can't do without $5," replied the woman. "I must have it. Oh, my God, what shall I do?" and she burst out into tears. The clerk said nothing. The proprietor looked disgusted. Suddenly the woman wiped away her tears, and a look of complete despair and misery came over her face. Throwing aside the shawl which covered the baby, she took from the child's neck a thin gold chain, with a small locket attached. Throwing them down on the counter, she said: "Is that worth $2? Take it all and let me have $5."

"Certainly," said the clerk, and he brushed the trinkets to one side, made out two tickets and handed them, with a $5 note, to the woman. The latter then folded the shawl carefully around the child, weeping softly all the while, and then went out of the private entrance and disappeared down Park row.

"Hum," said the clerk to a gentleman standing near by. "Kinder tough. Let's see," examining the ring. "'Jack to Henrietta, 1893.' Well, there's dozens more like her—poor devils. Not a year married, I guess, and pawning the wedding ring so soon." Then the clerk opened the locket. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "That can't be the same," and he showed the gentleman the contents of the locket—a small tintype of an exceedingly pretty girl.

"Yes, it is," said the gentleman. "Same eyes—no mistake there. Tough, by gad! Tough," and he walked away as the clerk did the trinkets up in a small piece of newspaper and placed them in the safe.

A clerk in one of the biggest pawn shops in this city said to a Sun reporter the other day that never in the 15 years he has been in the business had he seen things quite as prosperous. "Of course we profit by the misfortunes of others," he said, "and, as there are always plenty of unfortunates around, business is always pretty lively with us. But for the past few weeks we have been overrun.

"The pawned articles include everything from watches and diamonds down to old hats and soiled vests. We're not quite so hard hearted about these matters as the general public seem to think. Of course it's simply business with us right through, but more than one hungry looking woman has come in this place within the past few days and tried to raise $1 on some article that never cost more than 50 cents and gone away with the $1 too. Mr. ——, the proprietor, knows it's clean loss to him, as the article will of course never be redeemed. Of course we have to carry the reputation of being avaricious and hard hearted just because we're in this business, but let me tell you that the average pawnbroker does a great deal more good than the average business man, and that, too, without getting a bit of credit for it.

"Some of the scenes I have witnessed in this place in the past few weeks have been simply heartrending. A women came in here the other day and wanted $5 on a silver backed hairbrush. It was plated stuff and not worth that much, and of course we couldn't let her have the money. The way she went on was pitiable. She wasn't violent and didn't rant or tear her hair. She simply wept quietly and agreed to take the $2 we offered her. We had just given her the money when she threw up her hands and fainted dead away. An ambulance surgeon who was summoned said that woman was starving to death. She had a gentle face, but I learned afterward that when they undressed her at the hospital they discovered that she hadn't a particle of underclothing on and was suffering as much from exposure as lack of food. That's only one of dozens of similar cases we have every day.

"If I had time, I could tell you of dozens of such cases. The pawnshop is the place for the philanthropist to hang around if he wants to find worthy objects of charity. It isn't the beggars that come here. It's the men and women who have seen better days and who have lost everything but their pride that come here to raise a little money on keepsakes and momentos of time gone by."—New York Sun.

Getting Over It Easily.

"Carrie," said the bashful youth, with a gasp. "If you liked somebody else about the same as you like me, would you care to marry him?"—Chicago News-Record.

Defined.

"What must one do to get into the Four Hundred?"

"Nothing."—Vogue.

HOW TO SLEEP.

THE MATTER OF POSITION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

How to Make Oyster Soup—How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun—Other Hints For Practical Use.

In sleeping, much depends on securing a comfortable position. Lying on the back would seem to give the most ease, but general experience and practice prove that it does not, and it is liable to some definite objections. In a weakly state of the heart and blood vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to produce troublesome dreams. Persons who have contracted chests, and who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so in that position.

For these and other reasons it is therefore better to lie on the side, and in lung disease to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand. It is well to choose the right side, because, when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines.

Sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated, but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles in the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches and dreams.

The best sleep is obtained when the shutters are closed so as to make the room dark and the windows are adjusted so as to admit plenty of fresh air.

How to Make Oyster Soup.

Two quarts of oysters, a quart of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, a teacupful of hot water, pepper, salt. Strain all the liquor from the oysters, add the water and heat. When near the boil, add the seasoning; then the oysters. Cook about five minutes from the time they begin to simmer until they "ruffle." Stir in the butter, cook one minute and pour into the tureen. Stir in the boiling milk and send to table.

How Smoked Glasses Show Spots on the Sun.

It may be pretty generally known that the spots on the sun can be quite easily seen with an opera glass. The spots on the sun observe, with considerable regularity, a period. At the minimum the spots are small and very few in number, so that a telescope of some power is needed, but at the maximum they are numerous and of large size. This period is about 11 years, and it is now nearly at its maximum.

To appreciate this properly it is well to remember the magnitude of the object we are observing, and from that one can easily judge the size of the spots. The diameter of the sun is about 880,000 miles, and in comparison to the earth is as a large carriage wheel to a marble. If, therefore, the spots observed appear to be about one-twentieth the diameter of the disk, they occupy space about 44,000 miles in diameter.

To view the sun, take a hazy morning or evening, when the intervening mist gives it the appearance of a dull red ball, or get a couple of pieces of glass large enough to cover the eye pieces of the opera glass and smoke one of them until you can look at the sun through it easily. Put two strips of card between the ends with the smoked surface inside and attach to the instrument with a similar rubber band.

It will be best to get your opera glasses accurately focused on some distant object before adjusting the darkened glasses to them.

Timely Hints as to the Acquisition of Loveliness.

The hot bath is the bath most esteemed by our world famed beautiful women, so hot at first to be carefully entered; this done with due caution, let the water be fragrant with benzoin and foaming with the finest of soap. Use a linen or Turkish washrag and rub and scrub every inch of the body until it is glowing with healthy vigor. After the scrub, let out the hot water very gradually while the cold spigot empties the cold into the bath—but you must not get out—and the temperature of the bath will be so gradually reduced that no shock will be felt; then rinse as carefully as possible, and you will rise from it feeling splendidly.

The diet is of almost as much import as bathing. Avoid pastry, French sweets, fat meat and gravies. Eschew pork if you would have a beautiful skin. Choose cereals, lean meat, beef, mutton, fowls, fish, fruit and all vegetables, salads, greens and lettuce simply dressed. Avoid every kind of diet that is of oleaginous nature. For an oily face use benzoin lotion frequently and a triweekly vapor bath. Freckles are stubborn things to many, but the use of lemon juice and borax very often meets with great success.

How to Prevent Cold Feet.

Do not wear the same stockings on two successive days, but keep two pairs going alternately, hanging each to dry and air when not in use. Every night bathe the feet in tepid water and rub hard with a coarse towel.

How to Make Virginia Eggnog.

To make a gallon of eggnog take one dozen eggs; separate the whites and the yolks very carefully. Beat each until it becomes as light as practicable. Add a pound of pulverized white sugar to the yolks and mix. Then add a quart of cognac brandy and half pint of Jamaica rum, pouring them in a small stream while stirring actively. Add half a gallon of rich milk. Then add not less than three-fourths of the bulk of the whites. The remainder of the whites should be put upon the surface merely as an ornament. A large portion of the white of the eggs should always be mixed to render it light and wholesome.

Popular.

Primus—My fiancee is not only beautiful, but to know her is to love her.

Secundus—Yes. I have heard that to meet her is to be engaged to her.—Life.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DAINTY ROOM AND VIOLET COLORINGS.

An Invisible Woodbox—The Charm of Blue China—Brewing the Tea—Domestic Recipes.

Violet is an odd color to choose for the decoration of a bedroom, but an English lady of taste has used it in the refitting of a room in her London house in a manner which is extremely pleasing. The woodwork and furniture are all in white enamel, and the wall paper has a design of violet figures on a white ground, with a deep frieze of the purple clematis.

Chintz hangings at windows and doorways show the wistaria blossom, and the bed is draped with violet silk, elaborately embroidered with the same purple flowers. Purple velours is used for upholstering the divan, which is heaped with pillows in white and white and heliotrope combined, and the dressing table is draped like the bed with the soft violet silk. On the white frame of the mirror is painted a spray of clematis, and all the linen covers and toilet mats are dotted with tiny purple blossoms, wrought with the needle in washable silks.

A large carpet rug with a very light ground covers the center of the floor, and this is supplemented with white goatskin rugs placed wherever they are needed.

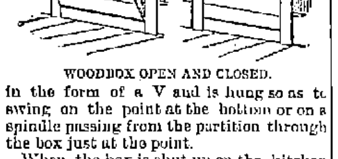
This scheme of color may be carried out in a less expensive manner by using the chintz both for bed and table draperies as well as for the covering of the couch, but care must be taken to keep the color within the limits of the different violet tones in all the decorations, and white alone should be used for woodwork and furniture. White wooden lattices, which Harper's Bazar says may be made at home, would add much to the beauty of a room decorated in this way, and the additional expense would be so trifling that it need not be considered.

Pommes Souffles.

This is a very tempting form of potato. Peel some nice sized potatoes, and cut them in slices about one-quarter inch thick, dry them well in a clean cloth, put them into a frying basket, and fry in plenty of boiling lard or fat till they are cooked, but not colored. It is on this first cooking that their success depends, and they should be just so cooked that, while quite soft, they should bite crisp and short if you put a piece in your mouth. Now have ready a second pan of fat, throw a few of the cooked potato slices into the basket, and fry them in the fat till they color prettily and puff out on both sides. Put these to drain in a hot corner, and continue till all are colored and light.

An Invisible Woodbox.

Where the kitchen adjoins a porch or woodshed, it is possible to make a woodbox in the partition so that the box can be filled from the porch or shed, and the wood need not be brought into the kitchen at all. The Country Gentleman tells how a woodbox can be constructed so that it need occupy no space whatever in the kitchen—a most desirable feature. The box is made



WOODBOX OPEN AND CLOSED.

in the form of a V and is hung so as to swing on the point at the bottom or on a spindle passing from the partition through the box just at the point.

When the box is shut up on the kitchen side, it projects on the other side of the partition and can be filled. When wood is desired in the kitchen, the box is swung into the room, a few sticks of wood removed and the box swung back again. Its weight will of course hold it in either position.

The Charm of Blue China.

It was Charles Lamb, with his "almost feminine partiality for old China," as well as "old and pretty" wares, who understood and expressed the vague enchantment of "those little, lawless, azure tinted grotesques that under the notion of men and women float about uncircumscribed by any element in that world before perspective—a china teacup. Here is a young and courtly mandarin handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream! Farther on, if far or near can be predicted of their world, see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays. Here a cow and rabbit, couchant and coextensive—so objects show seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay." In the world of blue china there are no right angles of incidence, no stubborn facts, but only a sweet unreasonableness—a happy and blessed inconsequence.

Good Sauce For Any Steamed Puddings.

Here is a good sauce for all kinds of steamed puddings: Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream, into which beat gradually one cupful of powdered sugar. When the mixture becomes light and smooth, add one unbeaten egg and beat rapidly for three minutes. Now add the grated yellow rind of one lemon and about one-third of a nutmeg grated. Then gradually pour half a cupful of hot milk into the bowl. Beat well and serve at once.

Brewing the Tea.

The excellence of all teas depends much upon the method of brewing. Freshly boiled water poured quickly upon the leaves, covered tightly and allowed to stand in a hot place (but never where it can boil) for five minutes is the accepted time for perfect tea making. Cream should not be served with tea, a slice of lemon in the cup, and either with or without sugar as preferred, represents the correct fashion.

Coconnut Cakes.

Grate 2 ounces of coconnut, and let it dry for a day or two; spread out on paper. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to snow and stir in one-quarter pound of fine sugar and the coconnut, and with a teaspoon or a forcing pipe drop the cakes onto a sheet of white paper placed on an oven tin. Bake in a cool oven till hard—about half an hour.

Snow Cake.

Beat half a pound of fresh butter to a cream, add 2 well beaten eggs, 6 ounces of sifted sugar and a pound of farina or corn flour. Beat all together for 20 minutes and bake on a flat buttered tin in a slow oven. Do not let it color. When all is done, cut into squares.

The Crushed Author.

"So your great work on 'The Subconsciousness of the Normal Apperception' was rejected?"

"Yes. The publisher said his presses were going to be so busy with Clara Jeeps Chippy's new novel, 'Only the Second Chambermaid,' that he couldn't think of bringing out anything frivolous this season."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Reason Why.

I do not understand the reason why,
Though we toil all the day,
My Jock and I,
Yet poverty sits in our cottage door,
And each day wears the look that yester wore.

My Jock hath brawn and muscle, aye, and brain!
Yet duller men in chariots pass us by:
The reason why
I cannot say—but this I know,
No nobler heart than Jock's could God bestow.

We eat our simple fare in thankfulness,
Nor crave the dainties spread before the high,
My Jock and I;
They quaff life's wine, and we the lees—
And who can tell the reason why?

And haply, a little while, we'll understand,
When cowslips grow and long grass waves
Upon our humble graves,
It shall be well with my dear Jock and I—
We shall be happy with God's reason why.

—Mattie Holland Swann.

Could Not Talk a Little Bit.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy.

"I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him.

"Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance,' said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop. I've got to go there, and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.'

"Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success.

"The proprietor walked hurriedly, and I after him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears.

"Looking at my man, I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket, 'Now, tell me all about it!'

"He smiled sardonically as he said this, and I could have murdered him. It was impossible to say a word, and so I went right out. It was a darn mean trick."—New York Herald.

Preparing For a Hurricane.

Speaking of hurricanes at the island of St. Thomas, ex-Consul Horne said: "We had one that scared me a good deal more than it hurt me. One day when the sun was shining brightly I suddenly heard four guns fired from the fort. Everybody began jumping around and shutting up things. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Hurry up,' said the clerk, 'that's the signal. There's a storm coming.' And in the street the people were running in all directions, and blinds were banging. All the houses have heavy, solid outside shutters, and my clerk was shutting these as fast as he could. Soon I was left in total darkness entirely alone. Everybody goes into the lower stories of the houses during a hurricane, as they are built of stone and the upper part of the buildings are of wood. In an earthquake they use the wooden story. Well, the storm came up and banged and howled around, and I would have given $5 for even a black companion. I expected to see the whole place in ruins, but when I opened the shutters and got a breath of fresh air the people were beginning to walk about again, and the sun was shining, and everything was lovely. They're used to little things like hurricanes there and don't mind them. That's the way all rainstorms come up—out of a clear sky."—Hartford Courant.

India.

The civilization of today is indebted to the old time civilization of India. Without it there could scarcely have been an Athens or a Rome, and without a Rome no France or England, as we know them.

Do not imagine India as a country inhabited by a single race. You might as well say that the creole in the streets of New Orleans belongs to the same race as the Yankees because they live in the same country. India is densely populated by a large number of races, the people of which are widely separated by caste. Between the high and low castes there can be no affiliation. It is hard to convert these people to Christianity. The high caste would prefer hell to the idea of a heaven where he would be obliged to mingle with inferiors. Then, too, the native gravely answers when asked to change his religion that if his own faith were wrong his forefathers would surely have discovered it.—Lecturer Frank R. Roberson.

What Shall We Call Him?

Professor Muybridge, the artist who first succeeded in photographing an animal on the run or on the jump, writes his first name Eadweard. This is odd, but there is a man in West Virginia who writes his thus: Llewellyn Phthologuyrrh. His given name is not hard to read, but the other is a puzzler until you take it to pieces and determine the sounds of the letters and combinations by the following words: Phth, in phthisic; olo, in colonel; gu, in cologne; yrrh, in myrrh.—Harper's Young People.

The Storage Battery.

It is maintained very stoutly by expert electricians that the storage battery is, after all, a success for commercial work; that the new processes for manufacturing them have cheapened their cost, and that in train lighting they are especially efficient and economical. It is estimated that $85 per horse power is the annual cost of the accumulator.—Inventive Age.

James Wormley, son of the Washington hotel keeper, recently found stowed away in a closet a coffee wood cane, highly polished, engraved upon the head of which was this inscription, "Hon. Charles Sumner, from a citizen of Liberia." The stick had in turn been presented to Mr. Wormley.

Somebody still "reads Dickens," after all. A group of children was found not long ago placing flowers at the feet of the novelist's statue in a park at Sydney. When asked why they were doing it, little Australians answered simply, "It's the story writer."

On the night of the 11th of June, 1852, there were heavy frosts all over New England, and in Livingstone county, N. Y., 300 sheep that had been sheared a few days before were frozen to death.

Ice artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures is not a late idea by any means, the invention dating back to 1780.

Oceans of It.

Traveler (in haste)—Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank, porter?

Porter—Plenty of time, sir—10:50 tomorrow morning.—Tit-Bits.

Difficult.

His Friend—What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?

Footlights—Trying to live on the salary I told my friends I was drawing.—

THE KIND THAT CURES

WILLIAM BURKE, Springfield, Mass.

"It's The Kind That Cures" SAYS WILLIAM BURKE.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,
GENTLEMEN:—For the past eight years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, fearful headaches and a tired feeling constantly—unable to work most of the time. I was induced to try DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, and after using three bottles I felt better than I had for five years. At times I could not eat for two or three days at a time—now I feel like a new man. My appetite is ravenous—can eat anything. Headache all gone, and I can say I feel entirely cured. I can fully warrant

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

to do all it claims—and to any suffering, I recommend it. Try it and be convinced. "It's the Kind That Cures."
Yours very truly, WM. BURKE.
Springfield, Mass.

SIRS:—Mr. Burke is well known in Springfield, especially in sporting circles as owner of the running horse "Rugby." His testimony is reliable. Resp'y yours, W. H. NOBLE, Druggist.
167 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

Boston and Maine.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing January 21, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.55, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 7.30, p. m.
For Lawrence, 6.50, 9.20, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m. 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.
For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.20 a. m.; 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 5.10, 6.15, 6.55, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.30 p. m.
For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.
For Newburyport, 12.15, 2.40, 3.25, 6.15 p. m.
For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m
For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25 p. m.
For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35.
For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.25, 5.00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For Bangor, Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.
For St. John N. B., Montreal, Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.
For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Mondays and Thursdays at 12.15 p. m.

Southern Division.

Trains leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell.

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, ¶6 50, *7 45, *850, ¶9 25, *9 50, 11 00 a. m.; *12 10, 1 35, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, ¶7 45, 8 45, *9 15 a. m.
Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell, as follows:
For Boston—5 48, 6 34, ¶6 53, 7 01, *7 18, *7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 28, *9 35, *9 58, 11 03, 11 44 a. m., *12 17, 1 38, 2 13, ¶3 03, 4 02, 4 33, *5 33, ¶5 43, *6 25, 7 52, p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 17, *7 27, ¶7 48, *8 48, *9 20 a. m.; §4 25, 6 03 p. m.
For Woburn, 5 30, §7 01, 7 35, ¶745, 11 00 a.m.; 1 35, 4 30, *§5 35, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m. §4 25, §6 03, p.m.
*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.
For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 11.00 a. m. 1.25, 2.10, 4.45, 5.60 p. m. SUNDAYS 9.16 a. m., 7.15 p. m.
For Salem and Way Stations—¶7.33 a. m.; 1.25, 5.60 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.
☞Time below is from Northern depot.
For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.10 and 5.49 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.
For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.43, 9.14, 9.45, 12.11 a.m.; 12.57, 1.47, 3.13, (5.42 Nashua only), 6.42, 6.22, 8.13, 8.48 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.09 a. m. to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.09, 8.13, 8.13 p. m.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.14, 9.45, 12.11, a. m.; 1.47, (5.42 Franklin only), ¶8.13 p. m.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 p. m.
For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.47 and ¶8.43.
For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, ¶8.13 p. m.
For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m., ¶8.43 p. m.
Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.47 8 13, p. m., daily except Sunday.
☞¶Daily for Montreal.
J. W. SANBORN, General Manager.
D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Western Div.
C. E. PAIGE, Gen. Agent So. Div.

JAMES MEEK,

HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.

Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.

LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 55-5.

All Honor to the Board of Health,

For they have succeeded beyond a doubt in stamping out that horrid disease, smallpox. We cannot be too thankful to them for having done it so promptly. But now another monster of disease—and some dread it as much as smallpox,—typhoid fever, is amongst us; but let us be guided strictly by the rules of the board of health, and I am sure we shall in a great measure escape it. Water is said to be the cause of it. If that is so, the remedy is easy: don't take it raw—cook it; that is, boil it, and you are safe. But water is thin, very thin, and if you drink too much of it, it will make you thin, and consequently make you more susceptible to disease. Now, milk is different; there is nothing more nourishing to the body than milk. Every doctor will tell you that. Now during this very changeable weather it is next to impossible to avoid getting cold, and the wisest men, physicians included, cannot tell what may be the outcome of a cold. It may develop into any one of the diseases which human flesh is heir to—it may turn to typhoid fever; we cannot tell. Now, a patient suffering from typhoid fever cannot eat, but suffers from an unquenchable thirst. The doctor will invariably order the patient milk with a little whiskey to sustain the wasting body—wine, in the opinion of some doctors, is even more beneficial than anything else. Now, if these remedies are good to ease of the fever, they should be equally good as a preventive. A word to the wise is sufficient.

You can get pure whiskey for 75c. per bottle, large size, or 3 bottles for $2.00, equal to that which others ask $1.25 per bottle. Wine, port or sherry, best California, 35 cents per bottle or 3 bottles for $1.00, by sending an order by mail to JOHN WARBURTON, Globe Hotel, City.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

VICTOR PIHL

Having closed out his branch store at 167 Central Street, in the future can be found at his old store,

COR. CENTRAL AND NORTH STS.,

Where all kinds of new and second-hand furniture can be bought at lowest prices

DR. KELLEY SURGEON DENTIST

SLIGHT GAIN

In the Financial and Industrial Centers.

THE WOOL TRADE IS YET DEMORALIZED.

Some Shoe Factories are Better Employed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—A fresh impulse has been given to business this week by the success of the treasury in obtaining gold for its reserve, thus strengthening confidence in its ability to maintain gold payments. Gradual improvement in business explains the appearance of more commercial paper in the market this week than has been seen for a long time, though as yet the vast accumulation of idle funds is proof enough that trade has by no means regained normal proportions.

Industrial recovery continues, though it is but gradual, in response to the demand of a people whose consumption at its lowest is greater than that of any other country, and more mills are now at work.

Stocks have been stronger since the result as to the bonds were foreshadowed. Other speculative markets have been almost stagnant.

Wheat has advanced about half a cent, because western reports were only 1,446,404 bushels for the week, against 2,893,000 last year, though there are no signs of material decrease in the enormous visible supply, and Atlantic exports dwindled to 413,990 bushels for the week, against 1,404,471 last year

Smaller receipts and exports of corn have not prevented a slight decline, and pork products are dull without important change.

Cotton and Wool.

Cotton advanced a shade, but closed without change from last week, receipts from plantations still exceeding last year's, though less than of late, while exports continue larger than a year ago Foreign consumption is heavy, but American mills are taking much less than a year ago. The market for cotton goods has a better tone and more staples have been taken, particularly print cloths, with a slight advance in price, but all qualities are extremely low, and scarcely any increase in the working force is seen.

Some demoralization is again reported in prices of woolens, friezes having been reduced in price and trade in overcoatings is not satisfactory. There is more activity in suitings since the date for new duties was deferred, but not many lines of the better grades are yet on the market. Sales of wool are still small; for the week, 4,505,700 pounds against 8,178,000 last year.

Eastern trade in boots and shoes still hesitates, with Boston shipments 23 per cent below last year's, but western factories are reported a little better employed, about 15 per cent below the full capacity.

Larger demand for structural iron and steel for railway materials, except rails; for barbed iron, and especially for wire nails and wire rods, gives a better look to the iron industry both east and west.

BRIDGEPORT RIOTERS

Make an Attack Upon Cars of the Traction Company.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 3.—There was another outbreak of violence last night by the sympathizers of the strikers. After 10 o'clock, the cars in charge of Conductors Leak and Muth were bombarded by the sympathizers. While the latter's car was passing down Washington avenue, a bullet went crashing through the window of the car, in which several ladies were riding. No one was injured.

When the next car came along Conductor Leak was struck on the head by a stone, but he was not seriously injured. The report that there was another outbreak brought a squad of officers out, but before they arrived the crowd of rioters dispersed.

The strikers deny that it was any of their number who fired the shots through the car windows.

Twenty-Five Years a Bishop.

ALBANY, Feb. 3.—With an impressive and beautiful ceremony was celebrated the 25th anniversary as bishop of Albany of Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane. In the morning many congratulatory addresses were made. At the midday services the sermon was preached by the venerable Bishop Williams of Connecticut. Bishops from all parts of the United States were present.

Mr. Dole's Sickness.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—In regard to a San Francisco dispatch, to the effect that President Dole, of the provisional government of Hawaii, would be forced to resign his position on account of ill health, Minister Thurston said that he did not consider the report true. Mr. Dole's illness was of a nature that would not force the president to resign.

An Actress In a Collision.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Actress Rose Coghlan and her husband, John T. Sullivan, were driving on the Boulevard when a runaway horse collided with their sleigh, smashing it. The shaft grazed Miss Coghlan's chin and she had her sack torn and was badly shaken up, though she appeared at the Hollis theater last night.

Sports at Quebec.

QUEBEC, Feb. 3.—The grand attack upon the palace was a brilliant success last night. The fireworks were magnificent. The country snow steeplechase over a two-mile course was won by Gowan of Montreal in 13 minutes. The figure skating contest was won by H. E. Evans of Boston.

For Ten-Year Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The house committee on the judiciary order issued a favorable report on the resolution to change the tenure of office of justices of the supreme courts to 10 years and to do away with the system of retirement.

A $10,000 Fire at Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—An overheated stove in the office on the third floor of the building occupied by W. P. B. Brooks & Co., furniture dealers, 151 Hanover street, caused a damage of $10,000.

Hunting Up Recruits.

AMESBURY, Mass., Jan. 3.—A recruiting officer has been engaging men around here, ostensibly for the Brazilian army, promising them $50 a month. Instead of going to Brazil the men will be sent, it is said, to Honolulu to serve the provisional government.

William to Visit Bismarck.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Emperor William will probably take advantage of his journey to Kiel to visit Prince Bismarck. The emperor goes to Kiel to administer the oath of allegiance to the recruits of the marine corps.

VERMONTS' NEW BISHOP.

REV. DR. ARTHUR HALL CONFIRMED TO PRIESTLY OFFICE.

Impressive Service of Laying on of Hands and Consecration Participated in by Many New England Bishops of the Episcopal Faith.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Feb. 3.—An event fraught with interest to the Protestant Episcopal churches throughout the United States and New England was the consecration of Dr. Arthur C. A. Hall, D. D., as bishop of the diocese of Vermont, which took place in St. Paul's church, at 11 o'clock yesterday. This imposing ceremony was witnessed by distinguished men of the church from all parts of the United States and Canada, and only a small part of those who desired to see the impressive service could gain access to the church

BISHOP HALL.

It had been necessary to assign all sittings by lot to the various parishes, after reserving accommodations for the visiting clergymen and others, and every available foot of space was occupied

The ceremony was preceded by the holy communion at 7:30 o'clock and morning prayers at 9 30. Shortly before the hour for the services to begin the bishops and clergymen proceeded in procession from the chapel to the church and the services were carried out in order.

The consecrators were Bishops Neely of Maine, Niles of New Hampshire, and Lawrence of Massachusetts The presenters were Bishops Grafton of Fon Du Lac and Coleman of Delaware. The attending presbyters were Rev. Dr. J. Isham Bliss of the diocese of Vermont and Rev. Dr. Lucius Waterman of the diocese of New Hampshire. The master of ceremonies was Rev. William W. Weeks of the diocese of Vermont.

The bishop-elect was escorted to the altar by a procession, in which Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts was a prominent figure, and the preliminary responses and readings were given in accordance with the Episcopal ritual before Bishop Coleman ascended the pulpit to preach the consecration sermon.

A luncheon was served immediately after the service in the church parlors, for the personal friends of Dr. Hall, the clergy of the diocese and the visiting clergy with their families and members of the diocesan board.

At 3 p. m. a reception was given to Bishop Hall in the chapel, to which every one was invited.

PRINCE IS MISSING.

A Sensation Which Furnishes Ample Material For Berlin Gossips.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Military and social circles here are discussing a sensation which has been caused by the complete disappearance of Prince Assiz Hassam, a young Egyptian nobleman who was serving in the First Dragoons in the garrison in this city.

Prince Hassam has been living in a very extravagant style, employing a number of servants and having a number of horses and carriages. At the opera, the theater and at several clubs the young Egyptian prince was remarked for his stylish appearance and extreme liberality. On the race courses, also, Prince Assiz Hassam was a prominent figure, as he was a heavy bettor and an unfortunate backer of fast steeds.

Then the prince turned to the usurers and began borrowing money. The usurers accommodated him for a while, but when his debts amounted to $75,000 they refused to advance any more money. A few days ago the effects of the Egyptian "Plunger" were seized and the matter was brought to the attention of the colonel of his regiment, who gave him 20 days in which to make some satisfactory arrangement with his creditors.

Apparently Prince Hassam was unable to come to terms, for he has vanished from the sight of all of his acquaintances, and the most diligent search has failed to find any trace of him.

Creditors Get Nothing.

BOSTON, Feb 3.—Boston Common, the new Sunday paper, published by Doran, Towle & Co., suspended operations yesterday afternoon, the company going into insolvency last evening The paper has been published every Sunday since Dec. 17. It is expected that the creditors will be full losers, as the plant is unpaid for.

Gloucester Newspaper Swelled the Fund.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The fund raised by The Daily Times of Gloucester, Mass., $144.50, for the widows and children of the lost men of the steamship Amsterdam, who met death in endeavoring to save the shipwrecked crew of the schooner Maggie E. Wells, has increased the Maritime Exchange fund of this city to $1792.

Character Was Smirched.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The court has awarded the son of Composer Balfe 200 pounds sterling damages in a suit against a contributor to a newspaper, Society, who suggested that he was of illegitimate birth. Balfe had previously obtained a verdict for 200 pounds sterling against Society for printing the article.

MURDER

Is the Verdict in the Meyer Case.

THE VERDICT HAS CREATED CONSIDERABLE SURPRISE.

Conviction Was Entirely Upon Circumstantial Evidence.

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 3.—The Prawda trial was brought to a termination yesterday afternoon, when to the surprise of every one the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

All of the afternoon was taken up with the argument of Attorney General Powers This was the second murder case in which Powers has figured since he has been attorney general. County Attorney True conducted the cross-examination, and has worked night and day to secure the verdict which was returned.

Attorney General Powers finished his argument about 4:30 o'clock, and Judge Bonney began his charge to the jury. The charge was very brief, the judge simply instructing the jury as to their duties, and at 4:45 gave them the case and sent them out. During the absence of the jury, the courtroom remained crowded There was a general feeling that a verdict of acquittal would be obtained inside of an hour, though some thought that the jury would disagree.

At 6:15 the jury returned. A hush fell upon the audience. Prawda turned ashy pale and clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. His wife almost screamed The foreman of the jury formally announced that the jury found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree Prawda fell back in his chair motionless. His wife fainted and all the spectators were greatly excited. Counsel for the defense stated that he should file exceptions and enter a motion for a new trial.

Evidence Circumstantial.

The state's evidence was entirely circumstantial. On the night of Nov. 28 Prawda was about his house in Yarmouth. The house was occupied by himself and mother-in-law, Mrs. Meyers. About 8 o'clock on the eventful night, Mrs. Meyers was shot through the head by a bullet, fired through a window. This bullet was found, and it was shown that the person who fired the shot must have stood within 20 yards of the window. Prawda told several neighbors that his mother-in-law had been killed by an explosion of a lamp. He told newspaper men and others many different stories. He did not own a gun, but a neighbor named Moxcey had one stolen from him two years ago, and the fatal bullet was of the same caliber. This was all the evidence of the state.

Sentence was not passed, but will be imposed later.

CHRISTIANS EXECUTED

While Mussulmen Guilty of Capital Offenses Are Reprieved.

ATHENS, Feb. 3.—The execution of four Christians, who were sentenced to death for various crimes in the island of Crete, has incensed the Christians of the island against the governor. Their indignation is increased by the fact that several Mussulmen who were convicted of capital charges have been reprieved.

Two Mussulmen were found hanging to trees near Seline recently, and it is thought that they were executed by Christians enraged at the treatment accorded to their comrades. The lynching of these two men led to the wholesale arrests and the fanaticism of the sects has been aroused. All the foreign consuls in Canea, except the Russian representative, have protested against the execution of the Christians.

New Bonds Ready to Go Out.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The allotment of the new 5 per cent bonds will be made this afternoon, It is said that more than one-half of the subscriptions are at the minimum rate of $117.223, and the bulk of the remainder are at prices between that rate and $118. The subscriptions above $118 are said to be small in the aggregate.

Russians Devoured by Wolves.

ODESSA, Feb. 3.—The weather in the Caucasus has been fearfully cold. The principal ports on the Caspian sea are icebound. The wolves have become unusually fierce as the result of the cold, and 18 men have been overtaken and devoured by these animals near Erivan.

Filette's Case.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The court of inquiry ordered to investigate the charges made against Lieutenant Filette, U. S. M. C., adjourned yesterday afternoon. The evidence has been submitted to Secretary Herbert, who will undoubtedly order a court martial.

The End of It.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The coroner's jury ordered by Coroner Marvin to investigate the death of George Strodler of Candia, who died from alleged inhuman treatment at the hands of Mrs. Hartford, returned a verdict that he died from natural causes

Colored Preacher Assassinated.

FAYETTEVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 3.—Rev. D C. Cook, colored, pastor of a Baptist church here, one of the most prominent among his race in this section, was killed at the door of his home. James Clark, colored, has been arrested on suspicion.

MR. CHILDS

Philadelphia's Millionaire Has Passed Away.

THE END CAME EARLY THIS MORNING.

Sketch of the Great Philanthropist's Career.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—George Childs' illness ended in his death at 8:01 this morning. At midnight his physicians issued a bulletin, stating that his respiration, which became embarrassed at 10 p m., was steadily growing worse, that his pulse was lagging, and his condition was beyond hope. After midnight the patient sank rapidly, and it soon became certain that the end was very near.

At the bedside when the beloved journalist and philanthropist passed away were George C. Thomas and James W. Paul of the firm of Drexel & Co.; Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel; Miss Peterson, niece of Mrs. Childs; Miss Stanley, companion to Mrs. Childs, and Colonel Edward De Morrell.

Mr. Childs was not conscious from 10 o'clock, at which hour the final change became noticeable, up to the time of his death.

He faded gradually away, his respiration and pulse becoming fainter as the minutes slipped away, until they ceased altogether, and Dr. Leidy, who held the dying man's wrist, announced that all was over and Mr. Childs was no more.

Sketch of His Career.

George W. Childs gave his money away in the most practical and the most impractical fashion. He pensioned all who wore out in his service, which was very practical. He would subscribe to put a stained glass window in a church in memory of a poet who had been dead two centuries, though an ocean rolled between that church and Mr. Childs' business office. This was very impractical. The truth is that Mr. Childs' charities were so numerous and embraced so wide a range that they touched the extremities.

George William Childs was born in Baltimore in 1829. The practical part of his makeup was born with him. When he was 12 years of age he spent a summer vacation as errand boy in a book store at a salary of $2 a week and enjoyed it. Soon after he removed to Philadelphia and entered a store, doubtless as a mixture of clerk and errand boy.

When he became of age he went into business with Mr. Peterson under the firm name of R. E. Peterson & Co. The only interval in his business career was 15 months in the United States navy when he was 18, but he couldn't abide the navy.

One of the first successful books published by Peterson & Childs was Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." Then the firm got out Parson Brownlow's book, selling 50,000 copies in advance. This was another remarkable success, which was followed by others not far behind.

In 1864 Mr. Childs purchased The Public Ledger. The war, by greatly increasing the cost of labor and material, chiefly white paper, had made it impossible to continue, save at a loss, the publication of The Ledger as a penny paper. It had been sold at a cent ever since it was started in 1836, and Messrs. Swain & Abell, then the proprietors, thought they had lost over $100,000 by keeping the rate at 6 1-4 cents a week, were averse to a change.

Built Up the Ledger.

Mr. Childs had good business judgment, but it required something more than judgment to pay $150,000 for a piece of property losing that amount annually—it required pluck. The owner at the end of the first week doubled the price and advanced the advertising rate There was a considerable falling off of advertisements, but the paper had become a medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends, and the first loss of patronage was soon regained, and from then till now The Ledger has grown in prosperity. It paid Mr. Childs at the time of his death more than $1000 a day clear profit.

Of Mr. Childs' charities, even those which are known are too numerous to catalogue. But doubtless the unknown charities surpassed those which were manifest. He gave away a fortune every year. One who once saw a private record of his charities has said that, though the period covered was only one month, the total given was $28,000.

Mr. Childs' private sanctum in the Philadelphia Ledger office was at once a reception room and a gathering place for curios and objects of art from every part of the globe. The walls are almost entirely covered with the portraits of the editor's friends, while the cabinets and tables are loaded with relics.

An ivory miniature of Washington, set in gold, has a lock of his hair in the back of the locket under glass. Tom Moore's college gown hangs on a chair, a faded, rusty garment in which it is said the poet graduated, and his harp, 18 inches in height, painted green and gilded, stands under a glass cover on the table.

There are Japanese carvings of bamboo wood and Cloisonne, royal Worcester china, Sevres china, a Moorish repousse silver gilt pitcher 700 years old, an exquisite little silver jewel casket which belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, a carved Japanese stone (very rare), a Buddhist hanging lamp and some relics of the Greely expedition. General Grant's picture hangs above Mr. Childs' desk, and the tall Dutch clock presented by Mrs. Grant marks the passing hours.

Mr. Childs' residence is in keeping with so splendid an office. The library is particularly rich in rare books, original letters from all the presidents of the United States, and many other distinguished personages. There are also the original copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," which probably set the printers into a frenzy of bewilderment.

Lord Byron's writing desk is another interesting relic, as well as the "Black Book of Taymouth" in a rich binding of black calf, with the tooling in clear gold. The shelves of the library are filled with presentation copies of books from leading authors of England and America, each one containing the autograph of the donor.

In 1888 there was a movement made to bring Mr. Childs' name forward for the presidency, but he peremptorily declined to permit his friends to do so. Other less important offices have been often suggested for him, but he always seemed to prefer to manage The Public Ledger.

One of Mr. Childs' hobbies was the cultivation of distinguished people, but while he aspired to be intimate with those in power he took equal pride in the friendship of those whose fame brought with it no substantial influence.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A Finely Planned Robbery Which Failed to Materialize.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—One of the most daring schemes at robbery ever concocted in this city was revealed when Victor H. Echorn of the Pennsylvania Salt Works company endeavored to steal $15,000 of the company's money from the runner of the Southwark bank. It was a finely matured scheme, and was carried out in every detail, with the exception that instead of getting the $15,000 the man got a bag full of bricks and paper, and was himself caught red-handed.

Echorn's plan was to have the runner from the Southwark bank, bringing $15,000 to meet the bi-weekly payroll, waylaid and robbed. He needed an assistant or two, and on Jan. 14 he inserted an advertisement in a morning paper "for men of nerve." George C. Thomas of New York, who was in this city seeking employment, answered the advertisement, as did also Frank J. Mullins, and both were engaged, but they "blew" to the police, and when the company's messenger walked out of the bank yesterday he carried a "dummy" canvas pouch marked $12,500 in big letters.

According to prearrangement, the details of which were all known to the police, Thomas was stationed in the hall leading to the company's office and Mullins was posted on the steps outside, while a wagon stood on Letitia street, just above the corner of Chestnut. The bank wagon stopped in front of the door and the messenger jumped out with his "dummy," and as soon as he reached the hall he was met by Thomas, who grabbed the pouch and ran.

The two men hastened to the wagon, jumped in and started for Market street.

Just as they reached the corner of Second they were joined by Echorn, who carried a small hand satchel. Before he could be comfortably seated, however, two detectives mounted the vehicle and took him into custody.

Thomas was to get $2500. Mullins $1500 and the rest was to go to Echorn.

GLAD TO GET HOME.

Seamen From Brazil's Warships Tell of Inhuman Treatment.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The steamer Wordsworth, from Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco, brought parts of the crews of the Brazilian cruisers America and Nictheroy. From the former there were 42 officers and men and from the latter five men. No complaint was heard from them against their treatment by the Brazilian government.

The seamen, however, have a good deal to say against the America's officers, who, they declare, treated them at times almost inhumanly. James Oxford, a seaman, hailing from Bangor, Me., declared that the food offered was repulsive. At Pernambuco he was put on shore without money. He slept on the street pavements of Pernambuco and went without food for 48 hours.

In all, Oxford said, there were 56 men sent ashore at the time he was sent, and that three were left on shore for dead, while one, George Cameron, had become insane and was sent to an asylum. The men say that they are going to the office of Charles R. Flint & Co. to endeavor to obtain a balance that they claim is due them.

On the other hand, the officers say that the "Indians," as they called the seamen, had nothing to complain of They were a drunken, mutinous set of men, who could be subjected only by severe treatment. All the officers unite in condemning the storing of liquor on the vessel. They say that this was done by the Brazilian government. The men broke open the storehouse and helped themselves freely. Thence originated all the trouble.

A Beautiful Sight.

NICE, Feb. 3.—One of the principal features of the carnival was the battle of flowers, which occurred yesterday. Many carriages contested for the prize offered for the most beautiful arrangement of flowers. The first prize was awarded to a carriage ornamented with yellow flowers.

New Customs Collectors.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The senate made public these confirmations: To be collectors of customs—Thomas C. Day, for the district of Barnstable, Mass.; William C. Waters, district of Salem and Beverly, Mass.

Miners Wouldn't Stand a Cut.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 3.—Coal mines about Bellaire on the Ohio river are closed by a strike. Over 2000 persons are out of employment. The cause is assigned to a cut in wages from 70 to 50 cents a ton.

Nine Months at Three Per Cent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Morgan & Bartlett have placed a loan of $1,000,000 for the city of Boston to run nine months, or until Nov. 1, at 3 per cent interest, to be paid when the loan matures

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY

Is Recommended to be Returned to His Present Pastorate.

The quarterly conference of the Central M.E.church was held last night. Presiding Elder J.W.Lindsay, D.D., acted as moderator.

The pastor reported an increase of 61 new members, 24 by letter, and 37 after probation, and have still 42 on probation, a net gain of 84.

Financially, the times considered, the church has flourished on its plan of free seats and weekly offerings, and is only $200 behind its usual receipts. The church and pastor have worked together very harmoniously.

The church then adopted the following: "Resolved, That this quarterly conference do and will stand by and indorse our pastor, Mr. Montgomery, in all lines of the gospel work he is at present carrying on among us."

It was also unanimously voted to request the return of Brother Montgomery to this church for another year.

The following church officers and committees were then chosen: Trustees, George T. Whitney, James Nixon, David True, William S. McBrayne, William Delmage, W. L. Hill, Richard Pendergast, A. J. Bixby and C. D. Washburn.

Stewards—George E Maker, W. W. Ingalls, C. S. Hill, Osborn Metrill, Henry O. Brooks, Mrs. J. Harper, E. B. Bailey, John S. Crawford, Thomas R. Atkinson, C. W. Locke, Chas. S. Ranlett, Charles Burnham, Mrs. Mary A. Seymour; district steward, Charles W. Locke; recording steward, Henry O. Brooks.

Educational committee — Martin S. Thompson, Helen C. Montgomery, Chas. W. Locke, Jessie Bailey, Lewis E. McBrayne.

Sunday school—Henry A. Mead, Charles S. Ranlett, George Lemond, Henry H. Warner, Mrs. William Coote, Edna Harper, George Frost, Guy S. Mitchell.

Church music—E. B. Bailey, Henry O. Brooks, Martin B. Thompson.

Parsonage and furniture—C. D. Washburn, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Coote.

Church records—C. D. Washburn, E. B. Bailey.

Estimating—Richard Pendergast, W. L. Hill, C. D. Washburn, J. McAskie, Martin B. Thompson.

Missionary—Stewards and trustees.

Tracts—Mrs. M. B. Thompson, Mrs. A. Fisher, Mrs. Harper.

Temperance—Frank Hart, Idella Wilson, Mrs. Rogers, J. McAskie, Joseph Noyes.

Auditing—Charles W. Locke. Martin B. Thompson.

Church extension—Stewards and class leaders.

The President's Family

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

H=O Hornby's Oatmeal

Grippe

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

ROBERT E. WESCOTT, Central Block Photographer.

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. F. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

Ivorine WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.

For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 51 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

T. M. BOLTON, 180 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

PARLOR STOVES AND RANGES.

We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices

FROM $3 TO $45.

Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.

Don't buy a Range till you have seen our

New Century.

The Handsomest and Best.

A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.

For the Latest Designs.

For the Best Goods.

For the Lowest Prices.

For the Easiest Terms, go to

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast?

One of the nicest foods to use

Cunningham's Wheat Preparation.

12c. per package. Also keep a full line of Cereals, Rolled Oats, Buckwheat, etc.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 453.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH.....Proprietor.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED.—At once, a young woman between 20 and 30 years of age, to learn the barber business and tend a soda fountain. She must be neat, good looking and bright. A good chance for the right one Write to Fred D. Austin, Francestown, N. H.

WANTED—A young man of ability with $200 to take half interest in a well established, paying business. Address, 230 Washington street, Room 7, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—By a competent lady a chance to do housework for a middle aged farmer, references given. Apply at Mrs. Harriman, 30 Pollard street.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 Irish setters, answer to the name of Robin and Sparrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Dummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack, street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered. 260 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds; cuts 55 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Westford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 19 Hamilton corporation.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills. Price, $2600. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x160 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house lots on easy terms, $10 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2200. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

COTTAGE HOUSE—In Pawtucketville, 7 rooms conveniently arranged. Stable connection, 7500 feet of land; fruit trees in prime condition. Price $2200. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—In Ward Four, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Near Boott mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, fine location, 4229 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1900. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail. He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 53 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Clorsonné Enamel Painting.

A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.

A FULL LINE OF

Artists' Materials,

And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s

35-41 Market Street.

DO YOU KNOW

You can buy Pianos, Organs, Music Rolls, Harmonicas, Music Stands, Folios of all kinds, the latest of Sheet Music and all that goes to make Home happy in a musical way at

RIGHT PRICES AT

Gardner's Music Store,

No. 45 Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. S.—$40.00. A good square piano with cover and stool. Cash five dollars and five dollars per month.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be enclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass," and addressed to, JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, Supervising Architect.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SLIGHT GAIN

In the Financial and Industrial Centers.

THE WOOL TRADE IS YET DEMORALIZED.

Some Shoe Factories are Better Employed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—A fresh impulse has been given to business this week by the success of the treasury in obtaining gold for its reserve, thus strengthening confidence in its ability to maintain gold payments. Gradual improvement in business explains the appearance of more commercial paper in the market this week than has been seen for a long time, though as yet the vast accumulation of idle funds is proof enough that trade has by no means regained normal proportions.

Industrial recovery continues, though it is but gradual, in response to the demand of a people whose consumption at its lowest is greater than that of any other country, and more mills are now at work.

Stocks have been stronger since the result as to the bonds were foreshadowed. Other speculative markets have been almost stagnant.

Wheat has advanced about half a cent, because western reports were only 1,446,404 bushels for the week, against 2,893,000 last year, though there are no signs of material decrease in the enormous visible supply, and Atlantic exports dwindled to 410,990 bushels for the week, against 1,404,471 last year.

Smaller receipts and exports of corn have not prevented a slight decline, and pork products are dull without important change.

Cotton and Wool.

Cotton advanced a shade, but closed without change from last week, receipts from plantations still exceeding last year's, though less than of late, while exports continue larger than a year ago. Foreign consumption is heavy, but American mills are taking much less than a year ago. The market for cotton goods has a better tone and more staples have been taken, particularly print cloths, with a slight advance in price, but all qualities are extremely low, and scarcely any increase in the working force is seen.

Some demoralization is again reported in prices of woolens, friezes having been reduced in price and trade in overcoatings is not satisfactory. There is more activity in suitings since the date for new duties was deferred, but not many lines of the better grades are yet on the market. Sales of wool are still small; for the week, 4,505,700 pounds against 8,178,000 last year.

Eastern trade in boots and shoes still hesitates, with Boston shipments 23 per cent below last year's, but western factories are reported a little better employed, about 15 per cent below the full capacity.

Larger demand for structural iron and steel for railway materials, except rails; for barbed iron, and especially for wire nails and wire rods, gives a better look to the iron industry both east and west.

BRIDGEPORT RIOTERS

Make an Attack Upon Cars of the Traction Company.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 3.—There was another outbreak of violence last night by the sympathizers of the strikers. After 10 o'clock, the cars in charge of Conductors Leak and Muth were bombarded by the sympathizers. While the latter's car was passing down Washington avenue, a bullet went crashing through the window of the car, in which several ladies were riding. No one was injured.

When the next car came along Conductor Leak was struck on the head by a stone, but he was not seriously injured. The report that there was another outbreak brought a squad of officers out, but before they arrived the crowd of rioters dispersed.

The strikers deny that it was any of their number who fired the shots through the car windows.

Twenty-Five Years a Bishop.

ALBANY, Feb. 3.—With an impressive and beautiful ceremony was celebrated the 25th anniversary as bishop of Albany of Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane. In the morning many congratulatory addresses were made. At the midday services the sermon was preached by the venerable Bishop Williams of Connecticut. Bishops from all parts of the United States were present.

Mr. Dole's Sickness.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—In regard to a San Francisco dispatch, to the effect that President Dole, of the provisional government of Hawaii, would be forced to resign his position on account of ill health, Minister Thurston said that he did not consider the report true. Mr. Dole's illness was of a nature that would not force the president to resign.

An Actress In a Collision.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Actress Rose Coghlan and her husband, John T. Sullivan, were driving on the Boulevard when a runaway horse collided with their sleigh, smashing it. The shaft grazed Miss Coghlan's chin and she had her sack torn and was badly shaken up, though she appeared at the Hollis theater last night.

Sports at Quebec.

QUEBEC, Feb. 3.—The grand attack upon the palace was a brilliant success last night. The fireworks were magnificent. The country snow steeplechase over a two-mile course was won by Gowan of Montreal in 13 minutes. The figure skating contest was won by H. E. Evans of Boston.

For Ten-Year Appointments.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The house committee on the judiciary order issued a favorable report on the resolution to change the tenure of office of justices of the supreme courts to 10 years and to do away with the system of retirement.

A $10,000 Fire at Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—An overheated stove in the office on the third floor of the building occupied by W. P. B. Brooks & Co., furniture dealers, 151 Hanover street, caused a damage of $10,000.

Hunting Up Recruits.

AMESBURY, Mass., Jan. 3.—A recruiting officer has been engaging men around here, ostensibly for the Brazilian army, promising them $50 a month. Instead of going to Brazil the men will be sent, it is said, to Honolulu to serve the provisional government.

William to Visit Bismarck.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Emperor William will probably take advantage of his journey to Kiel to visit Prince Bismarck. The emperor goes to Kiel to administer the oath of allegiance to the recruits of the marine corps.

VERMONTS' NEW BISHOP.

REV. DR. ARTHUR HALL CONFIRMED TO PRIESTLY OFFICE.

Impressive Service of Laying on of Hands and Consecration Participated in by Many New England Bishops of the Episcopal Faith.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Feb. 3.—An event fraught with interest to the Protestant Episcopal churches throughout the United States and New England was the consecration of Dr. Arthur C. A. Hall, D. D., as bishop of the diocese of Vermont, which took place in St. Paul's church, at 11 o'clock yesterday. This imposing ceremony was witnessed by distinguished men of the church from all parts of the United States and Canada, and only a small part of those who desired to see the impressive service could gain access to the church.

BISHOP HALL.

It had been necessary to assign all sittings by lot to the various parishes, after reserving accommodations for the visiting clergymen and others, and every available foot of space was occupied.

The ceremony was preceded by the holy communion at 7:30 o'clock and morning prayers at 9:30. Shortly before the hour for the services to begin the bishops and clergymen proceeded in procession from the chapel to the church and the services were carried out in order.

The consecrators were Bishops Neely of Maine, Niles of New Hampshire, and Lawrence of Massachusetts. The presenters were Bishops Gratton of Fon Du Lac and Coleman of Delaware. The attending presbyters were Rev. Dr. J. Isham Bliss of the diocese of Vermont and Rev. Dr. Lucius Waterman of the diocese of New Hampshire. The master of ceremonies was Rev. William W. Weeks of the diocese of Vermont.

The bishop-elect was escorted to the altar by a procession, in which Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts was a prominent figure, and the preliminary responses and readings were given in accordance with the Episcopal ritual before Bishop Coleman ascended the pulpit to preach the consecration sermon.

A luncheon was served immediately after the service in the church parlors, for the personal friends of Dr. Hall, the clergy of the diocese and the visiting clergy with their families and members of the diocesan board.

At 3 p. m. a reception was given to Bishop Hall in the chapel, to which every one was invited.

PRINCE IS MISSING.

A Sensation Which Furnishes Ample Material For Berlin Gossips.

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Military and social circles here are discussing a sensation which has been caused by the complete disappearance of Prince Assiz Hassam, a young Egyptian nobleman who was serving in the First Dragoons in the garrison in this city.

Prince Hassam has been living in a very extravagant style, employing a number of servants and having a number of horses and carriages. At the opera, the theater and at several clubs the young Egyptian prince was remarked for his stylish appearance and extreme liberality. On the race courses, also, Prince Assiz Hassam was a prominent figure, as he was a heavy bettor and an unfortunate backer of fast steeds.

Then the prince turned to the usurers and began borrowing money. The usurers accommodated him for a while, but when his debts amounted to $75,000 they refused to advance any more money. A few days ago the effects of the Egyptian "Plunger" were seized and the matter was brought to the attention of the colonel of his regiment, who gave him 20 days in which to make some satisfactory arrangement with his creditors.

Apparently Prince Hassam was unable to come to terms, for he has vanished from the sight of all of his acquaintances, and the most diligent search has failed to find any trace of him.

Creditors Get Nothing.

BOSTON, Feb 3.—Boston Common, the new Sunday paper, published by Doran, Towle & Co., suspended operations yesterday afternoon, the company going into insolvency last evening. The paper has been published every Sunday since Dec. 17. It is expected that the creditors will be full losers, as the plant is unpaid for.

Gloucester Newspaper Swelled the Fund.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The fund raised by The Daily Times of Gloucester, Mass., $144.50, for the widows and children of the lost men of the steamship Amsterdam, who met death in endeavoring to save the shipwrecked crew of the schooner Maggie E. Wells, has increased the Maritime Exchange fund of this city to $1792

Character Was Smirched.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—The court has awarded the son of Composer Balfe 200 pounds sterling damages in a suit against a contributor to a newspaper, Society, who suggested that he was of illegitimate birth. Balfe had previously obtained a verdict for 200 pounds sterling against Society for printing the article.

MURDER

Is the Verdict in the Meyer Case.

THE VERDICT HAS CREATED CONSIDERABLE SURPRISE.

Conviction Was Entirely Upon Circumstantial Evidence.

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 3.—The Prawda trial was brought to a termination yesterday afternoon, when to the surprise of every one the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

All of the afternoon was taken up with the argument of Attorney General Powers. This was the second murder case in which Powers has figured since he has been attorney general. County Attorney True conducted the cross-examination, and has worked night and day to secure the verdict which was returned.

Attorney General Powers finished his argument about 4:30 o'clock, and Judge Bonney began his charge to the jury. The charge was very brief, the judge simply instructing the jury as to their duties, and at 4:45 gave them the case and sent them out. During the absence of the jury, the courtroom remained crowded. There was a general feeling that a verdict of acquittal would be obtained inside of an hour, though some thought that the jury would disagree.

At 6:15 the jury returned. A hush fell upon the audience. Prawda turned ashy pale and clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. His wife almost screamed. The foreman of the jury formally announced that the jury found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. Prawda fell back in his chair mutionless. His wife fainted and all the spectators were greatly excited. Counsel for the defense stated that he should file exceptions and enter a motion for a new trial.

Evidence Circumstantial.

The state's evidence was entirely circumstantial. On the night of Nov. 28 Prawda was about his house in Yarmouth. The house was occupied by himself and mother-in-law, Mrs. Meyers. About 8 o'clock on the eventful night, Mrs. Meyers was shot through the head by a bullet, fired through a window. This bullet was found, and it was shown that the person who fired the shot must have stood within 20 yards of the window. Prawda told several neighbors that his mother-in-law had been killed by an explosion of a lamp. He told newspaper men and others many different stories. He did not own a gun, but a neighbor named Moxcey had one stolen from him two years ago, and the fatal bullet was of the same caliber. This was all the evidence of the state.

Sentence was not passed, but will be imposed later.

CHRISTIANS EXECUTED

While Mussulmen Guilty of Capital Offenses Are Reprieved.

ATHENS, Feb. 3.—The execution of four Christians, who were sentenced to death for various crimes in the island of Crete, has incensed the Christians of the island against the governor. Their indignation is increased by the fact that several Mussulmen who were convicted of capital charges have been reprieved.

Two Mussulmen were found hanging to trees near Seline recently, and it is thought that they were executed by Christians enraged at the treatment accorded to their comrades. The lynching of these two men led to the wholesale arrests and the fanaticism of the sects had been aroused. All the foreign consuls in Canea, except the Russian representative, have protested against the execution of the Christians.

New Bonds Ready to Go Out.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The allotment of the new 5 per cent bonds will be made this afternoon. It is said that more than one-half of the subscriptions are at the minimum rate of $117.228, and the bulk of the remainder are at prices between that rate and $118. The subscriptions above $118 are said to be small in the aggregate.

Russians Devoured by Wolves.

ODESSA, Feb. 3.—The weather in the Caucasus has been fearfully cold. The principal ports on the Caspian sea are icebound. The wolves have become unusually fierce as the result of the cold, and 18 men have been overtaken and devoured by these animals near Erivan.

Filette's Case.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The court of inquiry ordered to investigate the charges made against Lieutenant Filette, U. S. M. C., adjourned yesterday afternoon. The evidence has been submitted to Secretary Herbert, who will undoubtedly order a court martial.

The End of It.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Feb. 3.—The coroner's jury ordered by Coroner Marvin to investigate the death of George Stredler of Candia, who died from alleged inhuman treatment at the hands of Mrs. Hartford, returned a verdict that he died from natural causes.

Colored Preacher Assassinated.

FAYETTEVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 3.—Rev. D. C. Cook, colored, pastor of a Baptist church here, one of the most prominent among his race in this section, was killed at the door of his home. James Clark, colored, has been arrested on suspicion.

MR. CHILDS

Philadelphia's Millionaire Has Passed Away.

THE END CAME EARLY THIS MORNING.

Sketch of the Great Philanthropist's Career.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—George Childs' illness ended in his death at 3:01 this morning. At midnight his physicians issued a bulletin, stating that his respiration, which became embarrassed at 10 p. m., was steadily growing worse; that his pulse was lagging, and his condition was beyond hope. After midnight the patient sank rapidly, and it soon became certain that the end was very near.

At the bedside when the beloved journalist and philanthropist passed away were George C. Thomas and James W. Paul of the firm of Drexel & Co.; Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel; Miss Peterson, niece of Mrs. Childs; Miss Stanley, companion to Mrs. Childs, and Colonel Edward De Morrell.

Mr. Childs was not conscious from 10 o'clock, at which hour the final change became noticeable, up to the time of his death.

He faded gradually away, his respiration and pulse becoming fainter as the minutes slipped away, until they ceased altogether, and Dr. Leidy, who held the dying man's wrist, announced that all was over and Mr. Childs was no more.

Sketch of His Career.

George W. Childs gave his money away in the most practical and the most impractical fashion. He pensioned all who were out in his service, which was very practical. He would subscribe to put a stained glass window in a church in memory of a poet who had been dead two centuries, though an ocean rolled between that church and Mr. Childs' business office. This was very impractical. The truth is that Mr. Childs' charities were so numerous and embraced so wide a range that they touched the extremities.

George William Childs was born in Baltimore in 1829. The practical part of his makeup was born with him. When he was 12 years of age he spent a summer vacation as errand boy in a book store at a salary of $2 a week and enjoyed it. Soon after he removed to Philadelphia and entered a store, doubtless as a mixture of clerk and errand boy.

When he became of age he went into business with Mr. Peterson under the firm name of R. E. Peterson & Co. The only interval in his business career was 15 months in the United States navy when he was 16, but he couldn't abide the navy.

One of the first successful books published by Peterson & Childs was Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." Then the firm got out Parson Brownlow's book, selling 50,000 copies in advance. This was another remarkable success, which was followed by others not far behind.

In 1864 Mr. Childs purchased The Public Ledger. The war, by greatly increasing the cost of labor and material, chiefly white paper, had made it impossible to continue, save at a loss, the publication of The Ledger as a penny paper. It had been sold at a cent ever since it was started in 1836, and Messrs. Swain & Abell, then the proprietors, thought they had lost over $100,000 by keeping the rate at 6 1-4 cents a week, were averse to a change.

Built Up the Ledger.

Mr. Childs had good business judgment, but it required something more than judgment to pay $150,000 for a piece of property losing that amount annually—it required pluck. The owner at the end of the first week doubled the price and advanced the advertising rate. There was a considerable falling off of advertisements, but the paper had become a medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends, and the first loss of patronage was soon regained, and from then till now The Ledger has grown in prosperity. It paid Mr. Childs at the time of his death more than $1000 a day clear profit.

Of Mr. Childs' charities, even those which are known are too numerous to catalogue. But doubtless the unknown charities surpassed those which were manifest. He gave away a fortune every year. One who once saw a private record of his charities has said that, though the period covered was only one month, the total given was $28,000.

Mr. Childs' private sanctum in the Philadelphia Ledger office was at once a reception room and a gathering place for curios and objects of art from every part of the globe. The walls are almost entirely covered with the portraits of the editor's friends, while the cabinets and tables are loaded with relics.

An ivory miniature of Washington, set in gold, has a lock of his hair in the back of the locket under glass. Tom Moore's college gown hangs on a chair, a faded, rusty garment in which it is said the poet graduated, and his harp, 18 inches in height, painted green and gilded, stands under a glass cover on the table.

There are Japanese carvings of bamboo wood and Cloisonne, royal Worcester china, Sevres china, a Moorish repousse silver gilt pitcher 700 years old, an exquisite little silver jewel casket which belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, a carved Japanese stone (very rare), a Buddhist hanging lamp and some relics of the Grely expedition. General Grant's picture hangs above Mr. Childs' desk, and the tall Dutch clock presented by Mrs. Grant marks the passing hours.

Mr. Childs' residence is in keeping with so splendid an office. The library is particularly rich in rare books, original letters from all the presidents of the United States, and many other distinguished personages. There are also the original copies of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," which probably set the printers into a frenzy of bewilderment.

Lord Byron's writing desk is another interesting relic, as well as the "Black Book of Taymouth" in a rich binding of black calf, with the tooling in clear gold. The shelves of the library are filled with presentation copies of books from leading authors of England and America, each one containing the autograph of the donor.

In 1888 there was a movement made to bring Mr. Childs' name forward for the presidency, but he peremptorily declined to permit his friends to do so. Other less important offices have been often suggested for him, but he always seemed to prefer to manage The Public Ledger.

One of Mr. Childs' hobbies was the cultivation of distinguished people, but while he aspired to be intimate with those in power he took equal pride in the friendship of those whose fame brought with it no substantial influence.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A Finely Planned Robbery Which Failed to Materialize.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—One of the most daring schemes at robbery ever concocted in this city was revealed when Victor H. Echorn of the Pennsylvania Salt Works company endeavored to steal $15,000 of the company's money from the runner of the Southwark bank. It was a finely matured scheme, and was carried out in every detail, with the exception that instead of getting the $15,000 the man got a bag full of bricks and paper, and was himself caught red-handed.

Echorn's plan was to have the runner from the Southwark bank, bringing $15,000 to meet the bi-weekly payroll, waylaid and robbed. He needed an assistant or two, and on Jan. 19 he inserted an advertisement in a morning paper "for men of nerve." George C. Thomas of New York, who was in this city seeking employment, answered the advertisement, as did also Frank J. Mullins, and both were engaged, but they "blew" to the police, and when the company's messenger walked out of the bank yesterday he carried a "dummy" canvas pouch marked $12,500 in big letters.

According to prearrangement, the details of which were all known to the police, Thomas was stationed in the hall leading to the company's office and Mullins was posted on the steps outside, while a wagon stood on Letitia street, just above the corner of Chestnut. The bank wagon stopped in front of the door and the messenger jumped out with his "dummy," and as soon as he reached the hall he was met by Thomas, who grabbed the pouch and ran.

The two men hastened to the wagon, jumped in and started for Market street. Just as they reached the corner of Second they were joined by Echorn, who carried a small hand satchel. Before he could be comfortably seated, however, two detectives mounted the vehicle and took him into custody.

Thomas was to get $2500, Mullins $1500 and the rest was to go to Echorn.

GLAD TO GET HOME.

Seamen From Brazil's Warships Tell of Inhuman Treatment.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The steamer Wordsworth, from Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco, brought parts of the crews of the Brazilian cruisers America and Nictheroy. From the former there were 42 officers and men and from the latter five men. No complaint was heard from them against their treatment by the Brazilian government.

The seamen, however, have a good deal to say against the America's officers, who, they declare, treated them at times almost inhumanly. James Oxford, a seaman, hailing from Bangor, Me., declared that the food offered was repulsive. At Pernambuco he was put on shore without money. He slept on the street pavements of Pernambuco and went without food for 48 hours.

In all, Oxford said, there were 50 men sent ashore at the time he was sent, and that three were left on shore for dead, while one, George Cameron, had become insane and was sent to an asylum. The men say that they are going to the office of Charles R. Flint & Co. to endeavor to obtain a balance that they claim is due them.

On the other hand, the officers say that the "Indians," as they called the seamen, had nothing to complain of. They were a drunken, mutinous set of men, who could be subjected only by severe treatment. All the officers unite in condemning the storing of liquor on the vessel. They say that this was done by the Brazilian government. The men broke open the storehouse and helped themselves freely. Thence originated all the trouble.

A Beautiful Sight.

NICE, Feb. 3.—One of the principal features of the carnival was the battle of flowers, which occurred yesterday. Many carriages contested for the prize offered for the most beautiful arrangement of flowers. The first prize was awarded to a carriage ornamented with yellow flowers.

New Customs Collectors.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The senate made public these confirmations: To be collectors of customs—Thomas C. Day, for the district of Barnstable, Mass.; William C. Waters, district of Salem and Beverly, Mass.

Miners Wouldn't Stand a Cut.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 3.—Coal mines about Bellaire on the Ohio river are closed by a strike. Over 2000 persons are out of employment. The cause is assigned to a cut in wages from 70 to 50 cents a ton.

Nine Months at Three Per Cent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Morgan & Bartlett have placed a loan of $1,000,000 for the city of Boston to run nine months, or until Nov. 1, at 3 per cent interest, to be paid when the loan matures

REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY

Is Recommended to be Returned to His Present Pastorate.

The quarterly conference of the Central M. E. church was held last night. Presiding Elder J. W. Lindsay, D. D., acted as moderator.

The pastor reported an increase of 61 new members, 24 by letter, and 37 after probation, and have still 42 on probation, a net gain of 84.

Financially, the times considered, the church has flourished on its plan of free seats and weekly offerings, and is only $200 behind its usual receipts. The church and pastor have worked together very harmoniously.

The church then adopted the following: "Resolved, That this quarterly conference do and will stand by and indorse our pastor, Mr. Montgomery, in all lines of the gospel work he is at present carrying on among us."

It was also unanimously voted to request the return of Brother Montgomery to this church for another year.

The following church officers and committees were then chosen: Trustees, George T. Whitney, James Nixon, David True, William S. McBrayne, William Delmare, W. L. Hill, Richard Pendergast, A. J. Bixby and C. D. Washburn.

Stewards—George E. Maker, W. W. Ingalls, C. S. Hill, Osborn Merrill, Henry O. Brooks, Mrs. J. Harper, E. D. Bailey, John S. Crawford, Thomas R. Atkinson, C. W. Locke, Chas. S. Hamlett, Charles Burnham, Mrs. Mary A. Seymour; district steward, Charles W. Locke; recording steward, Henry O. Brooks.

Educational committee — Martin S. Thompson, Helen C. Montgomery, Chas. W. Locke, Jessie Bailey, Lewis E. McBrayne.

Sunday school—Henry A. Mead, Charles S. Hamlett, George Lemond, Henry H. Warner, Mrs. William Coote, Edna Harper, George Frost, Guy S. Mitchell.

Church music—E. B. Bailey, Henry O. Brooks, Martin B. Thompson.

Parsonage and furniture—C. D. Washburn, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Coote.

Church records—C. D. Washburn, E. B. Bailey.

Estimating—Richard Pendergast, W. L. Hill, C. D. Washburn, J. McAskie, Martin B. Thompson.

Missionary—Stewards and trustees.

Tracts—Mrs. M. B. Thompson, Mrs. A. Fisher, Mrs. Harper.

Temperance—Frank Hart, Idella Wilson, Mrs. Rogers, J. McAskie, Joseph Noyes.

Auditing—Charles W. Locke, Martin B. Thompson.

Church extension—Stewards and class leaders.

From April 1, 1893, every package will contain a cake of pure Olive Oil Toilet Soap.

I like IVORINE WASHING powder very much and consider the cake of TOILET SOAP enclosed in each package worth more than the price of whole package.

MRS. F. A. SPRINGER, Sanford, Me.

Ivorine

WASHING POWDER

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.

For 50 years makers of Yankee Shaving Soap.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 51 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

T. M. BOLTON, 130 Market Street, Gates' Block, Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

PARLOR STOVES AND RANGES.

We have them in a large variety of patterns and prices

FROM $3 TO $45.

Cash or Instalments. We take your old stove in part payment for a new one.

Don't buy a Range till you have seen our

New Century.

The Handsomest and Best.

A complete line of Furniture, Carpets, etc., always on hand.

For the Latest Designs.

For the Best Goods.

For the Lowest Prices.

For the Easiest Terms, go to

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.

Office: 10 and 12 Merrimack Street,

(Opposite Post Office.)

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast?

One of the nicest foods to use

Cunningham's Wheat Preparation.

25c. per package. Also keep a full line of Cereals, Rolled Oats, Buckwheat, etc.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 453.

Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 574-3. Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH, ... Proprietor.

The President's Family

H-O owes its popularity and unprecedented success to its uniformity of quality—it is never bitter, sour, or unclean—it is made and sold on honor, and has gained the entire confidence of the people.

Consider oatmeal an indispensable adjunct to a well-ordered breakfast—so says the White House chef and they always use

H=O Hornby's Oatmeal

Grippe

Can be prevented or cured by PAIN KILLER. A teaspoonful in a little hot water or milk before retiring does the business. Easy, but effective. Invaluable also for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and all Winter Troubles. Sold everywhere.

Prepared only by PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.

ROBERT M. WESCOTT, Central Block Photographer.

WANT COLUMN

Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

WANTED.—At once, a young woman between 20 and 30 years of age, to learn the barber business and tend a soda fountain. She must be neat, good looking and bright. A good chance for the right one. Write to Fred D. Austin, Franconstown, N. H.

WANTED—A young man of ability with $200 to take half interest in a well established, paying business. Address, 230 Washington street, Room 7, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—By a competent lady a chance to do housework for a middle aged farmer, references given. Apply at Mrs. Harriman, 30 Pollard street.

$10 REWARD—Lost 2 from setters, answer to the name of Robin and Sparrow. One has white spot on forehead and white hind feet, the other a white spot on forehead. Return to 8 and 10 Dummer street.

PANTS PRESSED—10c. per pair at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack street.

WANTED—Everybody to know the cheapest place to have clothing repaired is at Baldwin's, 404 Merrimack street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—One of the best bargains in a farm ever offered. 250 acres of good land, two large barns, good house, large sheds; cuts 50 tons of hay, 1200 sugar trees, wood and timber enough to more than pay for the place, with good market for wood and timber. Price, $1200. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

TO LET—A flat of six rooms and bath on Westford st. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runels building, cor. Merrimack and Bridge st.

LOST—A small black and tan dog in the vicinity of Jackson street. Reward at 10 Hamilton corporation.

IF YOU WANT to make an old suit or overcoat look new, have it cleansed and repaired by Thomas Daley, 41 Tilden street. Send postal and I will call for your goods.

TO LET—Tenements in good location. G. D. Kimball, 6 Runel's building.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, two tenement house with large lot of land, this is a bargain and near the mills. Price, $2000. G. L. Hubbard, Merrimack street.

FOR SALE —A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

LOT OF LAND—Foster street, 75x100 feet. Lies midway between Middlesex and Westford streets. Geo. D. Kimball, room 6 Runels block, cor. Bridge street.

FOR SALE—On the Boulevard, 20 good house building lots on easy terms, $40 down and $5 a month. Price of lots $100. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE.—A cottage of 7 rooms, near Moore street, corner lot, house, in good repair throughout, a bargain at price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Canal street—Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Near Boott mills, cottage house of 7 rooms; this is a bargain and on easy terms. Price, $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 11 Merrimack street, Courier building.

FOR SALE—At Middlesex Village, a neat cottage of 7 rooms in good repair, city water, cemented cellar, the location, 4240 square feet of land, well fenced. Price $1000. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

CLAIRVOYANT

And Magnetic Healer. Go and consult Dr. Morris, the celebrated clairvoyant. His predictions never fail. He gives reliable advice on all matters, business changes, journeys, speculations with secret undertakings. Friends, enemies, marriages, divorces, lost friends, fortune dates, lucky numbers and all family affairs. The future plainly revealed. Lovers united, troubles healed. Those in trouble should not fail to call on him at once. He can be found at 68 Church street. Consultation hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Clorsonné Enamel Painting.

A new and attractive process for the artistic decoration of Terra Cotta, Plaques, Vases, Trays &c.

A FULL LINE OF

Artists' Materials,

And every requisite for Water, Oil China, Velvet, and Tapestry, Painting. Free lessons in Clorsonne Enamel Painting. For particulars enquire at

C. B. Coburn & Co.'s

35-41 Market Street.

DO YOU KNOW

You can buy Pianos, Organs, Music Rolls, Harmonicas, Music Stands, Folios of all kinds, the latest of Sheet Music and all that goes to make Home happy in a musical way at

RIGHT PRICES AT Gardner's Music Store, No. 45 Prescott Street, Lowell, Mass.

P. S.—$40.00, A good square piano with cover and stool. Cash five dollars and five dollars per month.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C. January 31, 1894.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of February, 1894, and opened immediately thereafter, for all the labor and materials required to put in place complete all the plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass., in accordance with the drawings and specifications, copies of which may be had at this office or the office of the superintendent at Lowell, Mass. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than 2 per cent. of the amount of the proposal. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the government to do so. All proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be inclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked, "Proposal for plumbing and gas piping for the U. S. Post Office building at Lowell, Mass.," and addressed to JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, Supervising Architect.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year, $3.00 - - - Per Month, 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lee.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lee.	From Boston. Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 39	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 55	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 29	5 53
4 30	5 30	5 05	5 44
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 05
§6 03	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 45	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lee.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lee.	From Boston. Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 19	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 49
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lee.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lee.	From Boston. Arr.
6 50	8 07	7 33	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 48
10 59	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 17	4 20
3 25	4 33	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 25	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 16
6 55	8 00	9 35	7 47
6 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains

To Boston. Lee.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lee.	From Boston. Arr.
8 15	9 10	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 20	11 15	12 56
4 15	5 55	5 00	6 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

JANUARY 17 is celebrated as Abrogation day in Hawaii, the day when the monarchy was overthrown.

THE TELEPHONE company is devising plans for maintaining present rates despite the explration of patents.

THE BILL to prohibit prize fighting in this state should pass at once. This is a brutal practice that should not be tolerated in any civilized community.

THE LEGISLATURE should not grant the petition of the Bell Telephone company to increase their capital stock without a thorough investigation of the concern.

MR. GLADSTONE'S retirement from the head of the English ministry would be a great blow to the home rule movement but John Morley will wear the premiers mantle with becoming dignity.

THE LEGISLATURE did a wise thing in seeking light from the Supreme court upon the constitutionality of submitting the question of woman suffrage to the people. In many states where the woman suffrage law obtains its constitutionality is questioned. There is no use in making laws to be afterward declared null and void.

THE LARGE majority by which the tariff bill was passed by the national house indicates that the democrats are solidly in favor of the measure. The measure will meet stubborn opposition in the senate and if defeated the discussion will be prolonged to the great detriment of business throughout the country.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

Congressman Stevens has nominated Gardner W. Pearson, Esq., for postmaster, and the suspense in which the community, but more especially the several candidates and their friends, have been held for months, has been broken.

As THE SUN has already stated, Mr. Stevens had the undisputed right to make his own selection from among the three reputable democrats who were candidates for the position and now that the matter is practically settled, the two unsuccessful candidates are not likely to blame him for not appointing either. Messrs. Clum and Corbett are disappointed to some extent; but they will acknowledge that the appointment is a good one. They realize that it is not the part of a good democrat to desert his party or seek revenge if defeated in a fair and honorable contest.

There is one respect in which Mr. Stevens might have favored the defeated candidates. They believe he might have made up his mind earlier and saved them and their friends many journeys to Washington. In other words, they feel that they were kept too long on the "anxious seat," that Mr. Stevens might have reached a decision weeks or even months ago; but his delay was probably due to the difficulty of deciding fairly on the merits of the conflicting claims presented to him by the friends of the respective candidates.

It can be stated without reflecting upon either of the other two democratic candidates that the selection of Mr. Pearson is an excellent solution of the difficulty which is always attached to the choice of one from a number of candidates for a public office. A young man of rare executive ability, Mr. Pearson possesses tact and energy; his public and private character is irreproachable; his political record is clean and the value of his services to the democratic party is acknowledged by all active workers in the ranks. His appointment will be an encouragement to the young men of the party whereas the appointment of such a man as Capt. Hanscom would be an insult to the party, a reward for party treachery and an act of political suicide for Mr. Stevens. No member of a firm publishing such a mongrel paper as the Times or such a disreputable sheet as the Star should be recognized as anything but a political crook and the sooner Mr. Hanscom realizes this the better for all concerned. If the proprietors of the Jekyll and Hyde organs had any regard for common decency, they would not allow a splenetic individual to calumniate respectable citizens year in and year out. The publishers of the Times by their policy, their treachery and the vile scurrility of one of their sheets have made themselves obnoxious to the democratic party, and to a religious denomination that constitutes a large proportion of that party as well as to the rank and file of the people throughout the city. It was a piece of presumption for a member of such a firm to seek recognition at the hands of Congressman Stevens, but fortunately he was unable to convince Mr. Stevens of the honesty of his claims. Had Mr. Clum or Mr. Corbett been nominated for the office no democrat could consistently say that the selection was not a good one; but if Mr. Hanscom had been chosen every democrat in the district would protest against his appointment. Will Mr. Hanscom gather his wits about him and ask himself the simple question, why is this thus?

As it is, with Mr. Pearson as the appointee, no complaints are heard, and Lowell will have a highly efficient and capable postmaster for the next four years.

LOWELL AND LAWRENCE

The report of the Lawrence board of health has some figures of interest to Lowell people. In reference to the typhoid epidemic due to impure water the Daily American says:

"Since the completion of the filter gallery in September, 1892, typhoid fever has been growing less in this city, whereas Lowell has had her annual fall and winter epidemic.

"The followlug table shows the number of cases in Lowell and Lawrence during extreme prevalence of the disease and shows conclusively that the city water has been the chief cause of typhoid fever in this city for a number of years:

	Lowell. Cases.	Lowell. Deaths.	Lawrence. Cases.	Lawrence. Deaths.
January	33	10	72	3
February	16	7	23	8
March	14	4	8	6
September	9	3	4	2
October	10	5	12	1
November	10	3	3	9
December	26	5	5	3

This is the statement for 1892, but January has brought a fresh outbreak of the disease. The total number of cases for the month was 90 and the deaths ten. The prospect is, that the epidemic has not reached its worst stage. Only the greatest vigilance on the part of the board of health and the water board will avail in eradicating this disease which is not so much dreaded as small pox, but is yet stealthily carrying off more victims than any other disease now afflicting the community. Lowell wants purer water and until the water board succeeds in effecting an improvement, the people of the city should boil the water before using it for drinking purposes. The product of the driven wells seems to be of little use in purifying the general supply for the whole city. It may be necessary to get a filter such as that which Lawrence credits with purifying Merrimack river water.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

Simple Exercises by Which to Plump and Round Out the Facial Muscles.

A successful professor of the art of physical culture, quoted by the New York Tribune, says: "I find that the human body is capable of being molded into forms of beauty and strength much later than is generally supposed. The facial muscles especially, which are apt to be almost, if not entirely, neglected may be so developed that a face that had already dropped into the unbecoming lines of age will assume again the rounded curves of comparative youth.

"Plump, firm muscles are vastly different from fatty development, which, although it may 'fill out' a face in a way, will not give a good contour, and sometimes rather adds to the appearance of age than otherwise, whereas the cultivation of the muscles of the face and neck not only fills up the hollows, but causes the flesh to have a firm, healthy look and prevents the relaxed appearance of the lower muscles of the throat which is so disfiguring."

The following exercises are recommended for filling out and developing the muscles of the face: First smile as broadly as you can; then place three fingers on the bunched up portion of the cheek and allow the features suddenly to relax, raising the fingers at the same time. Continue to do this until tired. The fingers should be placed high on the cheek bone, so that the muscles when smiling will push against them, thus giving the desired resistance which is necessary to the enlargement of the tissue. The second exercise is to again smile broadly, but this time, instead of allowing the corners of the mouth to be curved upward, try to draw them out in a straight line toward the center of the cheeks; then place the two thumbs one on each corner of the mouth and work the corners backward and forward by relaxing and contracting the mouth.

Exercise No. 3 is with the chin. Press the lower lip upward, and it will be seen that the chin will be raised and become hard: crook the forefinger so as to make a half circle and put it over the point of the chin, pressing it against the latter as it rises and relaxing the pressure instantly as it assumes its normal position. In this exercise the teeth should be kept closed. Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and the lower jaw, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the cheeks.

Take two small pieces of india rubber, such as come in the ends of pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth; close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough apart to keep the rubbers in their place and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger into the mouth and rub it against the cheek, pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as it is possible. It is said that by regularly following these simple exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.

One Thing and Another.

Warts may be treated with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and acetic acid. One drop night and morning will gradually effect a cure, but must be applied to the hard skin only and not allowed to spread on the surrounding flesh.

For bleeding at the nose Dr. Hutchinson recommends plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be borne.

Mashed cranberries in a poultice bag applied to the affected part are excellent for erysipelas.

For earache mix a very few drops of sweet oil with a like quantity of chloroform and wear a piece of cotton moistened with it in the ear.

The pulse may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But as a rule if the temperature reaches 108 or 109 death soon follows.

SUNBEAMS.

Definitely Settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say?

Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Where Ignorance, Etc.

Aunt—I want to do something to please you on your birthday, Charlie, but first I want to ask your teacher how you behave in school.

Charlie—If you really wish to please me, auntie, don't ask him.—Texas Siftings.

Sure of That.

Jones—This cigar you gave me is a vile one.

Brown—You don't know a good cigar when I give you one.

Jones—Perhaps not, but I know a bad one.—Truth.

Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin $5 reward fer.

Gentleman—You have, eh?

Caller—Yep, an if yeh don't give me $10 I'll take it to 'er.—New York Weekly.

Left Dolly at Home.

Auntie—If you are so fond of your dolly, why didn't you bring her with you in the cars?

Little Niece—I was afraid of railroad accidents.—Good News.

Absorbing.

"He's the most interesting talker ever I met."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said he wanted to marry me."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Hard on the Eyes.

Ardent Youth—Doesn't that thick veil hurt your eyes?

Pretty Girl—Not at all.

Ardent Youth—It hurts mine.—Good News.

There Was No Change In the Pohokus Business Outlook.

An elderly man was eating his luncheon at a down town restaurant the other day when a young man came in and took a seat opposite him.

"Why, Midgely, is that you?" asked the older one, extending his hand.

"It is, Mr. Barlow. How do you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I've been in the city a week looking after some matters. When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Just got in this morning."

"I suppose business is a trifle dull up your way just now?"

"Yes, rather."

The old gentleman applied himself afresh to his food, took a swallow of coffee and then said:

"When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is rather dull up that way just now?"

"Yes."

The young man's order had arrived by this time, and he had taken a few spoonfuls of soup when the other man asked:

"Been in town long?"

"No," replied the young one in a surprised tone. "I came only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is not as brisk as it might be up Pohokus way just now?"

"No."

The young man went on with his meal, and the old one once more resumed the work of clearing the plates before him. Then he stopped, and resting his knife and fork on the tablecloth with their points upward, while he grasped their handles in each fist, he asked:

"Is yer father well?"

"Tol'ble."

"An yer mother?"

"She's spry."

"When did you leave Pohokus?"

"I left on the first train this morning."

"Did you? I suppose business is a trifle dull up Pohokus way just now?"

"Yes," replied the young man, with great deliberation and cutting distinctness; "business is as dull at Pohokus now as it was 10 minutes ago; quite as dull."

And the old gentleman was actually offended.—New York Press.

Out of His Line.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mrs. Chugwater—Well!

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah?"

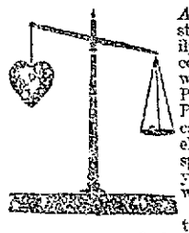
"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west and another should start and travel from west to east—the way the earth revolves, you know—would there be any difference in the—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"—Chicago Tribune.



A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

C. Saul Matthews

FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer of a Trial Treatment.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

MR. ADAMS' COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Andrew Adams of 35 19th street, Centralville, says: "I have suffered for years with catarrh. I was always sneezing and taking cold. My head was stuffed up, my nose itched and burned, and there was a constant watery discharge. Quantities of mucus would run down into my throat, causing me to hawk and spit a great deal. My throat was often sore. I had a bad cough, especially in the

ANDREW ADAMS, CENTRALVILLE.

morning, when it was almost impossible for me to clear the throat. My appetite failed, my taste was destroyed, I lost flesh and was unable to sleep at night. For years I suffered terribly from constipation and itching piles. I took all sorts of patent medicines, but nothing gave me any relief. I went to Dr. Pearson completely discouraged, believing my case incurable. But under his treatment the constipation and piles have been cured and all my other difficulties have disappeared. I shall feel grateful to these skilled doctors as long as I live."

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

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Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer street.

Consultation and Examination Free.

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Will Clean Rusty Iron and Steel,
Will Polish Gold and Silver Ware,
Will Clean Gas Fixtures,
Removes Fly Specks from Gilt Work,
It contains no grease, No Oils, No Acids.
Put up in ½ pint, 1 quart and ½ gallon cans.

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JOHN H. McCABE, Room 10, Odd Fellows' Bl'k, Mid'sex St Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACE, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

P. J. HOAR, Room 19 P. O. Block Attorney at Law.

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Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

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19 CENTS.

The Teapot has an antique looking finish on the outside; it holds about 4 cups, and has a substantial bamboo handle. In New Orleans they are in great demand just now, and we are lucky to be able to offer them to our customers; 19 Cents is the lowest price they can be sold for.

French & Puffer,

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The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

I also have the leading brands of Flour, viz.: Granite City, Success, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's.

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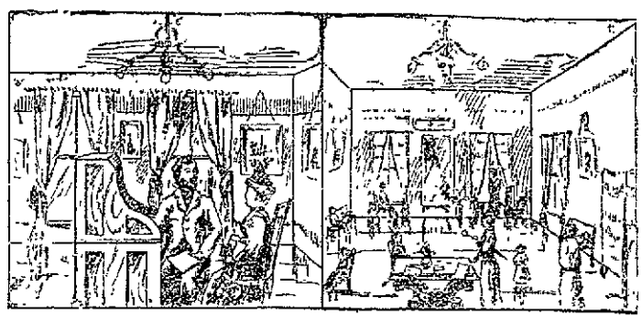

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This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON.

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Dec. 23, 1893.

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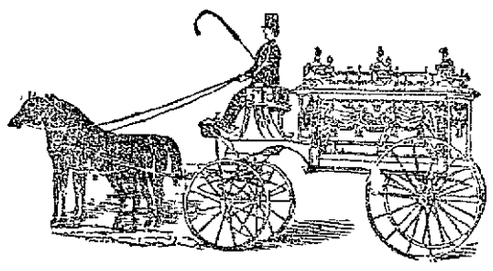

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5 45	6 50	6 00	7 08	6 50	8 05	7 25	8 35
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39	8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55	9 00	10 32	10 25	11 43
§7 01	7 56	8 00	9 11	10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 17	12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42	12 45	2 00	3 15	4 29
7 45	8 55	9 05	10 16	3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
8 00	9 40	10 00	11 13	4 10	5 25	5 30	6 16
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58	5 10	6 42	6 00	7 06
9 30	10 40	11 30	12 59	6 25	8 00	9 35	7 45
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55	6 25	10 45		
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04				
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3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48				
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 35				
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44				
§5 35	6 30	6 25	8 22				
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§6 23	7 40	6 15	7 38				
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10				
		8 00	8 40				
		10 15	11 22				
		11 20	12 29				

Sunday Trains.

Southern Division. Lve.	Arr.	Western Division. Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 16	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 16
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

Sunday Trains.

Southern Division. Lve.	Arr.	Western Division. Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 19
12 05	1 26	11 45	12 56
4 15	6 20	5 00	6 26
5 55	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

§From Middlesex St. station only.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

JANUARY 17 is celebrated as Abrogation day in Hawaii, the day when the monarchy was overthrown.

THE TELEPHONE company is devising plans for maintaining present rates despite the expiration of patents.

THE BILL to prohibit prize fighting in this state should pass at once. This is a brutal practice that should not be tolerated in any civilized community.

THE LEGISLATURE should not grant the petition of the Bell Telephone company to increase their capital stock without a thorough investigation of the concern.

MR. GLADSTONE'S retirement from the head of the English ministry would be a great blow to the home rule movement but John Morley will wear the premiers mantle with becoming dignity.

THE LEGISLATURE did a wise thing in seeking light from the Supreme court upon the constitutionality of submitting the question of woman suffrage to the people. In many states where the woman suffrage law obtains its constitutionality is questioned. There is no use in making laws to be afterward declared null and void.

THE LARGE majority by which the tariff bill was passed by the national house indicates that the democrats are solidly in favor of the measure. The measure will meet stubborn opposition in the senate and if defeated the discussion will be prolonged to the great detriment of business throughout the country.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

Congressman Stevens has nominated Gardner W. Pearson, Esq., for postmaster, and the suspense in which the community, but more especially the several candidates and their friends, have been held for months, has been broken.

As THE SUN has already stated, Mr. Stevens had the undisputed right to make his own selection from among the three reputable democrats who were candidates for the position and now that the matter is practically settled, the two unsuccessful candidates are not likely to blame him for not appointing either. Messrs. Cluin and Corbett are disappointed to some extent; but they will acknowledge that the appointment is a good one. They realize that it is not the part of a good democrat to desert his party or seek revenge if defeated in a fair and honorable contest.

There is one respect in which Mr. Stevens might have favored the defeated candidates. They believe he might have made up his mind earlier and saved them and their friends many journeys to Washington. In other words, they feel that they were kept too long on the "anxious seat," that Mr. Stevens might have reached a decision weeks or even months ago; but his delay was probably due to the difficulty of deciding fairly on the merits of the conflicting claims presented to him by the friends of the respective candidates.

It can be stated without reflecting upon either of the other two democratic candidates that the selection of Mr. Pearson is an excellent solution of the difficulty which is always attached to the choice of one from a number of candidates for a public office. A young man of rare executive ability; Mr. Pearson possesses tact and energy; his public and private character is irreproachable; his political record is clean and the value of his services to the democratic party is acknowledged by all active workers in the ranks. His appointment will be an encouragement to the young men of the party whereas the appointment of such a man as Capt. Hanscom would be an insult to the party, a reward for party treachery and an act of political suicide for Mr. Stevens. No member of a firm publishing such a mongrel paper as the Times or such a disreputable sheet as the Star should be recognized as anything but a political crook and the sooner Mr. Hanscom realizes this the better for all concerned. If the proprietors of the Jekyll and Hyde organs had any regard for common decency, they would not allow a splenetic individual to calumniate respectable citizens year in and year out. The publishers of the Times by their policy, their treachery and the vile scurrility of one of their sheets have made themselves obnoxious to the democratic party; and to a religious denomination that constitutes a large proportion of that party as well as to the rank and file of the people throughout the city. It was a piece of presumption for a member of such a firm to seek recognition at the hands of Congressman Stevens, but fortunately he was unable to convince Mr. Stevens of the honesty of his claims. Had Mr. Cluin or Mr. Corbett been nominated for the office no democrat could consistently say that the selection was not a good one; but if Mr. Hanscom had been chosen every democrat in the district would protest against his appointment. Will Mr. Hanscom gather his wits about him and ask himself the simple question, why is this thus?

As it is, with Mr. Pearson as the appointee, no complaints are heard, and Lowell will have a highly efficient and capable postmaster for the next four years.

LOWELL AND LAWRENCE.

The report of the Lawrence board of health has some figures of interest to Lowell people. In reference to the typhoid epidemic due to impure water the Daily American says:

"Since the completion of the filter gallery in September, 1892, typhoid fever has been growing less in this city, whereas Lowell has had her annual fall and winter epidemic.

"The following table shows the number of cases in Lowell and Lawrence during extreme prevalence of the disease and shows conclusively that the city water has been the chief cause of typhoid fever in this city for a number of years:

	Lowell. Cases.	Lowell. Deaths.	Lawrence. Cases.	Lawrence. Deaths.
January	33	10	72	5
February	10	7	23	8
March	14	4	8	0
September	9	3	4	2
October	10	5	12	1
November	10	3	3	0
December	20	5	5	3

This is the statement for 1892, but January has brought a fresh outbreak of the disease. The total number of cases for the month was 90 and the deaths ten. The prospect is, that the epidemic has not reached its worst stage. Only the greatest vigilance on the part of the board of health and the water board will avail in eradicating this disease which is not so much dreaded as small pox, but is yet stealthily carrying off more victims than any other disease now afflicting the community. Lowell wants purer water and until the water board succeeds in effecting an improvement, the people of the city should boil the water before using it for drinking purposes. The product of the driven wells seems to be of little use in purifying the general supply for the whole city. It may be necessary to get a filter such as that which Lawrence credits with purifying Merrimack river water.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

Simple Exercises by Which to Plump and Round Out the Facial Muscles.

A successful professor of the art of physical culture, quoted by the New York Tribune, says: "I find that the human body is capable of being molded into forms of beauty and strength much later than is generally supposed. The facial muscles especially, which are apt to be almost, if not entirely, neglected may be so developed that a face that had already dropped into the unbecoming lines of age will assume again the rounded curves of comparative youth.

"Plump, firm muscles are vastly different from fatty development, which, although it may 'fill out' a face in a way, will not give a good contour, and sometimes rather adds to the appearance of age than otherwise, whereas the cultivation of the muscles of the face and neck not only fills up the hollows, but causes the flesh to have a firm, healthy look and prevents the relaxed appearance of the lower muscles of the throat which is so disfiguring."

The following exercises are recommended for filling out and developing the muscles of the face: First smile as broadly as you can; then place three fingers on the bunched up portion of the cheek and allow the features suddenly to relax, raising the fingers at the same time. Continue to do this until tired. The fingers should be placed high on the cheek bone, so that the muscles when smiling will push against them, thus giving the desired resistance which is necessary to the enlargement of the tissue. The second exercise is to again smile broadly, but this time, instead of allowing the corners of the mouth to be curved upward, try to draw them out in a straight line toward the center of the cheeks; then place the two thumbs one on each corner of the mouth and work the corners backward and forward by relaxing and contracting the mouth.

Exercise No. 3 is with the chin. Press the lower lip upward, and it will be seen that the chin will be raised and become hard; crook the forefinger so as to make a half circle and put it over the point of the chin, pressing it against the latter as it rises and relaxing the pressure instantly as it assumes its normal position. In this exercise the teeth should be kept closed. Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and the lower jaw, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the cheeks.

Take two small pieces of india rubber, such as come in the ends of pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth; close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough apart to keep the rubbers in their place and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger into the mouth and rub it against the cheek, pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as it is possible. It is said that by regularly following these simple exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.

One Thing and Another.

Warts may be treated with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and acetic acid. One drop night and morning will gradually effect a cure, but must be applied to the hard skin only and not allowed to spread on the surrounding flesh.

For bleeding at the nose Dr. Hutchinson recommends plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be borne.

Mashed cranberries in a poultice bag applied to the affected part are excellent for erysipelas.

For earache mix a very few drops of sweet oil with a like quantity of chloroform and wear a piece of cotton moistened with it in the ear.

The pulse may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But as a rule if the temperature reaches 108 or 109 death soon follows.

SUNBEAMS.

Definitely Settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say?

Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Where Ignorance, Etc.

Aunt—I want to do something to please you on your birthday, Charlie, but first I want to ask your teacher how you behave in school.

Charlie—If you really wish to please me, auntie, don't ask him.—Texas Siftings.

Sure of That.

Jones—This cigar you gave me is a vile one.

Brown—You don't know a good cigar when I give you one.

Jones—Perhaps not, but I know a bad one.—Truth.

Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin $5 reward fer.

Gentleman—You have, eh?

Caller—Yep, an if yeh don't give me $10 I'll take it to 'er.—New York Weekly.

Left Dolly at Home.

Auntie—If you are so fond of your dolly, why didn't you bring her with you in the cars?

Little Niece—I was afraid of railroad accidents.—Good News.

Absorbing.

"He's the most interesting talker ever I met."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said he wanted to marry me."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Hard on the Eyes.

Ardent Youth—Doesn't that thick veil hurt your eyes?

Pretty Girl—Not at all.

Ardent Youth—It hurts mine.—Good News.

There Was No Change In the Pohokus Business Outlook.

An elderly man was eating his luncheon at a down town restaurant the other day when a young man came in and took a seat opposite him.

"Why, Midgely, is that you?" asked the older one, extending his hand.

"It is, Mr. Barlow. How do you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I've been in the city a week looking after some matters. When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Just got in this morning."

"I suppose business is a trifle dull up your way just now?"

"Yes, rather."

The old gentleman applied himself afresh to his food, took a swallow of coffee and then said:

"When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is rather dull up that way just now?"

"Yes."

The young man's order had arrived by this time, and he had taken a few spoonfuls of soup when the other man asked:

"Been in town long?"

"No," replied the young one in a surprised tone. "I came only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is not as brisk as it might be up Pohokus way just now?"

"No."

The young man went on with his meal, and the old one once more resumed the work of clearing the plates before him. Then he stopped, and resting his knife and fork on the tablecloth with their points upward, while he grasped their handles in each fist, he asked:

"Is yer father well?"

"Tol'ble."

"An yer mother?"

"She's spry."

"When did you leave Pohokus?"

"I left on the first train this morning."

"Did you? I suppose business is a trifle dull up Pohokus way just now?"

"Yes," replied the young man, with great deliberation and cutting distinctness; "business is as dull in Pohokus now as it was 10 minutes ago; quite as dull."

And the old gentleman was actually offended.—New York Press.

Out of His Line.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mrs. Chugwater—Well!

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah?"

"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west and another should start and travel from west to east—the way the earth revolves, you know—would there be any difference in the—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"—Chicago Tribune.

A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort — these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ill. The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

PIERCE Guarantee's CURE.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

E. and M. Matthews

FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer of a Trial Treatment.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there a pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

MR. ADAMS' COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Andrew Adams of 36 10th street, Centralville, says: "I have suffered for years with catarrh. I was always sneezing and taking cold. My head was stuffed up, my nose itched and burned, and there was a constant watery discharge. Quantities of mucus would run down into my throat, causing me to hawk and spit a great deal. My throat was often sore. I had a bad cough, especially in the morning, when it was almost impossible for me to clear the throat. My appetite failed, my taste was destroyed, I lost flesh and was unable to sleep at night. For years I suffered terribly from constipation and itching piles. I took all sorts of patent medicines, but nothing gave me any relief. I went to Dr. Pearson completely discouraged, believing my case incurable. But under his treatment the constipation and piles have been cured and all my other difficulties have disappeared. I shall feel grateful to these skilled doctors as long as I live."

ANDREW ADAMS, CENTRALVILLE.

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

SPECIALISTS.

Corner Palmer and Merrimack Sts.,

Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer street.

Consultation and Examination Free.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12.30, 2 to 4 and 6.30 to 8.30 p. m., except Thursday evening. Sunday 9 to 11.30 a. m.

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Will Clean Rusty Iron and Steel,
Will Polish Gold and Silver Ware,
Will Clean Gas Fixtures,
Removes Fly Specks from Gilt Work,
It contains no grease, No Oils, No Acids.
Put up in ½ pint, 1 quart and ½ gallon cans.

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Bartlett & Dow.

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JOHN A. McQUADE, Room 11, Mansur Block, Central St., Constable and Collecting Agency, And Auctioneer.

D. F. NEGUS, No. 36 Central Street, Lowell, Mass. Dentist.

JOHN H. McCABE, Room 10, Odd Fellows' Bl'k, Mid'sex St Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

P. J. MOAR, Room 10 P. O. Block Attorney at Law.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, No. 3 Central Street, Stationers, Booksellers and Newsdealers. Specialties and standard goods. We give you more than you can get anywhere else for your money.

LESTER'S SCHOOL - OF - DANCING.

Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

D. C. LESTER, Member National Association Masters of Dancing

Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

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A Pretty, Substantial and Good-Sized Teapot for 19 Cents.

We have just received from New Orleans a small lot of elegant Teapots, which are odd enough and pretty enough to sell for $1 each. We took the entire lot, and they will cost you only

19 CENTS.

The Teapot has an antique looking finish on the outside; it holds about 4 cups, and has a substantial bamboo handle. In New Orleans they are in great demand just now, and we are lucky to be able to offer them to our customers; 19 Cents is the lowest price they can be sold for.

French & Puffer,

127 to 131 Central Street.

COLDSMITH, SILVER & Co's M.C.A. 10C. CIGARS LEAD ALL OTHERS.

Everybody Should Try The "108" Havana Filled 5c. Cigar.

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WILL SACRIFICE 500 TONS OF COAL

At a very low price for spot cash only to help the laboring men.

The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

Also have the leading brands of Flour, viz.: Granite City, Success, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's.

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the

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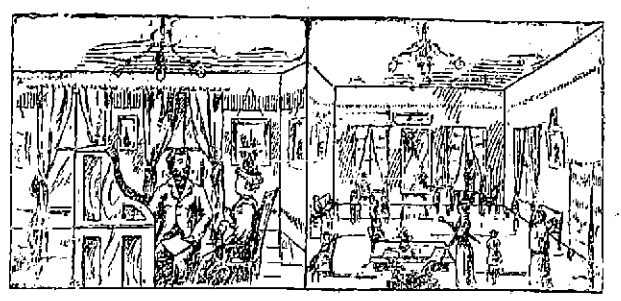
W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP.

246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.



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AS A SPECIALIST he excels in consumption, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Debility, Errors of Youth, Chronic Complicated Diseases, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, Blood Diseases, Female Troubles peculiar to the Sex, by a method strictly his own, speedy and safe, Fits or Epilepsy (that most painful affliction), all kinds of malformations; also Spinal Troubles, Kidney Disease, Skin Disease, Removes Superfluous Hair FREE FROM PAIN, producing a Clear Skin

Free Examinations from 9 A. M to 8½ P. M. Sunday Excepted.

A WORD TO MOTHERS, A CHILD SAVED.

This citizen that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 433 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

Dr. W. Wilson's Dispensary

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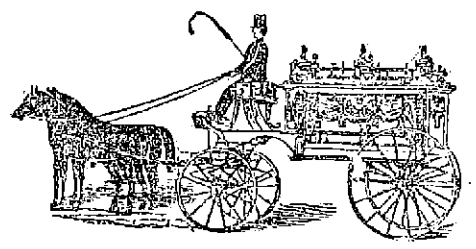
WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.



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OFFICE TO LET—In THE SUN building. A nice location for a doctor or light professional business. Inquire at THE SUN office.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

Narrative of a Mutiny on the Privateer Misery in 1762.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The following narrative is taken verbatim from a manuscript left by the late Geoffrey Pember, sometime master of the letter of marque Misery, who died at the age of 90 in 1798, and who lies buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's at Shrewsbury:

In the month of January, 1762, being then in my fifty-fourth year and having followed the sea all my life, I obtained command of the letter of marque Misery, a ship of 600 tons burden, that mounted 16 guns on the broadside and a long brass swivel on the quarter deck, and that had been fitted out by some merchants of Bristol to cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

It was not without much labor that I got a crew, all the better men having been pressed for the king's service, and when I did get one I had no great cause to be pleased, for a more ruffianly and unruly set I never set eyes upon. Yet I had with me as master an old and tried shipmate, Warren Hodges, and there was also with me my dear son Humphrey, who 17 years later was killed, lieutenant of the Ruby, at the gallant capture of the French frigate La Prudente off Gonaive. At the time of which I speak he was no more than 18, yet he was so brave and determined a lad and so good a seaman that with him and Warren Hodges I thought to make shift to do my business and to manage my rabble in the forecastle.

It was on the 21st of the month that we weighed anchor and dropped down the river with the tide and with a pleasant breeze from the northeast. There being then a convoy coming down channel and bound for Jamaica, I lay to all the 22d and 23d to the southward of St. Mary's, and early on the morning of the 24th I sighted the king's frigate Rainbow, which, with the Gosport and Biddeford, had under her charge not fewer than 60 sail of merchantmen. To my chagrin, the captain of the Rainbow, a young buck who, I make no doubt, was more at home in St. James park than on his own quarter deck, and who was scented like a French dancing master, pressed nine of my best men. Yet, there being then many Spanish frigates and ships of the line off our coast, I could not disdain the company of the king's ships and was forced to bear with it, even though it cost me so dear.

With them I sailed until Feb. 9, when, being as nearly as I could reckon in longitude 40 degrees west and latitude 27 degrees 30 minutes south—for, by cause of the foul weather, we had taken no observation for two days—a storm scattered the fleet, and we, with only three of the merchantmen still in sight, were driven by the force of the gale to the southward.

The storm abated somewhat on the 11th, and we were enabled to bear up again for Jamaica, but my men, having now no fear of the king's ships, put on from that instant a mutinous disposition and soon began to carry themselves so outrageously toward me that I perceived they were minded to stick at nothing in order to seize the Misery for their own ends.

Being plainly assured of this as well by my own sight and hearing as by the reports of my faithful servant, Richard White, a blackamoor whom I had brought nine years before out of Guinea, I took counsel with my son and Warren Hodges to prepare for the worst. I caused the arm chest to be removed into the great cabin, the door of which I fortified from within. I ordered the brass swivel on the quarter deck to be kept loaded with a keg of bullets, so that I might be able to sweep all the deck forward, and I made Richard White sleep every night under the gun, with a dark lantern beside him and a match in his hand.

But these and the other provisions that I took were of no avail against the treachery of the crew, and to add to my uneasiness I had the mortification of finding that we lost sight one by one of the three remaining merchantmen, and that by the middle of the month we had but ourselves for company.

One morning, hearing a noise upon the forecastle, I ran up on deck. Warren Hodges, who had the morning watch, was not to be seen, but I could hear his voice raised in anger and the voices of some of the crew threatening him, with oaths. Returning to the cabin for a pistol and a hanger, I went forward and found that the mutineers had seized both Warren Hodges and the blackamoor and had already bound them and thrown them into the chains, where they lay crying lustily for help.

I whipped out my hanger to cut the ropes with which they were bound, whereat a great man named Morton, the ringleader, as I now knew him to be of the mutiny, stepped out from among the men and declared that if I dared to interfere I should pay the penalty with my life; that he and his friends had determined to seize the ship and to cruise with her on their own account against the Spaniards, and that I might either stay where I was and serve under him or take the consequences.

Angered at the fellow's insolence, I raised my pistol with the intention of shooting him as he stood, but the powder flashed in the pan, and in an instant I was seized from behind, flung upon the deck and bound as securely as Warren Hedges and the blackamoor. My first thought was for the safety of my dear son. I now had the mortification of seeing him led, bound, from the cabin, where during all this time he had been asleep, and with us he was put under close guard in the hold.

For a full week Morton came daily to see us, seeking to persuade us to throw in our lot with his, but we steadfastly refused, and on the eighth day he came to us early with the news that as we were but idlers in the ship, and as he could not spare men for our guard, he would send us adrift that morning.

At noon, therefore, having lowered the yawl, they unbound us and ordered us over the side. So stiff were we from our long confinement and so weak from lack of food, for the villains had gone near to starve us, that we could not but do their bidding, nor could we all of us do that without help from the mutineers, who nevertheless jeered at our sad condition and mockingly wished us a pleasant voyage. In three hours we were out of sight of the ship in an open boat, without either water, provisions, sails, oars or compass, with a blazing sun above us and with, as I made out, not less than 200 leagues between us and the nearest land.

Warren Hodges had received a blow on the head at the first outbreak and had ever since lain half dazed, speaking little. In three hours, maddened, as I supposed by the sun, he was a raving maniac, calling for water and desiring to throw himself overboard, and that night he died.

Nor were any of us in much better plight, but by taking off our shirts, fastening them together and dragging them in our wake we fortunately collected a few shellfish, with which we stilled the worst pangs of hunger. By continually wetting our clothes also we lessened our terrible thirst. Nevertheless Richard White, disdaining my counsel, drank some of the sea water on the second day and on the fourth day died, raving mad, like Warren Hodges.

Now were we two indeed in a sorry way. Our strength had so diminished that we could barely raise ourselves in the boat, our throats were so parched that we could not speak above a whisper, our bodies were so ill humored as well from dirt and evil food as from the glare of the sun that we were all over sores. At night we lay shivering with ague and praying for the day; by day we lay burning and longing for the night.

I had lost all hope of deliverance when on the ninth day I saw what I at first took for a bird's wing glistening in the sunlight far to windward. But, as I soon knew, it was a sail. My eyes were so weak and so clogged with salt that for a time I dared not trust them. Yet as the strange ship came drifting rather than sailing right across our course I could doubt no longer, and with my heart almost bursting I tried to tell the news to my son. But I could not speak. I could only touch him and point, and he for his part, as I afterward heard from him, could neither speak nor see. With infinite trouble I fashioned a little mast and sail from the thwarts of the boat and my shirt.

This sufficed to enable me to steer the boat, and in an hour, during which, thanks to God and fears that the strange ship might yet escape us struggled in my heart for mastery, we ran alongside and made fast to a rope which was trailing overboard.

It was with much surprise that I found we were suffered to approach without being hailed, for I could perceive that our ship was a Spaniard, but even had they hailed us we were in no condition to reply. Indeed no sooner had I made fast than I fell back senseless in the boat, nor did I know more until darkness had set in, when the cold wind awoke me.

At first I thought that I was dreaming, and not until I had touched the great hull and watched it slowly rising and falling beside me on the moonlit water did I recollect and rightly understand what had happened. Even then it was some time before, do what I would, I could climb on board. When at length I did so the ship seemed to be deserted. She was a big, high pooped craft, such as the Spaniards term a galleon, and chiefly used for their rich traffic with the Indies, and although her masts were all standing and some of her sail was set there was not a man to be seen.

I walked forward, making a great noise with my feet, for I could not cry out. Then I walked aft, noticing the fine guns of brass and the new cordage, until I put my hand on the handle of the door of the great cabin and opened it. Then, from weakness, I sank down on the threshold. There was no light within and no sound. Even there I could hear the lap of the water against the ship's side. It was as if the whole galleon was asleep, save that I could distinguish no breathing and no motion of slumbering men. I had sunk down against a locker, and stretching forth my hand found that it was open. Within, to my great joy, was a bag of bread, which, with some small flasks of wine, I made no scruple of taking, and as soon as I was again a little recovered I returned, even before I had ministered to my own craving, to my son, who still lay without life in the boat alongside. He was so far gone that at first I could do no more than moisten his tongue and lips with the wine, but in a short space he revived and was able with my help to get on board.

By this time our voices were restored to us, and no sooner were we on deck than we knelt down to thank God for the deliverance he had vouchsafed to us. Then, caring little whether we had fallen into the hands of friends or of foes, we dragged ourselves under the shelter of one of the quarter deck guns and there fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The sun was high when I again awoke, but the decks were as before. No one was at the helm, the sails flapped in the light air against the masts, and the ship drifted whither she would. I was still very weak, but some bread and a draft of wine strengthened me, and then I set about exploring the great vessel. Leaving my son Humphrey, who yet slept, I went to the door of the cabin in which I had found the provisions. It was open as I had left it the night before, and as I drew near I perceived that a smell as of a channel house issued forth from it. Even before I entered I could see that on the deck within lay several bodies of dead men. Not knowing what to do and stricken with horror, I halted.

The nearest body to me, that of a tall and elderly man, had fallen from the bed in which it had lain and moved from side to side with the slow roll of the ship. Close to it on a kind of couch was the body of a boy. Farther aft were the bodies of three men, one of which was dressed in menial fashion, yet richly withal, as if its owner in life might have been servant to some great lord. Sick at heart, I entered gently and reverently at last. It was vain to search for any spark of life there. In certain of the other cabins were other bodies and in the forecastle and on the lower deck a great store of them, 37 in all, but there was not one living soul on board save us.

When I returned to my son Humphrey, I awoke him, and finding him much refreshed I told him, yet not without caution, of all that I had seen. The ship, I said, was stout and strong and well found, but of the crew some were clearly departed—for certain of the boats were lacking—and all that remained were dead. And while we sat cleansing our sores and washing ourselves by the gun we debated what were best to be done.

Humphrey, who had seen but little of death and was full of terror of it, was all for loading our own boat with what we could find and for intrusting ourselves once more to the mercy of the sea. Nor did I at first seek to dissuade the lad, for I feared lest the sickness which had, as it appeared, stricken down the crew might now seize upon us. Yet, seeing that we both were weak and unable, I was minded, if only for a day or two, to stay by the ship that we might properly recover ourselves ere we ventured abroad anew.

And in this opinion he at length agreed. But in the evening, feeling wonderfully strong again, I renewed my search about the ship, and so fine and beautiful a craft did she then show herself to me that I fell to doubting whether I could bring myself to leave her again. And when beneath the floor of the great cabin I found some chests of pieces of eight half broken open—I doubt not by those who had gone away in the boats—I determined that so long as there might be hope of bringing so valuable a prize into port I would remain in her.

In this opinion also, when I had given a handful of pieces of eight into his keeping, my son agreed, and next day, after having passed the second night on deck for fear of the evil emanations from the dead, we set to work to rid the ship of the bodies and to cleanse the cabins and lower deck.

That day I was able to take an observation and to determine that we were then in longitude 51 degrees 3 west and latitude 40 degrees 2 north—that is to say, in the full course of that current which is called the great gulf stream, and which, running round the point of Florida, crosses the western ocean toward Ireland and the Shetlands. That day also, finding that my son's stomach was too weak for the work of the cabin, I set the lad at the helm and so kept the ship before the wind, which blew from the southwest, yet so gently as scarcely to ruffle the bosom of the sea.

By degrees I committed the bodies to the deep, and when the ship was, as I thought, clear I burned tobacco, herbs and flowers of sulphur in all close places and kept the portholes open to purify the foul air. Yet still for some days I found yet other bodies in divers holes and corners, whither, I suppose, the poor wretches had crept to die of the plague which had seized upon the vessel.

The last that I found was in the lower hold among the bilge, but how it got there I never knew, nor could I guess, unless perchance the man in the madness of his fever had wandered hither unwittingly and had been unable to return. In all there were three and fifty dead in the ship when we boarded her. When, as I afterward learned, she left the Havana, she had 311 souls in her, of whom 214 had died and had been buried in the sea. Whereupon 35 of the rest had fled in the boats, leaving the residue to their fate. Those who remained were all so sick and so weakly that they could bury but 11 of their number as they died. The others staid where they were until the ship was as we found it. As for those who fled, they were never again heard of, and I doubt not they perished either of the sickness or of hunger and privation.

The ship carried when we found her only her forestaysail, mizzen and fore and main topsails, and I dared not hoist more, knowing not what might befall us if the fine weather should fail. We did not, therefore, make much progress, and it was seven weeks ere we were in the longitude of Cape Clear. During all that time the weather held, and although the wind shifted many times it never blew hard, a thing which in these latitudes and in the early part of the year seemed to me so marvelous that I could not but look upon it as the work of Providence, for had a gale sprung up we could have done nothing to save the ship. My son Humphrey and I never were together in the cabin or below. We kept watch in turn, we ate our food alone, and we made shift to do with so little sleep that I have often since wondered that men so weak did not sink under the load of deprivation and anxiety.

Off the Old Head of Kinsale we sighted a smack, the master of which ran alongside, after we had put out our colors, and asked for the news. Persuading him to come on board, I learned that he belonged to Castletown, a fishing village in the bay of Bantry, in the kingdom of Ireland, and being taken by the honesty of his countenance I concluded with him and his men to ship with me as far as Plymouth, whither I had made up my mind to take the galleon, for I would not trust myself in the channel as we were, seeing that even if I had not chanced upon bad weather I should have been at the mercy of the first king's cruiser that might choose to take me in tow, upon the plea that I could not manage the ship, and I had no mind to share my prize with all the world.

The Irishmen, therefore, to the number of six, came on board upon my engagement that upon arriving at Plymouth I would pay to each of them 100 guineas and to the master 200 for his pains, which engagement I most faithfully observed. And so, with their smack in tow, we made our way up channel and without further adventure dropped anchor on April 21 in Plymouth sound, very weary of our voyage, yet happy withal in having come so well out of it.

Upon anchoring we caused no small commotion in the port, no ship of so great a burden having yet been taken since the beginning of the war. Nor were there many finer ships even in the king's navy.

But the commotion grew greatly when, the officers of the port having boarded us and made an examination of the galleon, it was known—which I myself had not till that moment suspected—that we had in her bullion and pieces of eight to the value of £353,000, besides a costly cargo of tobacco and other products of the West Indies.

Rear Admiral his Royal Highness the Duke of York himself paid me the honor of a visit, coming in his barge from the Princess Amelia, and a week later I was commanded to attend upon King George, who was pleased most graciously to offer my son Humphrey a commission in the navy and me the honor of a knighthood for what he deigned to call our unequaled exploit of taking and bringing home the galleon. As for the knighthood, I had no mind for it, although the N. Senora del Carmen provided me with money enough worthily to support that dignity. As for the commission, Humphrey thankfully accepted it and afterward, as I have said, fell honorably in his country's service. Poor lad! I have often wished since that he had refused the commission and I had accepted the knighthood, for then it might have happened that he would have lived to inherit the wealth which is but a sorry burden to a childless old man.

The Misery never again anchored in an English port after getting rid of us. Morton, the leader of the mutineers, cruised with some success for two or three months among the islands. He took a Spanish brig, the S. Isidro, and several smaller vessels, but was at last chased by the Spanish frigate Thetis, and to avoid capture ran ashore. The crew, being unable to reach the land by reason of the surf, were taken off by the frigate boats and made prisoners.

A fortnight later, on June 2, the Thetis, after a sharp action, was captured by the English frigate Alarm, Captain James Alms, which formed part of Admiral Sir George Pocock's fleet destined for the reduction of the Havana. The English prisoners on board the Thetis endeavored to prove that I as well as they had been engaged with the Spaniard, but the affair of the Misery having by this time been reported to Sir George from England he, on the day after the capitulation of the town, hanged every one of the pirates on board his flagship, the Namur.

This I learned from Captain the Hon. A. J. Hervey, who was sent home in the Dragon with dispatches, and who on his passage had the good fortune to take a French ship valued at £30,000. He was so polite as to bring the intelligence in person, and I am not ashamed to say that I was very pleased to know that the rascals had got their deserts.—William Laird Clowes.

An Old Nook.

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and fire aglow,
And lamps so softly beaming—oh!
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hopes first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?
—Richard la Gallienne in Chicago Figaro.

JUMPING FROM A BALLOON.

Miss Hazel Keyes Tells How It Feels to Meet the Earth.

Mrs. Romig is a pleasant, bright eyed, capable looking little personage of modest demeanor and methods of conversation.

She has been engaged in ballooning for a number of years. Professionally she is known as Miss Hazel Keyes, balloonist and parachute jumper.

She was a trained nurse by profession and engaged in aeronautics because her husband's health failed him, and she found it necessary to do something more lucrative than nursing, and as he was a professional aeronaut, and she had gathered quite an interest and knowledge of the business from him, she determined to enter his field and win in a rapid way the income that was necessary for the schooling of her three children, the maintenance of the family generally and the added expense of his illness. She says she has succeeded amply in her undertaking, and though Mr. Romig's health is greatly improved she has no special desire to relinquish the business.

Asked to explain as clearly as possible the sensations peculiar to the ascent and descent of a person to and from the extraordinary altitudes to which she travels, Mrs Romig said:

"The sensations are diametrically opposite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts. Instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise. When it comes to a standstill, you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and of course the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives you instant advice of the immense altitude you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation, reversed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. This fact is forcibly impressed upon your mind when you cut loose from the balloon.

"The descent, then, until the parachute fills is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume of wind, from 25 to 100 feet, and this is the most unpleasant part of my business. The same precaution of holding the breath is as imperatively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the water, and in default of such precaution you are equally liable to strangulation and death as in the water."

In response to a question as to the longest jump she had made in her career as an aeronaut, Mrs. Romig said that in 1890, at Baker's beach, just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco, she made a perfectly successful jump from an altitude determined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over 2½ miles. She alighted in the bay, but being fully protected with a life preserver—which she always dons when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water—she was all right when picked up by the boatman who went instantly to her relief.

Mrs. Romig says, "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plowed field, but of the two I prefer the field."
—Oregon Statesman.

A Relic of Queen Elizabeth.

There is now in this city, in the possession of Mr. Charles A. Hewins, a valuable and interesting relic of "Good Queen Bess" of England. It is a glove which was worn by her majesty at her coronation ceremonies, way back in the year of grace 1559. It is also interesting as an example of the glovemaker's art at that early day. Surprising as it may seem, it would be regarded as a very good gauntlet even now. It is a well known fact that the queen was possessed of a hand of more than ordinary size, and many of her courtiers grieved full sore at the vigorous way she had of using it to cuff the ears of the presumptuous ones. Although this glove was never in all probability as tight fitting as a woman of rank would demand of a glove today for a ceremony of such importance, yet it could not have been much too large notwithstanding the size, according to the modern measures, is 8. As it lies on a background of blue velvet, carefully preserved from moth and dust by a frame of gold and glass, it shows little of its original beauty. It was evidently of sheepskin, dressed white, and its ample gauntlet was handsomely embroidered in gold with the orb, crown and ostrich plumes, the insignia of English royalty. Today the glove is gray and soiled, and the embroidery is black with tarnish, but its grace is still there.—Boston Transcript.

Meeting a Bluff.

The rustic citizen, inquisitive and guileless, was bunched in a crowded car on a Michigan Central train with an elaborate drummer from Chicago, and in a few minutes he began to sound his seatmate.

"Goin fer'" he asked innocently.

"To Kalamazoo."

"Come from Detroit?"

"Yes."

Then he asked several dozen more questions, and the drummer got tired.

"I s'pose you went to the World's fair?" asked the rustic, starting in on a new deal.

"The World's fair?" repeated the drummer questioningly. "What's that?"

"Don't you know what the World's fair is?" exclaimed the rustic in open eyed astonishment.

"No, I never heard of it."

"Never heard of the World's fair at Chicago?"

"Never. Where is Chicago?"

The rustic looked the drummer over from head to foot and pulled a $5 from his pocket.

"You're foolin me, stranger," he said, "and here's $5 that says you are a Chicago man, for nobody but a Chicago man could be as smooth a liar as you are." And the drummer laughed and confessed and thereafter let the rustic ask all the questions he wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fox's Daring.

Among the many stories of foxes' daring the following deserves a place. On the York-hire estates of the Duke of Leeds was shooting a party of nine guns, including the Marquis of Carmarthen, M. P., Lord Barnard, Sir John Willoughby and Captain Vyner accompanied by some 60 beaters. Into the midst of this little army fell a pheasant, shot by Lord Carmarthen, but the bird had hardly touched the ground when a large dog fox seized it by the neck and carried it off, undismayed by the shouts of the men all round him. Some one proposed to give the impudent marauder a charge of shot, but the marquis decided to let him go, and Reynard took advantage of the unwritten law against fox shooting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Keeping Her Down.

Mrs. Lowerten—Well, Sally, I s'pose we've got to call on that new neighbor. Just take your scissors and cut some sort of a hole in the middle of our visiting card.

Daughter—What fer, maw? What does that signify?

Mrs. Lowerten—It don't mean anything that I knows of, but she'll think it does, and feel mighty cheap to find she don't know as much about society ways as we does.—New York Weekly.

A SCENE FROM EGYPT.

AS UNREPORTED MEXICAN LIFE APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN.

Picturesque Sights In Monterey—General Taylor's Dismantled Guns on the Hillside—A Perpetually Changing Picture. What the People Are Like.

Every American who makes a journey to Mexico late in life must wonder that he never made it before, such a treasure house of natural scenery, and of people picturesque enough to match the scenery, and of romantic story and legend enough to match country and people both, and all this crowding up hard against the edge of our own country.

If there be any excuse for our neglect of these things, it is the difficulty of crossing our own great country itself. The Rio Grande is a long way from the Hudson, and the hot plains of Texas are an obstacle. Eighty degrees in the shade in the middle of January! For this or any long journey I can recommend to any aged traveler as traveling companion some college football expert, at whose determined advance difficulties will vanish from before the windows of baggage offices and ticket offices.

Where have our writers and artists been traveling that they have left most of us ignorant of Monterey—that wonderful semicircle of mountains, the view up or down every street ending in massive mountain wall, like the glories that Denver's people exult in?

Take a street car out to the old bishop's palace, whence General Taylor bombarded the city and where some of his spiked and dismantled guns still lie on the hillside, and what more interesting historic spot could an American ask? While for the view, go and look at it. You will find a very big street car, hauled by a very small donkey. The Indian driver startles you by breaking his whip in two when he reaches the top of the grade and beginning to eat it—the whip is a sugar cane. And this street, with its long, low buildings—a single story most of them—roofs flat and invisible or else thatched with cane, windows heavily grated with iron bars, through which you catch glimpses of faces—Indian some of them, Spanish some of them and fair to look upon.

It is a scene from Egypt or Asia or anywhere far away—far away, for even the horse car cannot bring it into any sort of connection with things modern and near. Do your readers know that such things are to be found all within a week's journey from New York? And there must be something pleasing in the long horizontal lines and strange tints of such architecture, for when your ride brings you to one solitary modern brick house, such as might be seen in New York or anywhere, you find yourself pained and shocked with its ugliness.

And the people who fill these streets—by what kind gift from heaven are they all, patricians and beggars, a whole race, enabled to make such pictures of themselves? The man passing you with his brilliant "serape" of every impossible color thrown over his shoulder, the woman with her "rebosa" or "tapalo" twisted before her face—it is a perpetually changing picture, restful to eyes that have wearied of the respectable monotony of Fifth avenue or the opera, though indeed, speaking of opera, there is a curious suggestion of some "Conspirators' Chorus" in half the men you meet.

Think of marketing in corner groceries with such splendid designations as the "Firmament" or the "Aurora Borealis."

One might well reconcile himself to possible deficiencies in the stock within. And where trade offers such entertainment there seems hardly need of the announcement of "Four bulls to die on Sunday, four."

What are the people like who live in such a city? The passing traveler may not be a witness most competent to testify on that point, though he always tries. They have soldiers—even the sojourner can see that, and he may meet a squad of them any hour of the day crossing the plaza with ingenious diversity of step. They have taxes, too, and you may find the irksome stamp on everything from your sleeping car ticket to your grocer's account book.

They have poverty, therefore, and many must be contented with a rigidly literal fulfillment of the petition for "daily bread this day." They have some aspirations toward cleanliness, for at any hour you may see stalwart specimens of the population bathing in the city's public water supply.

And godliness? They have godliness, or at least religion, for the low roofs of house and shop have a fine supremacy to dome and towers of the cathedral and the moldering arches of the old convent of San Francisco. Looking in at the doors of any of these great churches you see veiled penitents kneeling and worshiping according to the splendid ritual of Rome. And there are worshipers, also, according to other forms which may seem more notable to the northern visitor.

The memory will remain with one traveler at least of sweet hymns and fervent prayers and most cordial greetings from a little congregation of Protestants among these dusky people. Could he employ his time better than for looking further into this unreported side of Mexican life and character?

But as yet remains in the mind the most bewildering impression of things strange, eastern, Spanish, romantic—this artists' and poets' paradise, and only just out of Texas! You are carried into it on the Aztec express, you find your lodgings in the midst of it, next to the sign of "La Malinche," and you sigh over the fate of Cortez s gentle interpreter.

And so these are the descendants of the Montezumas and of Cortez s soldiers, whose smooth Spanish sentences you are puzzling yourself to understand, and you are only four days from New York.—Cor. New York Mail and Express.

A Portrait of Lewis Cass.

The state department received from the New York descendants of Lewis Cass a half length oil portrait of the general, who was secretary of war and minister to France under Jackson and secretary of state under Buchanan. The portrait is evidently a copy, and the comparatively youthful appearance of the subject as well as the glimpse of embroidered wine colored waistcoat suggests that it may have been painted in Paris about the year 1838, when Sumner noted in his journal that "Mr Cass is said to live in a style superior to that of any minister ever sent by America."—Washington Letter.

Her First Dinner.

Young Husband—Say, darling, what a peculiar flavor this stewed steak has!

Young Wife (diffidently)—I really cannot account for it. Indeed in order to take away the bad taste of the onions I scalded them myself in eau de cologne.—Neckar Zeitung.

No Doubt About It.

May—Is it true that they are madly in love with each other?

Carrie—Madly? Yes, indeed. They are always quarreling.—Truth.

Worse Than a Fit.

Fred (trying on a new coat)—Is it a fit, Charlie?

Charlie—Fit? Why, it's a convulsion.—Texas Siftings.

Carlyle Rebuked.

Charles Godfrey Leland says that on his first meeting with Carlisle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1690."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some slurring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical!"

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What's that ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch:

"Na, na, I'm nae that!" he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.—Youth's Companion.

Historic Chicago Houses.

It has generally been accepted as a fact that the old house of Mahlon D. Ogden that used to stand on the site of the Newberry library was the single one that outlived the conflagration.

Now that the historic old residence is a thing of the past, it looks like vandalism to remove the halo of romance that surrounds it. But the fact is it was not the only house that came out of the blaze scathless. At least two others shared this distinction, and neither of them was so favorably located as the Ogden residence.

One of the greatest miracles of the fire is the two story wooden residence at 845 North Clark street, which still stands. It was directly in the path of the fire, and its occupants left the house and its contents to their fate and fled for their lives. To make any effort to save either at the time looked the height of absurdity. But it came through it with nothing worse than a few blisters, caused by the intense heat. It is well known that to the north of this whole blocks were wiped out like matchwood, and the fire burned itself out at the city limits.

By a strange freak of the elements, although the immediate neighborhood was a raging sea of flame, this frail wooden structure lived to tell the story like the lonely survivor of a wreck at sea. C. E. Tuerk afterward occupied this house as a residence.

Across the way, in Lincoln park, about 100 yards from this spot, stood a modest little wooden house, occupied as a dwelling by the superintendent of Lincoln park.

It was of course abandoned, no hope being entertained that it would weather the holocaust. But it did. It stood for years after this, having sustained little or no damage, until it was demolished to make room for the new Academy of Sciences.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Texas Mirages.

In Texas mirages can be witnessed in as wonderful forms as are ever produced in any part of the world. In that portion of the state marked upon the maps of the olden time as a desert, where no plant could grow or breathing thing live, but which is now cut up into immense wheat or grazing fields, I have experienced the most lifelike optical delusions of which the mind can conceive. For that matter, the entire prairie appears to be a delusion. The air is so rare that no odor is perceptible, even from carrion. As a man rides along he sees before him beautiful groves of majestic trees, which, when reached, prove to be mesquite bushes three or four feet in height. Over the plain are what appear to be stakes six or eight feet high, which in reality are Spanish daggers about a foot in height, the entire plain being called the "staked plain," from the effect produced by this plant.

The best mirages, or cloud pictures, are to be seen about Amarillo, where beautiful lakes appear to be but a mile or two away, and strangers almost invariably ask if they contain fish. Views of the gulf are occasionally had, and once a steamer in distress was seen, and it was learned that a steamer had been lost at sea at that time. A few miles above Amarillo is a steep canyon, the prairie ending abruptly where the river flows between perpendicular rocks 1,000 feet below the table land. This canyon can sometimes be seen inverted in the sky [illegible] mirages assume all kinds of shapes, [illegible] seen [illegible] pass [illegible] which there is not some kind of [illegible] scene in the sky.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Outdone [illegible] a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him, "You never will amount to much—you never can do much business—you are too small." "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.—Ram's Horn.

Do Married People Look Alike?

Three or four years ago I gave a little article in The Republic which had the heading, "On Remarkable Resemblances Between Husbands and Wives." The Photographic association of Geneva has recently been investigating the matter. They took photos of 78 elderly married couples, and among these they found that in 24 instances the resemblance between the husband and wife was greater than that between brother and sister, and that in 31 other cases it was fully as great.—St. Louis Republic.

That Fugitive Pocket.

She (excitedly)—Oh, George, some woman on the car has stolen my purse!

He—How do you know it was a woman?

She—Why, I had it in the pocket of my dress!—Chicago Record.

To Remove an Obstinate Glass Stopper.

In order to remove a glass stopper which sticks fast in the bottle, heat the neck by pouring over it hot water without spilling any on the stopper until the latter becomes loosened; or, if that course fails, hold the neck over a gas jet turned down low or other small flame, slowly revolving the bottle while the neck is being heated, thus minimizing the danger of cracking the glass.

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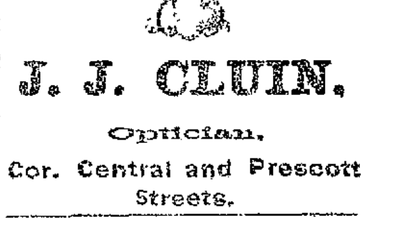
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THE SHIP OF DEATH.

Narrative of a Mutiny on the Privateer Misery In 1762.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The following narrative is taken verbatim from a manuscript left by the late Geoffrey Pember, sometime master of the letter of marque Misery, who died at the age of 90 in 1798, and who lies buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's at Shrewsbury:

In the month of January, 1762, being then in my fifty-fourth year and having followed the sea all my life, I obtained command of the letter of marque Misery, a ship of 600 tons burden, that mounted 16 guns on the broadside and a long brass swivel on the quarter deck, and that had been fitted out by some merchants of Bristol to cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

It was not without much labor that I got a crew, all the better men having been pressed for the king's service, and when I did get one I had no great cause to be pleased, for a more ruffianly and unruly set I never set eyes upon. Yet I had with me as master an old and tried shipmate, Warren Hodges, and there was also with me my dear son Humphrey, who 17 years later was killed, lieutenant of the Ruby, at the gallant capture of the French frigate La Prudente off Gonaive. At the time of which I speak he was no more than 18, yet he was so brave and determined a lad and so good a seaman that with him and Warren Hodges I thought to make shift to do my business and to manage my rabble in the forecastle.

It was on the 21st of the month that we weighed anchor and dropped down the river with the tide and with a pleasant breeze from the northeast. There being then a convoy coming down channel and bound for Jamaica, I lay to all the 22d and 23d to the southward of St. Mary's, and early on the morning of the 24th I sighted the king's frigate Rainbow, which, with the Gosport and Biddeford, had under her charge not fewer than 60 sail of merchantmen. To my chagrin, the captain of the Rainbow, a young buck who, I make no doubt, was more at home in St. James park than on his own quarter deck, and who was scented like a French dancing master, pressed nine of my best men. Yet, there being then many Spanish frigates and ships of the line off our coast, I could not disdain the company of the king's ships and was forced to bear with it, even though it cost me so dear.

With them I sailed until Feb. 9, when, being as nearly as I could reckon in longitude 40 degrees west and latitude 27 degrees 30 minutes south—for, by cause of the foul weather, we had taken no observation for two days—a storm scattered the fleet, and we, with only three of the merchantmen still in sight, were driven by the force of the gale to the southward.

The storm abated somewhat on the 11th, and we were enabled to bear up again for Jamaica, but my men, having now no fear of the king's ships, put on from that instant a mutinous disposition and soon began to carry themselves so outrageously toward me that I perceived they were minded to stick at nothing in order to seize the Misery for their own ends.

Being plainly assured of this as well by my own sight and hearing as by the reports of my faithful servant, Richard White, a blackamoor whom I had brought nine years before out of Guinea, I took counsel with my son and Warren Hodges to prepare for the worst. I caused the arm chest to be removed into the great cabin, the door of which I fortified from within. I ordered the brass swivel on the quarter deck to be kept loaded with a keg of bullets, so that I might be able to sweep all the deck forward, and I made Richard White sleep every night under the gun, with a dark lantern beside him and a match in his hand.

But these and the other provisions that I took were of no avail against the treachery of the crew, and to add to my uneasiness I had the mortification of finding that we lost sight one by one of the three remaining merchantmen, and that by the middle of the month we had but ourselves for company.

One morning, hearing a noise upon the forecastle, I ran up on deck. Warren Hodges, who had the morning watch, was not to be seen, but I could hear his voice raised in anger and the voices of some of the crew threatening him, with oaths. Returning to the cabin for a pistol and a hanger, I went forward and found that the mutineers had seized both Warren Hodges and the blackamoor and had already bound them and thrown them into the chains, where they lay crying lustily for help.

I whipped out my hanger to cut the ropes with which they were bound, whereat a great man named Morton, the ringleader, as I now knew him to be of the mutiny, stepped out from among the men and declared that if I dared to interfere I should pay the penalty with my life; that he and his friends had determined to seize the ship and to cruise with her on their own account against the Spaniards, and that I might either stay where I was and serve under him or take the consequences.

Angered at the fellow's insolence, I raised my pistol with the intention of shooting him as he stood, but the powder flashed in the pan, and in an instant I was seized from behind, flung upon the deck and bound as securely as Warren Hodges and the blackamoor. My first thought was for the safety of my dear son. I now had the mortification of seeing him led, bound, from the cabin, where during all this time he had been asleep, and with us he was put under close guard in the hold.

For a full week Morton came daily to see us, seeking to persuade us to throw in our lot with his, but we steadfastly refused, and on the eighth day he came to us early with the news that as we were but idlers in the ship, and as he could not spare men for our guard, he would send us adrift that morning.

At noon, therefore, having lowered the yawl, they unbound us and ordered us over the side. So stiff were we from our long confinement and so weak from lack of food, for the villains had gone near to starve us, that we could not but do their bidding, nor could we all of us do that without help from the mutineers, who nevertheless jeered at our sad condition and mockingly wished us a pleasant voyage. In three hours we were out of sight of the ship in an open boat, without either water, provisions, sails, oars or compass, with a blazing sun above us and with, as I made out, not less than 200 leagues between us and the nearest land.

Warren Hodges had received a blow on the head at the first outbreak and had ever since lain half dazed, speaking little. In three hours, maddened, as I supposed by the sun, he was a raving maniac, calling for water and desiring to throw himself overboard, and that night he died.

Nor were any of us in much better plight, but by taking off our shirts, fastening them together and dragging them in our wake we fortunately collected a few shellfish, with which we stilled the worst pangs of hunger. By continually wetting our clothes also we lessened our terrible thirst. Nevertheless Richard White, disdaining my counsel, drank some of the sea water on the second day and on the fourth day died, raving mad, like Warren Hodges.

Now were we two indeed in a sorry way. Our strength had so diminished that we could barely raise ourselves in the boat, our throats were so parched that we could not speak above a whisper, our bodies were so ill humored as well from dirt and evil food as from the glare of the sun that we were all over sores. At night we lay shivering with ague and praying for the day; by day we lay burning and longing for the night.

I had lost all hope of deliverance when on the ninth day I saw what I at first took for a bird's wing glistening in the sunlight far to windward. But, as I soon knew, it was a sail. My eyes were so weak and so clogged with salt that for a time I dared not trust them. Yet as the strange ship came drifting rather than sailing right across our course I could doubt no longer, and with my heart almost bursting I tried to tell the news to my son. But I could not speak. I could only touch him and point, and he for his part, as I afterward heard from him, could neither speak nor see. With infinite trouble I fashioned a little mast and sail from the thwarts of the boat and my shirt.

This sufficed to enable me to steer the boat, and in an hour, during which, thanks to God and fears that the strange ship might yet escape us struggled in my heart for mastery, we ran alongside and made fast to a rope which was trailing overboard.

It was with much surprise that I found we were suffered to approach without being hailed, for I could perceive that our ship was a Spaniard, but even had they hailed us we were in no condition to reply. Indeed no sooner had I made fast than I fell back senseless in the boat, nor did I know more until darkness had set in, when the cold wind awoke me.

At first I thought that I was dreaming, and not until I had touched the great hull and watched it slowly rising and falling beside me on the moonlit water did I recollect and rightly understand what had happened. Even then it was some time before, do what I would, I could climb on board. When at length I did so the ship seemed to be deserted. She was a big, high pooped craft, such as the Spaniards term a galleon, and chiefly used for their rich traffic with the Indies, and although her masts were all standing and some of her sail was set there was not a man to be seen.

I walked forward, making a great noise with my feet, for I could not cry out. Then I walked aft, noticing the fine guns of brass and the new cordage, until I put my hand on the handle of the door of the great cabin and opened it. Then, from weakness, I sank down on the threshold. There was no light within and no sound. Even there I could hear the lap of the water against the ship's side. It was as if the whole galleon was asleep, save that I could distinguish no breathing and no motion of slumbering men. I had sunk down against a locker, and stretching forth my hand found that it was open. Within, to my great joy, was a bag of bread, which, with some small flasks of wine, I made no scruple of taking, and as soon as I was again a little recovered I returned, even before I had ministered to my own craving, to my son, who still lay without life in the boat alongside. He was so far gone that at first I could do no more than moisten his tongue and lips with the wine, but in a short space he revived and was able with my help to get on board.

By this time our voices were restored to us, and no sooner were we on deck than we knelt down to thank God for the deliverance he had vouchsafed to us. Then, caring little whether we had fallen into the hands of friends or of foes, we dragged ourselves under the shelter of one of the quarter deck guns and there fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The sun was high when I again awoke, but the decks were as before. No one was at the helm, the sails flapped in the light air against the masts, and the ship drifted whither she would. I was still very weak, but some bread and a draft of wine strengthened me, and then I set about exploring the great vessel. Leaving my son Humphrey, who yet slept, I went to the door of the cabin in which I had found the provisions. It was open as I had left it the night before, and as I drew near I perceived that a smell as of a charnel house issued forth from it. Even before I entered I could see that on the deck within lay several bodies of dead men. Not knowing what to do and stricken with horror, I halted.

The nearest body to me, that of a tall and elderly man, had fallen from the bed in which it had lain and moved from side to side with the slow roll of the ship. Close to it on a kind of couch was the body of a boy. Farther aft were the bodies of three men, one of which was dressed in menial fashion, yet richly withal, as if its owner in life might have been servant to some great lord. Sick at heart, I entered gently and reverently at last. It was vain to search for any spark of life there. In certain of the other cabins were other bodies and in the forecastle and on the lower deck a great store of them, 37 in all, but there was not one living soul on board save us.

When I returned to my son Humphrey, I awoke him, and finding him much refreshed I told him, yet not without caution, of all that I had seen. The ship, I said, was stout and strong and well found, but of the crew some were clearly departed—for certain of the boats were lacking—and all that remained were dead. And while we sat cleansing our sores and washing ourselves by the gun we debated what were best to be done.

Humphrey, who had seen but little of death and was full of terror of it, was all for loading our own boat with what we could find and for intrusting ourselves once more to the mercy of the sea. Nor did I at first seek to dissuade the lad, for I feared lest the sickness which had, as it appeared, stricken down the crew might now seize upon us. Yet, seeing that we both were weak and unable, I was minded, if only for a day or two, to stay by the ship that we might properly recover ourselves ere we ventured abroad anew.

And in this opinion he at length agreed. But in the evening, feeling wonderfully strong again, I renewed my search about the ship, and so fine and beautiful a craft did she then show herself to me that I fell to doubting whether I could bring myself to leave her again. And when beneath the floor of the great cabin I found some chests of pieces of eight half broken open—I doubt not by those who had gone away in the boats—I determined that so long as there might be hope of bringing so valuable a prize into port I would remain in her.

In this opinion also, when I had given a handful of pieces of eight into his keeping, my son agreed, and next day, after having passed the second night on deck for fear of the evil emanations from the dead, we set to work to rid the ship of the bodies and to cleanse the cabins and lower deck.

That day I was able to take an observation and to determine that we were then in longitude 51 degrees 3 west and latitude 40 degrees 2 north—that is to say, in the full course of that current which is called the great gulf stream, and which, running round the point of Florida, crosses the western ocean toward Ireland and the Shetlands. That day also, finding that my son's stomach was too weak for the work of the cabin, I set the lad at the helm and so kept the ship before the wind, which blew from the southwest, yet so gently as scarcely to ruffle the bosom of the sea.

By degrees I committed the bodies to the deep, and when the ship was, as I thought, clear I burned tobacco, herbs and flowers of sulphur in all close places and kept the portholes open to purify the foul air. Yet still for some days I found yet other bodies in divers holes and corners, whither, I suppose, the poor wretches had crept to die of the plague which had seized upon the vessel.

The last that I found was in the lower hold among the bilge, but how it got there I never knew, nor could I guess, unless perchance the man in the madness of his fever had wandered hither unwittingly and had been unable to return. In all there were three and fifty dead in the ship when we boarded her. When, as I afterward learned, she left the Havana, she had 311 souls in her, of whom 214 had died and had been buried in the sea. Whereupon 35 of the rest had fled in the boats, leaving the residue to their fate. Those who remained were all so sick and so weakly that they could bury but 11 of their number as they died. The others staid where they were until the ship was as we found it. As for those who fled, they were never again heard of, and I doubt not they perished either of the sickness or of hunger and privation.

The ship carried when we found her only her forestaysail, mizzen and fore and main topsails, and I dared not hoist more, knowing not what might befall us if the fine weather should fail. We did not, therefore, make much progress, and it was seven weeks ere we were in the longitude of Cape Clear. During all that time the weather held, and although the wind shifted many times it never blew hard, a thing which in these latitudes and in the early part of the year seemed to me so marvelous that I could not but look upon it as the work of Providence, for had a gale sprung up we could have done nothing to save the ship. My son Humphrey and I never were together in the cabin or below. We kept watch in turn, we ate our food alone, and we made shift to do with so little sleep that I have often since wondered that men so weak did not sink under the load of deprivation and anxiety.

Off the Old Head of Kinsale we sighted a smack, the master of which ran alongside, after we had put out our colors, and asked for the news. Persuading him to come on board, I learned that he belonged to Castletown, a fishing village in the bay of Bantry, in the kingdom of Ireland, and being taken by the honesty of his countenance I concluded with him and his men to ship with me as far as Plymouth, whither I had made up my mind to take the galleon, for I would not trust myself in the channel as we were, seeing that even if I had not chanced upon bad weather I should have been at the mercy of the first king's cruiser that might choose to take me in tow, upon the plea that I could not manage the ship, and I had no mind to share my prize with all the world.

The Irishmen, therefore, to the number of six, came on board upon my engagement that upon arriving at Plymouth I would pay to each of them 100 guineas and to the master 200 for his pains, which engagement I most faithfully observed. And so, with their smack in tow, we made our way up channel and without further adventure dropped anchor on April 21 in Plymouth sound, very weary of our voyage, yet happy withal in having come so well out of it.

Upon anchoring we caused no small commotion in the port, no ship of so great a burden having yet been taken since the beginning of the war. Nor were there many finer ships even in the king's navy.

But the commotion grew greatly when, the officers of the port having boarded us and made an examination of the galleon, it was known—which I myself had not till that moment suspected—that we had in her bullion and pieces of eight to the value of £283,000, besides a costly cargo of tobacco and other products of the West Indies.

Rear Admiral his Royal Highness the Duke of York himself paid me the honor of a visit, coming in his barge from the Princess Amelia, and a week later I was commanded to attend upon King George, who was pleased most graciously to offer my son Humphrey a commission in the navy and me the honor of a knighthood for what he deigned to call our unequaled exploit of taking and bringing home the galleon. As for the knighthood, I had no mind for it, although the N. Senora del Carmen provided me with money enough worthily to support that dignity. As for the commission, Humphrey thankfully accepted it and afterward, as I have said, fell honorably in his country's service. Poor lad! I have often wished since that he had refused the commission and I had accepted the knighthood, for then it might have happened that he would have lived to inherit the wealth which is but a sorry burden to a childless old man.

The Misery never gain anchored in an English port after getting rid of us. Morton, the leader of the mutineers, cruised with some success for two or three months among the islands. He took a Spanish brig, the S. Isidro, and several smaller vessels, but was at last chased by the Spanish frigate Thetis, and to avoid capture ran ashore. The crew, being unable to reach the land by reason of the surf, were taken off by the frigate boats and made prisoners.

A fortnight later, on June 2, the Thetis, after a sharp action, was captured by the English frigate Alarm, Captain James Alms, which formed part of Admiral Sir George Pocock's fleet destined for the reduction of the Havana. The English prisoners on board the Thetis endeavored to prove that I as well as they had been engaged with the Spaniard, but the affair of the Misery having by this time been reported to Sir George from England he, on the day after the capitulation of the town, hanged every one of the pirates on board his flagship, the Namur.

This I learned from Captain the Hon. A. J. Hervey, who was sent home in the Dragon with dispatches, and who on his passage had the good fortune to take a French ship valued at £30,000. He was so polite as to bring the intelligence in person, and I am not ashamed to say that I was very pleased to know that the rascals had got their deserts.—William Laird Clowes.

An Old Nook.

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and fire aglow,
And lamps so softly beaming—oh!
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hopes first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?

—Richard le Gallienne in Chicago Figaro.

JUMPING FROM A BALLOON.

Miss Hazel Keyes Tells How It Feels to Meet the Earth.

Mrs. Romig is a pleasant, bright eyed, capable looking little personage of modest demeanor and methods of conversation.

She has been engaged in ballooning for a number of years. Professionally she is known as Miss Hazel Keyes, balloonist and parachute jumper.

She was a trained nurse by profession and engaged in aeronautics because her husband's health failed him, and she found it necessary to do something more lucrative than nursing, and as he was a professional aeronaut, and she had gathered quite an interest and knowledge of the business from him, she determined to enter his field and win in a rapid way the income that was necessary for the schooling of her three children, the maintenance of the family generally and the added expense of his illness. She says she has succeeded amply in her undertaking, and though Mr. Romig's health is greatly improved she has no special desire to relinquish the business.

Asked to explain as clearly as possible the sensations peculiar to the ascent and descent of a person to and from the extraordinary altitudes to which she travels, Mrs. Romig said:

"The sensations are diametrically opposite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts. Instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise. When it comes to a standstill, you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and of course the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives you instant advice of the immense altitude you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation, reversed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. This fact is forcibly impressed upon your mind when you cut loose from the balloon.

"The descent, then, until the parachute fills is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume of wind, from 25 to 100 feet, and this is the most unpleasant part of my business. The same precaution of holding the breath is as imperatively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the water, and in default of such precaution you are equally liable to strangulation and death as in the water."

In response to a question as to the longest jump she had made in her career as an aeronaut, Mrs. Romig said that in 1890, at Baker's beach, just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco, she made a perfectly successful jump from an altitude determined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over 2½ miles. She alighted in the bay, but being fully protected with a life preserver—which she always dons when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water—she was all right when picked up by the boatman who went instantly to her relief.

Mrs. Romig says, "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plowed field, but of the two I prefer the field."—Oregon Statesman.

A Relic of Queen Elizabeth.

There is now in this city, in the possession of Mr. Charles A. Hewins, a valuable and interesting relic of "Good Queen Bess" of England. It is a glove which was worn by her majesty at her coronation ceremonies, way back in the year of grace 1559. It is also interesting as an example of the glovemaker's art at that early day. Surprising as it may seem, it would be regarded as a very good gauntlet even now. It is a well known fact that the queen was possessed of a hand of more than ordinary size, and many of her courtiers grieved full sore at the vigorous way she had of using it to cuff the ears of the presumptuous ones. Although this glove was never in all probability as tight fitting as a woman of rank would demand of a glove today for a ceremony of such importance, yet it could not have been much too large, notwithstanding the size, according to the modern measures, is 8. As it lies on a background of blue velvet, carefully preserved from moth and dust by a frame of gold and glass, it shows little of its original beauty. It was evidently of sheepskin, dressed white, and its ample gauntlet was handsomely embroidered in gold with the orb, crown and ostrich plumes, the insignia of English royalty. Today the glove is gray and soiled, and the embroidery is black with tarnish, but its grace is still there.—Boston Transcript.

Meeting a Bluff.

The rustic citizen, inquisitive and guileless, was hunched in a crowded car on a Michigan Central train with an elaborate drummer from Chicago, and in a few minutes he began to sound his seatmate.

"Goin fer?" he asked innocently.

"To Kalamazoo."

"Come from Detroit?"

"Yes."

Then he asked several dozen more questions, and the drummer got tired.

"I s'pose you went to the World's fair?" asked the rustic, starting in on a new deal.

"The World's fair?" repeated the drummer questioningly. "What's that?"

"Don't you know what the World's fair is?" exclaimed the rustic in open eyed astonishment.

"No, I never heard of it."

"Never heard of the World's fair at Chicago?"

"Never. Where is Chicago?"

The rustic looked the drummer over from head to foot and pulled a $5 from his pocket.

"You're foolin me, stranger," he said, "and here's $5 that says you are a Chicago man, fer nobody but a Chicago man could be as smooth a liar as you are." And the drummer laughed and confessed and thereafter let the rustic ask all the questions he wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fox's Daring.

Among the many stories of foxes' daring the following deserves a place: On the Yorkshire estates of the Duke of Leeds was shooting a party of nine guns, including the Marquis of Carmarthen, M. P., Lord Barnard, Sir John Willoughby and Captain Vyner, accompanied by some 60 beaters. Into the midst of this little army fell a pheasant, shot by Lord Carmarthen, but the bird had hardly touched the ground when a large dog fox seized it by the neck and carried it off, undismayed by the shouts of the men all round him. Some one proposed to give the impudent marauder a charge of shot, but the marquis decided to let him go, and Reynard took advantage of the unwritten law against fox shooting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Keeping Her Down.

Mrs. Lowerten—Well, Sally, I s'pose we've got to call on that new neighbor. Just take your scissors and cut some sort of a hole in the middle of our visiting card.

Daughter—What fer, maw? What does that signify?

Mrs. Lowerten—It don't mean anything that I knows of, but she'll think it does, and feel mighty cheap to find she don't know as much about society ways as we does.—New York Weekly.

A SCENE FROM EGYPT.

AS UNREPORTED MEXICAN LIFE APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN.

Picturesque Sights In Monterey—General Taylor's Dismantled Guns on the Hillside—A Perpetually Changing Picture. What the People Are Like.

Every American who makes a journey to Mexico late in life must wonder that he never made it before, such a treasure house of natural scenery, and of people picturesque enough to match the scenery, and of romantic story and legend enough to match country and people both, and all this crowding up hard against the edge of our own country.

If there be any excuse for our neglect of these things, it is the difficulty of crossing our own great country itself. The Rio Grande is a long way from the Hudson, and the hot plains of Texas are an obstacle. Eighty degrees in the shade in the middle of January! For this or any long journey I can recommend to any aged traveler as traveling companion some college football expert, at whose determined advance difficulties will vanish from before the windows of baggage offices and ticket offices.

Where have our writers and artists been traveling that they have left most of us ignorant of Monterey—that wonderful semicircle of mountains, the view up or down every street ending in massive mountain wall, like the glories that Denver's people exult in?

Take a street car out to the old bishop's palace, whence General Taylor bombarded the city and where some of his spiked and dismantled guns still lie on the hillside, and what more interesting historic spot could an American ask? While for the view, go and look at it. You will find a very big street car, hauled by a very small donkey. The Indian driver startles you by breaking his whip in two when he reaches the top of the grade and beginning to eat it—the whip is a sugar cane. And this street, with its long, low buildings—a single story most of them—roofs flat and invisible or else thatched with cane, windows heavily grated with iron bars, through which you catch glimpses of faces—Indian some of them, Spanish some of them and fair to look upon.

It is a scene from Egypt or Asia or anywhere far away—far away, for even the horse car cannot bring it into any sort of connection with things modern and near. Do your readers know that such things are to be found all within a week's journey from New York? And there must be something pleasing in the long horizontal lines and strange tints of such architecture, for when your ride brings you to one solitary modern brick house, such as might be seen in New York or anywhere, you find yourself pained and shocked with its ugliness.

And the people who fill these streets—by what kind gift from heaven are they all, patricians and beggars, a whole race, enabled to make such pictures of themselves? The man passing you with his brilliant "serape" of every impossible color thrown over his shoulder, the woman with her "rebosa" or "tapalo" twisted before her face—it is a perpetually changing picture, restful to eyes that have wearied of the respectable monotony of Fifth avenue or the opera, though indeed, speaking of opera, there is a curious suggestion of some "Conspirators' Chorus" in half the men you meet.

Think of marketing in corner groceries with such splendid designations as the "Firmament" or the "Aurora Borealis."

One might well reconcile himself to possible deficiencies in the stock within. And where trade offers such entertainment there seems hardly need of the announcement of "Four bulls to die on Sunday, four."

What are the people like who live in such a city? The passing traveler may not be a witness most competent to testify on that point, though he always tries. They have soldiers—even the sojourner can see that, and he may meet a squad of them any hour of the day crossing the plaza with ingenious diversity of step. They have taxes, too, and you may find the irksome stamp on everything from your sleeping car ticket to your grocer's account book.

They have poverty, therefore, and many must be contented with a rigidly literal fulfillment of the petition for "daily bread this day." They have some aspirations toward cleanliness, for at any hour you may see stalwart specimens of the population bathing in the city's public water supply.

And godliness? They have godliness, or at least religion, for the low roofs of house and shop have a fine supremacy to dome and towers of the cathedral and the moldering arches of the old convent of San Francisco. Looking in at the doors of any of these great churches you see veiled penitents kneeling and worshiping according to the splendid ritual of Rome. And there are worshipers, also, according to other forms which may seem more homelike to the northern visitor.

The memory will remain with one traveler at least of sweet hymns and fervent prayers and most cordial greetings from a little congregation of Protestants among these dusky people. Could he employ his time better than for looking further into this unreported side of Mexican life and character?

But as yet remains in the mind the most bewildering impression of things strange, eastern, Spanish, romantic—this artists' and poets' paradise, and only just out of Texas! You are carried into it on the Aztec express, you find your lodgings in the midst of it, next to the sign of "La Malinche," and you sigh over the fate of Cortez's gentle interpreter.

And so these are the descendants of the Montezumas and of Cortez's soldiers, whose smooth Spanish sentences you are puzzling yourself to understand, and you are only four days from New York. Cor. New York Mail and Express.

A Portrait of Lewis Cass.

The state department received from the New York descendants of Lewis Cass a half length oil portrait of the general, who was secretary of war and minister to France under Jackson and secretary of state under Buchanan. The portrait is evidently a copy, and the comparatively youthful appearance of the subject as well as the glimpse of embroidered wine colored waistcoat suggests that it may have been painted in Paris about the year 1839, when Sumner noted in his journal that "Mr. Cass is said to live in a style superior to that of any minister ever sent by America."—Washington Letter.

Her First Dinner.

Young Husband—Say, darling, what a peculiar flavor this stewed steak has!

Young Wife (diffidently)—I really cannot account for it. Indeed in order to take away the bad taste of the onions I scalded them myself in eau de cologne.—Neckar Zeitung.

No Doubt About It.

May—Is it true that they are madly in love with each other?

Carrie—Madly? Yes, indeed. They are always quarreling.—Truth.

Worse Than a Fit.

Fred (trying on a new coat)—Is it a fit, Charlie?

Charlie—Fit? Why, it's a convulsion.—Texas Siftings.

Carlyle Rebuked.

Charles Godfrey Leland says that on his first meeting with Carlisle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1630."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some slurring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical!"

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What's that ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch:

"Na, na, I'm nae that!" he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.—Youth's Companion.

Historic Chicago Houses.

It has generally been accepted as a fact that the old house of Mahlon D. Ogden that used to stand on the site of the Newberry library was the single one that outlived the conflagration.

Now that the historic old residence is a thing of the past, it looks like vandalism to remove the halo of romance that surrounds it. But the fact is it was not the only house that came out of the blaze scathless. At least two others shared this distinction, and neither of them was so favorably located as the Ogden residence.

One of the greatest miracles of the fire is the two story wooden residence at 845 North Clark street, which still stands. It was directly in the path of the fire, and its occupants left the house and its contents to their fate and fled for their lives. To make any effort to save either at the time looked the height of absurdity. But it came through it with nothing worse than a few blisters, caused by the intense heat. It is well known that to the north of this whole blocks were wiped out like matchwood, and the fire burned itself out at the city limits.

By a strange freak of the elements, although the immediate neighborhood was a raging sea of flame, this frail wooden structure lived to tell the story like the lonely survivor of a wreck at sea. C. E. Tuerk afterward occupied this house as a residence.

Across the way, in Lincoln park, about 100 yards from this spot, stood a modest little wooden house, occupied as a dwelling by the superintendent of Lincoln park. It was of course abandoned, no hope being entertained that it would weather the holocaust. But it did. It stood for years after this, having sustained little or no damage, until it was demolished to make room for the new Academy of Sciences.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Texas Mirages.

In Texas mirages can be witnessed in as wonderful forms as are ever produced in any part of the world. In that portion of the state marked upon the maps of the olden time as a desert, where no plant could grow or breathing thing live, but which is now cut up into immense wheat or grazing fields, I have experienced the most lifelike optical delusions of which the mind can conceive. For that matter, the entire prairie appears to be a delusion. The air is so rare that no odor is perceptible, even from carrion. As a man rides along he sees before him beautiful groves of majestic trees, which, when reached, prove to be mesquite bushes three or four feet in height. Over the plain are what appear to be stakes six or eight feet high, which in reality are Spanish daggers about a foot in height, the entire plain being called the "staked plain," from the effect produced by this plant.

The best mirages, or cloud pictures, are to be seen about Amarillo, where beautiful lakes appear to be but a mile or two away, and strangers almost invariably ask if they contain fish. Views of the gulf are occasionally had, and once a steamer in distress was seen, and it was learned that a steamer had been lost at sea at that time. A few miles above Amarillo is a steep canyon, the prairie ending abruptly where the river flows between perpendicular rocks 1,000 feet below the table land. This canyon can sometimes be seen inverted in the sky [illegible] mirages assume all kinds of shapes, [illegible] the summer season few days pass [illegible] which there is not some kind of [illegible]scape scene in the sky.—St. Louis Glo[be]-Democrat.

Outdone by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him, "You never will amount to much—you never can do much business—you are too small." "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.—Ram's Horn.

Do Married People Look Alike?

Three or four years ago I gave a little article in The Republic which had the heading, "On Remarkable Resemblances Between Husbands and Wives." The Photographic association of Geneva has recently been investigating the matter. They took photos of 78 elderly married couples, and among these they found that in 24 instances the resemblance between the husband and wife was greater than that between brother and sister, and that in 31 other cases it was fully as great.—St. Louis Republic.

That Fugitive Pocket.

She (excitedly)—Oh, George, some woman on the car has stolen my purse!

He—How do you know it was a woman?

She—Why, I had it in the pocket of my dress!—Chicago Record.

To Remove an Obstinate Glass Stopper.

In order to remove a glass stopper which sticks fast in the bottle, heat the neck by pouring over it hot water without spilling any on the stopper until the latter becomes loosened; or, if that course fails, hold the neck over a gas jet turned down low or other small flame, slowly revolving the bottle while the neck is being heated, thus minimizing the danger of cracking the glass.

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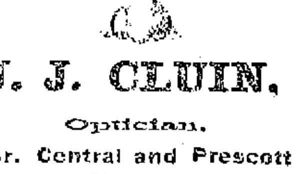

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Branch office, 33 Merrimack street,—Underwood's cigar store.

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6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 55
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 18	8 02	8 20	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 55	9 05	10 15
8 50	9 40	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 00
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 46
3 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 45	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 30	5 00	5 44
§5 33	6 30	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	5 50	7 03
§6 53	7 40	6 15	7 28
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 30
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
§7 18	8 02	9 00	9 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 16	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

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To Boston. Lve.	Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	Arr.
6 59	8 05	7 55	8 55
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 33
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 38	4 50	5 45
4 10	5 26	5 00	6 10
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 05
6 55	8 00	9 35	7 45
6 25	10 25		

Sunday Trains.

Lve.	Arr.	Lve.	Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 13
12 05	1 26	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 28	5 00	6 20
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

JANUARY 17 is celebrated as Abrogation day in Hawaii, the day when the monarchy was overthrown.

THE TELEPHONE company is devising plans for maintaining present rates despite the expiration of patents.

THE BILL to prohibit prize fighting in this state should pass at once. This is a brutal practice that should not be tolerated in any civilized community.

THE LEGISLATURE should not grant the petition of the Bell Telephone company to increase their capital stock without a thorough investigation of the concern.

MR. GLADSTONE'S retirement from the head of the English ministry would be a great blow to the home rule movement but John Morley will wear the premiers mantle with becoming dignity.

THE LEGISLATURE did a wise thing in seeking light from the Supreme court upon the constitutionality of submitting the question of woman suffrage to the people. In many states where the woman suffrage law obtains its constitutionality is questioned. There is no use in making laws to be afterward declared null and void.

THE LARGE majority by which the tariff bill was passed by the national house indicates that the democrats are solidly in favor of the measure. The measure will meet stubborn opposition in the senate and if defeated the discussion will be prolonged to the great detriment of business throughout the country.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

Congressman Stevens has nominated Gardner W. Pearson, Esq., for postmaster, and the suspense in which the community, but more especially the several candidates and their friends, have been held for months, has been broken.

As THE SUN has already stated, Mr. Stevens had the undisputed right to make his own selection from among the three reputable democrats who were candidates for the position and now that the matter is practically settled, the two unsuccessful candidates are not likely to blame him for not appointing either. Messrs. Cluin and Corbett are disappointed to some extent; but they will acknowledge that the appointment is a good one. They realize that it is not the part of a good democrat to desert his party or seek revenge if defeated in a fair and honorable contest.

There is one respect in which Mr. Stevens might have favored the defeated candidates. They believe he might have made up his mind earlier and saved them and their friends many journeys to Washington. In other words, they feel that they were kept too long on the "anxious seat," that Mr. Stevens might have reached a decision weeks or even months ago; but his delay was probably due to the difficulty of deciding fairly on the merits of the conflicting claims presented to him by the friends of the respective candidates.

It can be stated without reflecting upon either of the other two democratic candidates that the selection of Mr. Pearson is an excellent solution of the difficulty which is always attached to the choice of one from a number of candidates for a public office. A young man of rare executive ability; Mr. Pearson possesses tact and energy; his public and private character is irreproachable; his political record is clean and the value of his services to the democratic party is acknowledged by all active workers in the ranks. His appointment will be an encouragement to the young men of the party whereas the appointment of such a man as Capt. Hanscom would be an insult to the party, a reward for party treachery and an act of political suicide for Mr. Stevens. No member of a firm publishing such a mongrel paper as the Times or such a disreputable sheet as the Star should be recognized as anything but a political crook and the sooner Mr. Hanscom realizes this the better for all concerned. If the proprietors of the Jekyll and Hyde organs had any regard for common decency, they would not allow a splenetic individual to calumniate respectable citizens year in and year out. The publishers of the Times by their policy, their treachery and the vile scurrility of one of their sheets have made themselves obnoxious to the democratic party, and to a religious denomination that constitutes a large proportion of that party as well as to the rank and file of the people throughout the city. It was a piece of presumption for a member of such a firm to seek recognition at the hands of Congressman Stevens, but fortunately he was unable to convince Mr. Stevens of the honesty of his claims. Had Mr. Cluin or Mr. Corbett been nominated for the office no democrat could consistently say that the selection was not a good one; but if Mr. Hanscom had been chosen every democrat in the district would protest against his appointment. Will Mr. Hanscom gather his wits about him and ask himself the simple question, why is this thus?

As it is, with Mr. Pearson as the appointee, no complaints are heard, and Lowell will have a highly efficient and capable postmaster for the next four years.

LOWELL AND LAWRENCE.

The report of the Lawrence board of health has some figures of interest to Lowell people. In reference to the typhoid epidemic due to impure water the Daily American says:

"Since the completion of the filter gallery in September, 1892, typhoid fever has been growing less in this city, whereas Lowell has had her annual fall and winter epidemic.

"The following table shows the number of cases in Lowell and Lawrence during extreme prevalence of the disease and shows conclusively that the city water has been the chief cause of typhoid fever in this city for a number of years:

	Lowell. Cases.	Deaths.	Lawrence. Cases.	Deaths.
January	33	10	72	3
February	16	7	23	8
March	14	4	8	6
September	9	3	4	2
October	10	5	12	1
November	10	3	3	9
December	26	5	5	3

This is the statement for 1892, but January has brought a fresh outbreak of the disease. The total number of cases for the month was 90 and the deaths ten. The prospect is, that the epidemic has not reached its worst stage. Only the greatest vigilance on the part of the board of health and the water board will avail in eradicating this disease which is not so much dreaded as small pox, but is yet stealthily carrying off more victims than any other disease now afflicting the community. Lowell wants purer water and until the water board succeeds in effecting an improvement, the people of the city should boil the water before using it for drinking purposes. The product of the driven wells seems to be of little use in purifying the general supply for the whole city. It may be necessary to get a filter such as that which Lawrence credits with purifying Merrimack river water.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

Simple Exercises by Which to Plump and Round Out the Facial Muscles.

A successful professor of the art of physical culture, quoted by the New York Tribune, says: "I find that the human body is capable of being molded into forms of beauty and strength much later than is generally supposed. The facial muscles especially, which are apt to be almost, if not entirely, neglected may be so developed that a face that had already dropped into the unbecoming lines of age will assume again the rounded curves of comparative youth.

"Plump, firm muscles are vastly different from fatty development, which, although it may 'fill out' a face in a way, will not give a good contour, and sometimes rather adds to the appearance of age than otherwise, whereas the cultivation of the muscles of the face and neck not only fills up the hollows, but causes the flesh to have a firm, healthy look and prevents the relaxed appearance of the lower muscles of the throat which is so disfiguring."

The following exercises are recommended for filling out and developing the muscles of the face: First smile as broadly as you can; then place three fingers on the bunched up portion of the cheek and allow the features suddenly to relax, raising the fingers at the same time. Continue to do this until tired. The fingers should be placed high on the cheek bone, so that the muscles when smiling will push against them, thus giving the desired resistance which is necessary to the enlargement of the tissue. The second exercise is to again smile broadly, but this time, instead of allowing the corners of the mouth to be curved upward, try to draw them out in a straight line toward the center of the cheeks; then place the two thumbs one on each corner of the mouth and work the corners backward and forward by relaxing and contracting the mouth.

Exercise No. 3 is with the chin. Press the lower lip upward, and it will be seen that the chin will be raised and become hard; crook the forefinger so as to make a half circle and put it over the point of the chin, pressing it against the latter as it rises and relaxing the pressure instantly as it assumes its normal position. In this exercise the teeth should be kept closed. Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and the lower jaw, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the cheeks.

Take two small pieces of india rubber, such as come in the ends of pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth; close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough apart to keep the rubbers in their place and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger into the mouth and rub it against the cheek, pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as it is possible. It is said that by regularly following these simple exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.

One Thing and Another.

Warts may be treated with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and acetic acid. One drop night and morning will gradually effect a cure, but must be applied to the hard skin only and not allowed to spread on the surrounding flesh.

For bleeding at the nose Dr. Hutchinson recommends plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be borne.

Mashed cranberries in a poultice bag applied to the affected part are excellent for erysipelas.

For earache mix a very few drops of sweet oil with a like quantity of chloroform and wear a piece of cotton moistened with it in the ear.

The pulse may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But as a rule if the temperature reaches 108 or 109 death soon follows.

SUNBEAMS.

Definitely Settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say?

Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Where Ignorance, Etc.

Aunt—I want to do something to please you on your birthday, Charlie, but first I want to ask your teacher how you behave in school.

Charlie—If you really wish to please me, auntie, don't ask him.—Texas Siftings.

Sure of That.

Jones—This cigar you gave me is a vile one.

Brown—You don't know a good cigar when I give you one.

Jones—Perhaps not, but I know a bad one.—Truth.

Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin $5 reward fer.

Gentleman—You have, eh?

Caller—Yep, an if yeh don't give me $10 I'll take it to 'er.—New York Weekly.

Left Dolly at Home.

Auntie—If you are so fond of your dolly, why didn't you bring her with you in the cars?

Little Niece—I was afraid of railroad accidents.—Good News.

Absorbing.

"He's the most interesting talker ever I met."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said he wanted to marry me."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Hard on the Eyes.

Ardent Youth—Doesn't that thick veil hurt your eyes?

Pretty Girl—Not at all.

Ardent Youth—It hurts mine.—Good News.

There Was No Change in the Pohokus Business Outlook.

An elderly man was eating his luncheon at a down town restaurant the other day when a young man came in and took a seat opposite him.

"Why, Midgely, is that you?" asked the older one, extending his hand.

"It is, Mr. Barlow. How do you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I've been in the city a week looking after some matters. When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Just got in this morning."

"I suppose business is a trifle dull up your way just now?"

"Yes, rather."

The old gentleman applied himself afresh to his food, took a swallow of coffee and then said:

"When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is rather dull up that way just now?"

"Yes."

The young man's order had arrived by this time, and he had taken a few spoonfuls of soup when the other man asked:

"Been in town long?"

"No," replied the young one in a surprised tone. "I came only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is not as brisk as it might be up Pohokus way just now?"

"No."

The young man went on with his meal, and the old one once more resumed the work of clearing the plates before him. Then he stopped, and resting his knife and fork on the tablecloth with their points upward, while he grasped their handles in each fist, he asked:

"Is yer father well?"

"Tol'ble."

"An yer mother?"

"She's spry."

"When did you leave Pohokus?"

"I left on the first train this morning."

"Did you? I suppose business is a trifle dull up Pohokus way just now?"

"Yes," replied the young man, with great deliberation and cutting distinctness; "business is as dull at Pohokus now as it was 10 minutes ago; quite as dull."

And the old gentleman was actually offended.—New York Press.

Out of His Line.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mrs. Chugwater—Well!

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah?"

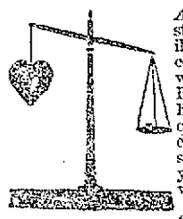
"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west and another should start and travel from west to east—the way the earth revolves, you know—would there be any difference in the—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"—Chicago Tribune.



A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE.

can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

B. Israel Matthews

FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer of a Trial Treatment.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and tortuous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there a pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

MR. ADAMS' COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Andrew Adams of 35 19th street, Centralville, says: "I have suffered for years with catarrh. I was always sneezing and taking cold. My head was stuffed up, my nose itched and burned, and there was a constant watery discharge. Quantities of mucus would run down into my throat, causing me to hawk and spit a great deal. My throat was often sore. I had a bad cough, especially in the

ANDREW ADAMS, CENTRALVILLE.

morning, when it was almost impossible for me to clear the throat. My appetite failed, my taste was destroyed, I lost flesh and was unable to sleep at night. For years I suffered terribly from constipation and itching piles. I took all sorts of patent medicines, but nothing gave me any relief. I went to Dr. Pearson completely discouraged, believing my case incurable. But under his treatment the constipation and piles have been cured and all my other difficulties have disappeared. I shall feel grateful to these skilled doctors as long as I live."

Drs. Pearson and Carroll

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Put up in ½ pint, 1 quart and ½ gallon cans.

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JOHN H. McCABE, Room 19, Odd Fellows' Bl'k, Mid'sex St Baritone Soloist and Teacher of Singing and Piano.

JOSEPH W. LEACH, Room 12, Shedd's Block Soloist and Teacher of Singing.

P. J. HOAR, Room 19 P. O. Block Attorney at Law.

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LESTER'S SCHOOL - OF - DANCING.

Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m.

The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

D. C. LESTER, Member National Association Masters of Dancing

Fifth Annual Reception occurs at Huntington Hall, Tuesday, March 27th.

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A Pretty, Substantial and Good-Sized Teapot for 19 Cents.

We have just received from New Orleans a small lot of elegant Teapots, which are odd enough and pretty enough to sell for $1 each. We took the entire lot, and they will cost you only

19 CENTS.

The Teapot has an antique looking finish on the outside; it holds about 4 cups, and has a substantial bamboo handle. In New Orleans they are in great demand just now, and we are lucky to be able to offer them to our customers; 19 Cents is the lowest price they can be sold for.

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WILL SACRIFICE 500 TONS OF COAL

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The Coal is first class in every respect. Be sure and secure some before it is gone. The elevator must be cleared to make room for a large lot to be stored before the great strike of the miners is declared.

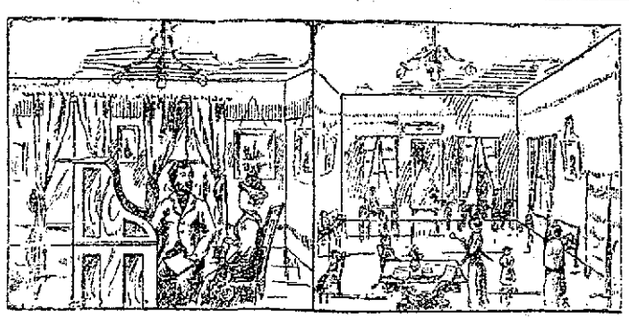
I also have the leading brands of Flour, viz.: Granite City, Success, Sucess, Delight, and Washburn & Crosby's.

For a well stocked and carefully selected stock of drugs, likewise a fine line of Toilet Articles, visit the

Ward One Drug Store,

W. H. SHEEHAN, PROP.

246 Market, Cor. of Adams Street.



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AS A SPECIALIST he excels in consumption, Nervous Prostration, Seminal Debility, Errors of Youth, Chronic Complicated Diseases, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, Blood Diseases, Female Troubles peculiar to the Sex, by a method strictly his own, speedy and safe, Fits or Epilepsy (that most painful affliction), all kinds of malformations; also Spinal Troubles, Kidney Disease, Skin Disease, Removes Superfluous Hair FREE FROM PAIN, producing a Clear Skin

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A WORD TO MOTHERS, A CHILD SAVED.

This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

MRS. LIZZIE'S ARUNDEL, 433 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Dec. 23, 1893.

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Late 14, New No. 26 Central Street, Swan's Building.

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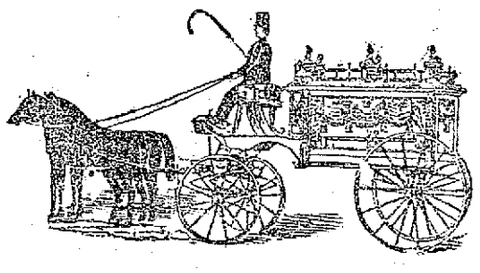
WAREROOMS: No. 134 Market Street. RESIDENCE: No. 63 Bartlett Street.



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Etchings, Engravings, Pastells, Artotypes, Water Colors, and Colored Prints of every description, and the largest lines of Moulding to select from in the city, all at one-third less than elsewhere. Order now for the holidays.

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5 45	6 50	6 06	7 08
6 30	7 45	6 40	7 39
6 50	8 08	6 30	7 65
§7 01	7 58	8 00	9 11
§7 13	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	9 42
7 45	8 35	9 05	10 16
8 50	9 49	10 00	11 13
§9 00	10 30	10 45	11 58
9 40	10 40	11 30	12 09
11 00	12 00	1 00	1 55
§11 52	12 45	2 00	3 04
1 45	2 50	3 00	3 40
2 00	4 24	3 30	4 48
§4 02	4 43	4 20	5 33
4 30	5 35	5 00	5 44
§5 35	6 50	5 25	6 22
5 40	6 50	6 50	7 05
§6 03	7 40	6 15	7 26
§7 52	8 35	7 30	8 10
		8 00	8 40
		10 15	11 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
§7 13	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	3 50	1 00	1 57
9 10	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 55	8 05	7 37	8 35
8 15	9 18	9 30	10 37
9 20	10 32	10 25	11 43
10 50	12 05	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 40	2 15	3 27
12 45	2 00	3 15	4 20
3 25	4 30	4 30	5 45
4 10	5 26	5 00	6 16
5 10	6 42	6 00	7 45
~6 55	8 00	9 35	7 45
6 25	10 35		

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
8 15	9 30	8 00	9 15
12 05	1 25	11 45	12 50
4 15	5 30	5 00	6 26
5 35	7 00	7 00	8 22
7 30	8 50		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

§From Middlesex St. station only.

NO OTHER.

The only penny paper in Lowell receiving cable and telegraphic dispatches is THE SUN. We print the latest news of the world up to the time of going to press with each edition.

JANUARY 17 is celebrated as Abrogation day in Hawaii, the day when the monarchy was overthrown.

THE TELEPHONE company is devising plans for maintaining present rates despite the expiration of patents.

THE BILL to prohibit prize fighting in this state should pass at once. This is a brutal practice that should not be tolerated in any civilized community.

THE LEGISLATURE should not grant the petition of the Bell Telephone company to increase their capital stock without a thorough investigation of the concern.

MR. GLADSTONE'S retirement from the head of the English ministry would be a great blow to the home rule movement but John Morley will wear the premiers mantle with becoming dignity.

THE LEGISLATURE did a wise thing in seeking light from the Supreme court upon the constitutionality of submitting the question of woman suffrage to the people. In many states where the woman suffrage law obtains its constitutionality is questioned. There is no use in making laws to be afterward declared null and void.

THE LARGE majority by which the tariff bill was passed by the national house indicates that the democrats are solidly in favor of the measure. The measure will meet stubborn opposition in the senate and if defeated the discussion will be prolonged to the great detriment of business throughout the country.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

Congressman Stevens has nominated Gardner W. Pearson, Esq., for postmaster, and the suspense in which the community, but more especially the several candidates and their friends, have been held for months, has been broken.

As THE SUN has already stated, Mr. Stevens had the undisputed right to make his own selection from among the three reputable democrats who were candidates for the position and now that the matter is practically settled, the two unsuccessful candidates are not likely to blame him for not appointing either. Messrs. Cluin and Corbett are disappointed to some extent; but they will acknowledge that the appointment is a good one. They realize that it is not the part of a good democrat to desert his party or seek revenge if defeated in a fair and honorable contest.

There is one respect in which Mr. Stevens might have favored the defeated candidates. They believe he might have made up his mind earlier and saved them and their friends many journeys to Washington. In other words, they feel that they were kept too long on the "anxious seat," that Mr. Stevens might have reached a decision weeks or even months ago; but his delay was probably due to the difficulty of deciding fairly on the merits of the conflicting claims presented to him by the friends of the respective candidates.

It can be stated without reflecting upon either of the other two democratic candidates that the selection of Mr. Pearson is an excellent solution of the difficulty which is always attached to the choice of one from a number of candidates for a public office. A young man of rare executive ability, Mr. Pearson possesses tact and energy; his public and private character is irreproachable; his political record is clean and the value of his services to the democratic party is acknowledged by all active workers in the ranks. His appointment will be an encouragement to the young men of the party whereas the appointment of such a man as Capt. Hunscom would be an insult to the party, a reward for party treachery and an act of political suicide for Mr. Stevens. No member of a firm publishing such a mongrel paper as the Times or such a disreputable sheet as the Star should be recognized as anything but a political crook and the sooner Mr. Hunscom realizes this the better for all concerned. If the proprietors of the Jekyll and Hyde organs had any regard for common decency, they would not allow a splenetic individual to calumniate respectable citizens year in and year out. The publishers of the Times by their policy, their treachery and the vile scurrility of one of their sheets have made themselves obnoxious to the democratic party, and to a religious denomination that constitutes a large proportion of that party as well as to the rank and file of the people throughout the city. It was a piece of presumption for a member of such a firm to seek recognition at the hands of Congressman Stevens, but fortunately he was unable to convince Mr. Stevens of the honesty of his claims. Had Mr. Cluin or Mr. Corbett been nominated for the office no democrat could consistently say that the selection was not a good one; but if Mr. Hunscom had been chosen every democrat in the district would protest against his appointment. Will Mr. Hunscom gather his wits about him and ask himself the simple question, why is this thus?

As it is, with Mr. Pearson as the appointee, no complaints are heard, and Lowell will have a highly efficient and capable postmaster for the next four years.

LOWELL AND LAWRENCE.

The report of the Lawrence board of health has some figures of interest to Lowell people. In reference to the typhoid epidemic due to impure water the Daily American says:

"Since the completion of the filter gallery in September, 1892, typhoid fever has been growing less in this city, whereas Lowell has had her annual fall and winter epidemic.

"The following table shows the number of cases in Lowell and Lawrence during extreme prevalence of the disease and shows conclusively that the city water has been the chief cause of typhoid fever in this city for a number of years:

	Lowell. Cases.	Lowell. Deaths.	Lawrence. Cases.	Lawrence. Deaths.
January	33	10	72	3
February	16	7	23	8
March	14	4	8	0
September	9	3	1	0
October	10	5	12	1
November	10	3	3	0
December	26	5	5	3

This is the statement for 1892, but January has brought a fresh outbreak of the disease. The total number of cases for the month was 90 and the deaths ten. The prospect is, that the epidemic has not reached its worst stage. Only the greatest vigilance on the part of the board of health and the water board will avail in eradicating this disease which is not so much dreaded as small pox, but is yet stealthily carrying off more victims than any other disease now afflicting the community. Lowell wants purer water and until the water board succeeds in effecting an improvement, the people of the city should boil the water before using it for drinking purposes. The product of the driven wells seems to be of little use in purifying the general supply for the whole city. It may be necessary to get a filter such as that which Lawrence credits with purifying Merrimack river water.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

Simple Exercises by Which to Plump and Round Out the Facial Muscles.

A successful professor of the art of physical culture, quoted by the New York Tribune, says: "I find that the human body is capable of being molded into forms of beauty and strength much later than is generally supposed. The facial muscles especially, which are apt to be almost, if not entirely, neglected may be so developed that a face that had already dropped into the unlovely coming lines of age will assume again the rounded curves of comparative youth.

"Plump, firm muscles are vastly different from fatty development, which, although it may 'fill out' a face in a way, will not give a good contour, and sometimes rather adds to the appearance of age than otherwise, whereas the cultivation of the muscles of the face and neck not only fills up the hollows, but causes the flesh to have a firm, healthy look and prevents the relaxed appearance of the lower muscles of the throat which is so disfiguring."

The following exercises are recommended for filling out and developing the muscles of the face: First smile as broadly as you can; then place three fingers on the bunched up portion of the cheek and allow the features suddenly to relax, raising the fingers at the same time. Continue to do this until tired. The fingers should be placed high on the cheek bone, so that the muscles when smiling will push against them, thus giving the desired resistance which is necessary to the enlargement of the tissue. The second exercise is to again smile broadly, but this time, instead of allowing the corners of the mouth to be curved upward, try to draw them out in a straight line toward the center of the cheeks; then place the two thumbs one on each corner of the mouth and work the corners backward and forward by relaxing and contracting the mouth.

Exercise No. 3 is with the chin. Press the lower lip upward, and it will be seen that the chin will be raised and become hard; crook the forefinger so as to make a half circle and put it over the point of the chin, pressing it against the latter as it rises and relaxing the pressure instantly as it assumes its normal position. In this exercise the teeth should be kept closed. Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and the lower jaw, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the cheeks.

Take two small pieces of india rubber, such as come in the ends of pencils, and insert on each side of the mouth between the back teeth; close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough apart to keep the rubbers in their place and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefinger into the mouth and rub it against the cheek, pressing it outward in every way, reaching as far back as it is possible. It is said that by regularly following these simple exercises daily, the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.

One Thing and Another.

Warts may be treated with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and acetic acid. One drop night and morning will gradually effect a cure, but must be applied to the hard skin only and not allowed to spread on the surrounding flesh.

For bleeding at the nose Dr. Hutchinson recommends plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be borne.

Mashed cranberries in a poultice bag applied to the affected part are excellent for erysipelas.

For earache mix a very few drops of sweet oil with a like quantity of chloroform and wear a piece of cotton moistened with it in the ear.

The pulse may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But as a rule if the temperature reaches 108 or 109 death soon follows.

SUNBEAMS.

Definitely Settled.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?

Mabel—Yes, aunt.

Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say?

Mabel—He declared he would never marry.—Vogue.

Where Ignorance, Etc.

Aunt—I want to do something to please you on your birthday, Charlie, but first I want to ask your teacher how you behave in school.

Charlie—If you really wish to please me, auntie, don't ask him.—Texas Siftings.

Sure of That.

Jones—This cigar you gave me is a vile one.

Brown—You don't know a good cigar when I give you one.

Jones—Perhaps not, but I know a bad one.—Truth.

Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin $5 reward for.

Gentleman—You have, eh?

Caller—Yep, an if yeh don't give me $10 I'll take it to 'er.—New York Weekly.

Left Dolly at Home.

Auntie—If you are so fond of your dolly, why didn't you bring her with you in the cars?

Little Niece—I was afraid of railroad accidents.—Good News.

Absorbing.

"He's the most interesting talker ever I met."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said he wanted to marry me."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Hard on the Eyes.

Ardent Youth—Doesn't that thick veil hurt your eyes?

Pretty Girl—Not at all.

Ardent Youth—It hurts mine.—Good News.

There Was No Change In the Pohokus Business Outlook.

An elderly man was eating his luncheon at a down town restaurant the other day when a young man came in and took a seat opposite him.

"Why, Midgely, is that you?" asked the older one, extending his hand.

"It is, Mr. Barlow. How do you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I've been in the city a week looking after some matters. When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Just got in this morning."

"I suppose business is a trifle dull up your way just now?"

"Yes, rather."

The old gentleman applied himself afresh to his food, took a swallow of coffee and then said:

"When did you come from Pohokus?"

"Only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is rather dull up that way just now?"

"Yes."

The young man's order had arrived by this time, and he had taken a few spoonfuls of soup when the other man asked:

"Been in town long?"

"No," replied the young one in a surprised tone. "I came only this morning."

"Indeed! I suppose business is not as brisk as it might be up Pohokus way just now?"

"No."

The young man went on with his meal, and the old one once more resumed the work of clearing the plates before him. Then he stopped, and resting his knife and fork on the tablecloth with their points upward, while he grasped their handles in each fist, he asked:

"Is yer father well?"

"Tol'ble."

"An yer mother?"

"She's spry."

"When did you leave Pohokus?"

"I left on the first train this morning."

"Did you? I suppose business is a trifle dull up Pohokus way just now?"

"Yes," replied the young man, with great deliberation and cutting distinctness; "business is as dull at Pohokus now as it was 10 minutes ago; quite as dull."

And the old gentleman was actually offended.—New York Press.

Out of His Line.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mrs. Chugwater—Well!

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah?"

"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west and another should start and travel from west to east—the way the earth revolves, you know—would there be any difference in the—Josiah?"

"Well?"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"—Chicago Tribune.

A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.

Yours truly,

C. Brad Matthews

PIERCE'S Guarantee CURE.

FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY.

Dr. Pearson's Liberal Offer of a Trial Treatment.

We are convinced that our method of treatment by local application of cleansing and healing lotions to the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, aided by the administration of medicine internally to correct the general health, is the only proper treatment for these local and general catarrhal inflammations.

We are convinced of this because of the many patients who have yielded so quickly to this system of treatment, after having swallowed medicine for years without obtaining the slightest benefit.

We are convinced of the superiority of our mild and painless method of treatment because it is being endorsed by many physicians in family practice who are sending their catarrhal patients to us, and because many specialists are abandoning their old methods of severe and heroic treatment, throwing away their old instruments by which nitrate of silver, creosote, chromic acid, acetic acid and other caustic medicines were applied, and are now using the mild and cleansing lotions instead.

We are convinced that there is a large class of sufferers from old and obstinate chronic diseases, who have been subjected to harsh and torturous treatment by unscrupulous and ignorant fakir specialists, and who have exhausted their patience and wasted their means in the vain attempt to find relief, until, heart-sick and discouraged, they have concluded to try no more, and expect to suffer as long as they live. It is to this class of sufferers especially that the free test is directed.

We want to convince the sick of this community of the correctness of our claims. We propose to subject our methods to the severest test—a test which can be made by any one absolutely free. In order to enable all to obtain some definite understanding of Dr. Pearson's system of disease treatment, and to test its great practical advantages over all other methods, Drs. Pearson and Carroll offer to all sufferers from catarrh, or other chronic maladies, a trial treatment free.

Remember that all who apply in person will be cordially welcomed to a careful examination, advice, medicine and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of charge. This is a test which the patient can make use of without a penny to pay for consultation, examination, advice, medicine and first treatment.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from repeated and neglected colds, and inhaling irritating particles of dust and smoke. Have you any of the following symptoms?

Is your nose red?
Does the nose itch and burn?
Do you have frequent sneezing spells?
Do the nostrils stop up?
Is the stoppage worse at night?
Do you have headaches?
Is there pain and heaviness over the eyes?
Is your sense of smell impaired?
Is the nose sore and irritated?
Does your nose discharge?
Do you blow out scabs?
Is there a dropping into the throat?
Does your nose bleed?
Have you a foul breath?
Do you hawk a good deal?
Is your throat sore?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Do you snore while asleep?
Does your throat tickle?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you spit up mucus?
Have you a tired aching feeling?

MR. ADAMS' COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Andrew Adams of 35 10th street, Centralville, says: "I have suffered for years with catarrh. I was always sneezing and taking cold. My head was stuffed up, my nose itched and burned, and there was a constant watery discharge. Quantities of mucus would run down into my throat, causing me to hawk and spit a great deal. My throat was often sore. I had a bad cough, especially in the

ANDREW ADAMS, CENTRALVILLE.

morning, when it was almost impossible for me to clear the throat. My appetite failed, my taste was destroyed, I lost flesh and was unable to sleep at night. For years I suffered terribly from constipation and itching piles. I took all sorts of patent medicines, but nothing gave me any relief. I went to Dr. Pearson completely discouraged, believing my case incurable. But under his treatment the constipation and piles have been cured and all my other difficulties have disappeared. I shall feel grateful to these skilled doctors as long as I live."

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Advanced Class, Wednesday Ev'gs, 8 to 10.30
Intermediate, Thursday " 8 to 10.
Beginners' - - Friday " 8 to 10.

Children's Classes, 2nd term, Saturday, Jan. 27. BEGINNERS' at 2 p. m. | ADVANCED at 3 p. m. The new German Court Dance, the Gavotte Lancers or Dance Aristocratic, which is meeting with such great favor all over the country, will be taught in advanced classes, also the Chautauqua Square, Minuet Quadrille, the Adrienne and the Two Step.

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19 CENTS.

The Teapot has an antique looking finish on the outside; it holds about 4 cups, and has a substantial bamboo handle. In New Orleans they are in great demand just now, and we are lucky to be able to offer them to our customers; 19 Cents is the lowest price they can be sold for.

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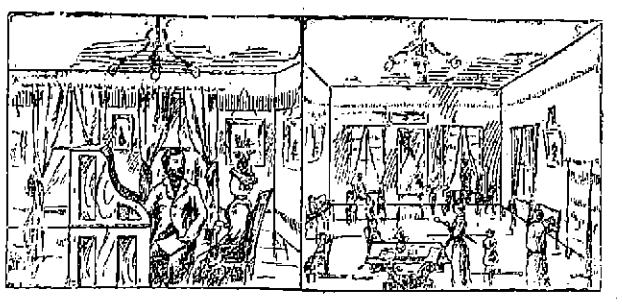

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This certifies that DR. WILSON has restored my child to perfect health after all other doctors had failed. Some said it was suffering from its teeth, others said it could not live. It was failing all the time and was restless. No one knew what ailed the child, but said it could not be cured. At length one of Dr. Wilson's patients advised me to consult him. He understood and explained every ailment. With his peculiar method of diagnosing nothing is hid. He saw the child was suffering from a combination of difficulties, torpidity of the liver, chronic constipation and general phthisis. He said he could cure it, and he has been as good as his word. The child is now in the best of health. I would advise all mothers to take their children to DR. WILSON if they wish to save them. His skill has proved to be second to none.

With a mother's gratitude and many thanks to DR. WILSON,

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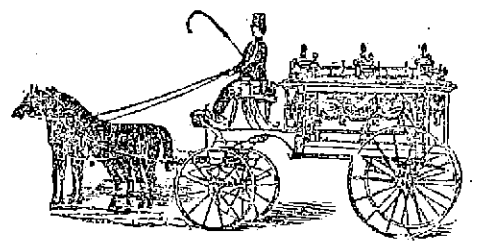

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THE SHIP OF DEATH.

Narrative of a Mutiny on the Privateer Misery In 1762.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The following narrative is taken verbatim from a manuscript left by the late Geoffrey Pember, sometime master of the letter of marque Misery, who died at the age of 90 in 1798, and who lies buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's at Shrewsbury:

In the month of January, 1762, being then in my fifty-fourth year and having followed the sea all my life, I obtained command of the letter of marque Misery, a ship of 500 tons burden, that mounted 16 guns on the broadside and a long brass swivel on the quarter deck, and that had been fitted out by some merchants of Bristol to cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

It was not without much labor that I got a crew, all the better men having been pressed for the king's service, and when I did get one I had no great cause to be pleased, for a more ruffianly and unruly set I never set eyes upon. Yet I had with me as master an old and tried shipmate, Warren Hodges, and there was also with me my dear son Humphrey, who 17 years later was killed, lieutenant of the Ruby, at the gallant capture of the French frigate La Prudente off Gonaive. At the time of which I speak he was no more than 18, yet he was so brave and determined a lad and so good a seaman that with him and Warren Hodges I thought to make shift to do my business and to manage my rabble in the forecastle.

It was on the 21st of the month that we weighed anchor and dropped down the river with the tide and with a pleasant breeze from the northeast. There being then a convoy coming down channel and bound for Jamaica, I lay to all the 22d and 23d to the southward of St. Mary's, and early on the morning of the 24th I sighted the king's frigate Rainbow, which, with the Gosport and Biddeford, had under her charge not fewer than 60 sail of merchantmen. To my chagrin, the captain of the Rainbow, a young buck who, I make no doubt, was more at home in St. James park than on his own quarter deck, and who was scented like a French dancing master, pressed nine of my best men. Yet, there being then many Spanish frigates and ships of the line off our coast, I could not disdain the company of the king's ships and was forced to bear with it, even though it cost me so dear.

With them I sailed until Feb. 9, when, being as nearly as I could reckon in longitude 40 degrees west and latitude 27 degrees 30 minutes south—for, by cause of the foul weather, we had taken no observation for two days—a storm scattered the fleet, and we, with only three of the merchantmen still in sight, were driven by the force of the gale to the southward.

The storm abated somewhat on the 11th, and we were enabled to bear up again for Jamaica, but my men, having now no fear of the king's ships, put on from that instant a mutinous disposition and soon began to carry themselves so outrageously toward me that I perceived they were minded to stick at nothing in order to seize the Misery for their own ends.

Being plainly assured of this as well by my own sight and hearing as by the reports of my faithful servant, Richard White, a blackamoor whom I had brought nine years before out of Guinea. I took counsel with my son and Warren Hodges to prepare for the worst. I caused the arm chest to be removed into the great cabin, the door of which I fortified from within. I ordered the brass swivel on the quarter deck to be kept loaded with a keg of bullets, so that I might be able to sweep all the deck forward, and I made Richard White sleep every night under the gun, with a dark lantern beside him and a match in his hand.

But these and the other provisions that I took were of no avail against the treachery of the crew, and to add to my uneasiness I had the mortification of finding that we lost sight one by one of the three remaining merchantmen, and that by the middle of the month we had but ourselves for company.

One morning, hearing a noise upon the forecastle, I ran up on deck. Warren Hodges, who had the morning watch, was not to be seen, but I could hear his voice raised in anger and the voices of some of the crew threatening him, with oaths. Returning to the cabin for a pistol and a hanger, I went forward and found that the mutineers had seized both Warren Hodges and the blackamoor and had already bound them and thrown them into the chains, where they lay crying lustily for help.

I whipped out my hanger to cut the ropes with which they were bound, whereat a great man named Morton, the ringleader, as I now knew him to be of the mutiny, stepped out from among the men and declared that if I dared to interfere I should pay the penalty with my life, that he and his friends had determined to seize the ship and to cruise with her on their own account against the Spaniards, and that I might either stay where I was and serve under him or take the consequences.

Angered at the fellow's insolence, I raised my pistol with the intention of shooting him as he stood, but the powder flashed in the pan, and in an instant I was seized from behind, flung upon the deck and bound as securely as Warren Hodges and the blackamoor. My first thought was for the safety of my dear son. I now had the mortification of seeing him led, bound, from the cabin, where during all this time he had been asleep, and with us he was put under close guard in the hold.

For a full week Morton came daily to see us, seeking to persuade us to throw in our lot with his, but we steadfastly refused, and on the eighth day he came to us early with the news that as we were but idlers in the ship, and as he could not spare men for our guard, he would send us adrift that morning

At noon, therefore, having lowered the yawl, they unbound us and ordered us over the side. So stiff were we from our long confinement and so weak from lack of food, for the villains had gone near to starve us, that we could not but do their bidding, nor could we all of us do that without help from the mutineers, who nevertheless jeered at our sad condition and mockingly wished us a pleasant voyage In three hours we were out of sight of the ship in an open boat, without either water, provisions, sails, oars or compass, with a blazing sun above us and with, as I made out, not less than 200 leagues between us and the nearest land.

Warren Hodges had received a blow on the head at the first outbreak and had ever since lain half dazed, speaking little. In three hours, maddened, as I supposed by the sun, he was a raving maniac, calling for water and desiring to throw himself overboard, and that night he died.

Nor were any of us in much better plight, but by taking off our shirts, fastening them together and dragging them in our wake we fortunately collected a few shellfish, with which we stilled the worst pangs of hunger. By continually wetting our clothes also we lessened our terrible thirst. Nevertheless Richard White, disdaining my counsel, drank some of the sea water on the second day and on the fourth day died, raving mad, like Warren Hodges.

Now were we two indeed in a sorry way. Our strength had so diminished that we could barely raise ourselves in the boat, our throats were so parched that we could not speak above a whisper, our bodies were so ill humored as well from dirt and evil food as from the glare of the sun that we were all over sores At night we lay shivering with ague and praying for the day; by day we lay burning and longing for the night.

I had lost all hope of deliverance when on the ninth day I saw what I at first took for a bird's wing glistening in the sunlight far to windward. But, as I soon knew, it was a sail. My eyes were so weak and so clogged with salt that for a time I dared not trust them. Yet as the strange ship came drifting rather than sailing right across our course I could doubt no longer, and with my heart almost bursting I tried to tell the news to my son. But I could not speak. I could only touch him and point, and he for his part, as I afterward heard from him, could neither speak nor see. With infinite trouble I fashioned a little mast and sail from the thwarts of the boat and my shirt.

This sufficed to enable me to steer the boat, and in an hour, during which, thanks to God and fears that the strange ship might yet escape us struggled in my heart for mastery, we ran alongside and made fast to a rope which was trailing overboard.

It was with much surprise that I found we were suffered to approach without being hailed, for I could perceive that our ship was a Spaniard, but even had they hailed us we were in no condition to reply. Indeed no sooner had I made fast than I fell back senseless in the boat, nor did I know more until darkness had set in, when the cold wind awoke me.

At first I thought that I was dreaming, and not until I had touched the great hull and watched it slowly rising and falling beside me on the moonlit water did I recollect and rightly understand what had happened. Even then it was some time before, do what I would, I could climb on board. When at length I did so the ship seemed to be deserted. She was a big, high pooped craft, such as the Spaniards term a galleon, and chiefly used for their rich traffic with the Indies, and although her masts were all standing and some of her sail was set there was not a man to be seen.

I walked forward, making a great noise with my feet, for I could not cry out. Then I walked aft, noticing the fine guns of brass and the new cordage, until I put my hand on the handle of the door of the great cabin and opened it. Then, from weakness, I sank down on the threshold. There was no light within and no sound. Even there I could hear the lap of the water against the ship's side. It was as if the whole galleon was asleep, save that I could distinguish no breathing and no motion of slumbering men. I had sunk down against a locker, and stretching forth my hand found that it was open. Within, to my great joy, was a bag of bread, which, with some small flasks of wine, I made no scruple of taking, and as soon as I was again a little recovered I returned, even before I had ministered to my own craving, to my son, who still lay without life in the boat alongside. He was so far gone that at first I could do no more than moisten his tongue and lips with the wine, but in a short space he revived and was able with my help to get on board.

By this time our voices were restored to us, and no sooner were we on deck than we knelt down to thank God for the deliverance he had vouchsafed to us. Then, caring little whether we had fallen into the hands of friends or of foes, we dragged ourselves under the shelter of one of the quarter deck guns and there fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The sun was high when I again awoke, but the decks were as before. No one was at the helm, the sails flapped in the light air against the masts, and the ship drifted whither she would. I was still very weak, but some bread and a draft of wine strengthened me, and then I set about exploring the great vessel. Leaving my son Humphrey, who yet slept, I went to the door of the cabin in which I had found the provisions. It was open as I had left it the night before, and as I drew near I perceived that a smell as of a charnel house issued forth from it. Even before I entered I could see that on the deck within lay several bodies of dead men. Not knowing what to do and stricken with horror, I halted.

The nearest body to me, that of a tall and elderly man, had fallen from the bed in which it had lain and moved from side to side with the slow roll of the ship. Close to it on a kind of couch was the body of a boy. Farther aft were the bodies of three men, one of which was dressed in menial fashion, yet richly withal, as if its owner in life might have been servant to some great lord. Sick at heart, I entered gently and reverently at last. It was vain to search for any spark of life there. In certain of the other cabins were other bodies and in the forecastle and on the lower deck a great store of them, 37 in all, but there was not one living soul on board save us.

When I returned to my son Humphrey, I awoke him, and finding him much refreshed I told him, yet not without caution, of all that I had seen. The ship, I said, was stout and strong and well found, but of the crew some were clearly departed—for certain of the boats were lacking —and all that remained were dead. And while we sat cleansing our sores and washing ourselves by the gun we debated what were best to be done.

Humphrey, who had seen but little of death and was full of terror of it, was all for loading our own boat with what we could find and for intrusting ourselves once more to the mercy of the sea. Nor did I at first seek to dissuade the lad, for I feared lest the sickness which had, as it appeared, stricken down the crew might now seize upon us. Yet, seeing that we both were weak and unable, I was minded, if only for a day or two, to stay by the ship that we might properly recover ourselves ere we ventured abroad anew.

And in this opinion he at length agreed. But in the evening, feeling wonderfully strong again, I renewed my search about the ship, and so fine and beautiful a craft did she then show herself to me that I fell to doubting whether I could bring myself to leave her again. And when beneath the floor of the great cabin I found some chests of pieces of eight half broken open—I doubt not by those who had gone away in the boats—I determined that so long as there might be hope of bringing so valuable a prize into port I would remain in her.

In this opinion also, when I had given a handful of pieces of eight into his keeping, my son agreed, and next day, after having passed the second night on deck for fear of the evil emanations from the dead, we set to work to rid the ship of the bodies and to cleanse the cabins and lower deck.

That day I was able to take an observation and to determine that we were then in longitude 51 degrees 3 west and latitude 40 degrees 2 north—that is to say, in the full course of that current which is called the great gulf stream, and which, running round the point of Florida, crosses the western ocean toward Ireland and the Shetlands. That day also, finding that my son's stomach was too weak for the work of the cabin, I set the lad at the helm and so kept the ship before the wind, which blew from the southwest, yet so gently as scarcely to ruffle the bosom of the sea.

By degrees I committed the bodies to the deep, and when the ship was, as I thought, clear I burned tobacco, herbs and flowers of sulphur in all close places and kept the portholes open to purify the foul air. Yet still for some days I found yet other bodies in divers holes and corners, whither, I suppose, the poor wretches had crept to die of the plague which had seized upon the vessel.

The last that I found was in the lower hold among the bilge, but how it got there I never knew, nor could I guess, unless perchance the man in the madness of his fever had wandered hither unwittingly and had been unable to return. In all there were three and fifty dead in the ship when we boarded her. When, as I afterward learned, she left the Havana, she had 311 souls in her, of whom 214 had died and had been buried in the sea. Whereupon 35 of the rest had fled in the boats, leaving the residue to their fate. Those who remained were all so sick and so weakly that they could bury but 11 of their number as they died. The others staid where they were until the ship was as we found it. As for those who fled, they were never again heard of, and I doubt not they perished either of the sickness or of hunger and privation.

The ship carried when we found her only her forestaysail, mizzen and fore and main topsails, and I dared not hoist more, knowing not what might befall us if the fine weather should fail. We did not, therefore, make much progress, and it was seven weeks ere we were in the longitude of Cape Clear. During all that time the weather held, and although the wind shifted many times it never blew hard, a thing which in these latitudes and in the early part of the year seemed to me so marvelous that I could not but look upon it as the work of Providence, for had a gale sprung up we could have done nothing to save the ship. My son Humphrey and I never were together in the cabin or below. We kept watch in turn, we ate our food alone, and we made shift to do with so little sleep that I have often since wondered that men so weak did not sink under the load of deprivation and anxiety.

Off the Old Head of Kinsale we sighted a smack, the master of which ran alongside, after we had put out our colors, and asked for the news. Persuading him to come on board, I learned that he belonged to Castletown, a fishing village in the bay of Bantry, in the kingdom of Ireland, and being taken by the honesty of his countenance I concluded with him and his men to ship with me as far as Plymouth, whither I had made up my mind to take the galleon, for I would not trust myself in the channel as we were, seeing that even if I had not chanced upon bad weather I should have been at the mercy of the first king's cruiser that might choose to take me in tow, upon the plea that I could not manage the ship, and I had no mind to share my prize with all the world.

The Irishmen, therefore, to the number of six, came on board upon my engagement that upon arriving at Plymouth I would pay to each of them 100 guineas and to the master 200 for his pains, which engagement I most faithfully observed. And so, with their smack in tow, we made our way up channel and without further adventure dropped anchor on April 21 in Plymouth sound, very weary of our voyage, yet happy withal in having come so well out of it.

Upon anchoring we caused no small commotion in the port, no ship of so great a burden having yet been taken since the beginning of the war. Nor were there many finer ships even in the king's navy.

But the commotion grew greatly when, the officers of the port having boarded us and made an examination of the galleon, it was known—which I myself had not till that moment suspected—that we had in her bullion and pieces of eight to the value of £283,000, besides a costly cargo of tobacco and other products of the West Indies.

Rear Admiral his Royal Highness the Duke of York himself paid me the honor of a visit, coming in his barge from the Princess Amelia, and a week later I was commanded to attend upon King George, who was pleased most graciously to offer my son Humphrey a commission in the navy and me the honor of a knighthood for what he deigned to call our unequaled exploit of taking and bringing home the galleon. As for the knighthood, I had no mind for it, although the N. Senora del Carmen provided me with money enough worthily to support that dignity. As for the commission, Humphrey thankfully accepted it and afterward, as I have said, fell honorably in his country's service. Poor lad! I have often wished since that he had refused the commission and I had accepted the knighthood, for then it might have happened that he would have lived to inherit the wealth which is but a sorry burden to a childless old man.

The Misery never again anchored in an English port after getting rid of us. Morton, the leader of the mutineers, cruised with some success for two or three months among the islands. He took a Spanish brig, the S. Isidro, and several smaller vessels, but was at last chased by the Spanish frigate Thetis, and to avoid capture ran ashore. The crew, being unable to reach the land by reason of the surf, were taken off by the frigate boats and made prisoners.

A fortnight later, on June 2, the Thetis, after a sharp action, was captured by the English frigate Alarm, Captain James Alms, which formed part of Admiral Sir George Pocock's fleet destined for the reduction of the Havana. The English prisoners on board the Thetis endeavored to prove that I as well as they had been engaged with the Spaniard, but the affair of the Misery having by this time been reported to Sir George from England he, on the day after the capitulation of the town, hanged every one of the pirates on board his flagship, the Namur.

This I learned from Captain the Hon. A. J. Hervey, who was sent home in the Dragon with dispatches, and who on his passage had the good fortune to take a French ship valued at £30,000. He was so polite as to bring the intelligence in person, and I am not ashamed to say that I was very pleased to know that the rascals had got their deserts.—William Laird Cowes

An Old Nook.

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and fire aglow,
And lamps so softly beaming—oh!
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hopes first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?
—Richard la Gallienne in Chicago Figaro.

JUMPING FROM A BALLOON.

Miss Hazel Keyes Tells How It Feels to Meet the Earth.

Mrs. Romig is a pleasant, bright eyed, capable looking little personage of modest demeanor and methods of conversation.

She has been engaged in ballooning for a number of years. Professionally she is known as Miss Hazel Keyes, balloonist and parachute jumper.

She was a trained nurse by profession and engaged in aeronautics because her husband's health failed him, and she found it necessary to do something more lucrative than nursing, and as he was a professional aeronaut, and she had gathered quite an interest and knowledge of the business from him, she determined to enter his field and win in a rapid way the income that was necessary for the schooling of her three children, the maintenance of the family generally and the added expense of his illness. She says she has succeeded amply in her undertaking, and though Mr. Romig's health is greatly improved she has no special desire to relinquish the business.

Asked to explain as clearly as possible the sensations peculiar to the ascent and descent of a person to and from the extraordinary altitudes to which she travels, Mrs. Romig said:

"The sensations are diametrically opposite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts. Instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise. When it comes to a standstill, you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and of course the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives you instant advice of the immense altitude you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation, reversed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. This fact is forcibly impressed upon your mind when you cut loose from the balloon.

"The descent, then, until the parachute fills is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume of wind, from 25 to 100 feet, and this is the most unpleasant part of my business. The same precaution of holding the breath is as imperatively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the water, and in default of such precaution you are equally liable to strangulation and death as in the water."

In response to a question as to the longest jump she had made in her career as an aeronaut, Mrs. Romig said that in 1890, at Baker's beach, just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco, she made a perfectly successful jump from an altitude determined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over 3½ miles. She alighted in the bay, but being fully protected with a life preserver—which she always dons when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water—she was all right when picked up by the boatman who went instantly to her relief.

Mrs. Romig says, "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plowed field, but of the two I prefer the field."—Oregon Statesman.

A Relic of Queen Elizabeth.

There is now in this city, in the possession of Mr. Charles A. Hewins, a valuable and interesting relic of "Good Queen Bess" of England. It is a glove which was worn by her majesty at her coronation ceremonies, way back in the year of grace 1559. It is also interesting as an example of the glovemaker's art at that early day. Surprising as it may seem, it would be regarded as a very good gauntlet even now. It is a well known fact that the queen was possessed of a hand of more than ordinary size, and many of her courtiers grieved full sore at the vigorous way she had of using it to cuff the ears of the presumptuous ones. Although this glove was never in all probability as tight fitting as a woman of rank would demand of a glove today for a ceremony of such importance, yet it could not have been much too large, notwithstanding the size, according to the modern measures, is 8. As it lies on a background of blue velvet, carefully preserved from moth and dust by a frame of gold and glass, it shows little of its original beauty. It was evidently of sheepskin, dressed white, and its ample gauntlet was handsomely embroidered in gold with the orb, crown and ostrich plumes, the insignia of English royalty. Today the glove is gray and soiled, and the embroidery is black with tarnish, but its grace is still there.—Boston Transcript.

Meeting a Bluff.

The rustic citizen, inquisitive and guileless, was bunched in a crowded car on a Michigan Central train with an elaborate drummer from Chicago, and in a few minutes he began to sound his seatmate.

"Goin fer?" he asked innocently.

"To Kalamazoo."

"Come from Detroit?"

"Yes."

Then he asked several dozen more questions, and the drummer got tired.

"I s'pose you went to the World's fair?" asked the rustic, staring in on a new deal.

"The World's fair?" repeated the drummer questioningly. "What's that?"

"Don't you know what the World's fair is?" exclaimed the rustic in open eyed astonishment.

"No, I never heard of it."

"Never heard of the World's fair at Chicago?"

"Never. Where is Chicago?"

The rustic looked the drummer over from head to foot and pulled a $5 from his pocket.

"You're foolin me, stranger," he said, "and here's $5 that says you are a Chicago man, fer nobody but a Chicago man could be as smooth a liar as you are." And the drummer laughed and confessed and thereafter let the rustic ask all the questions he wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fox's Daring.

Among the many stories of foxes' daring the following deserves a place: On the Yorkshire estates of the Duke of Leeds was shooting a party of nine guns, including the Marquis of Carmarthen, M. P., Lord Barnard, Sir John Willoughby and Captain Vyner, accompanied by some 60 beaters. Into the midst of this little army fell a pheasant, shot by Lord Carmarthen, but the bird had hardly touched the ground when a large dog fox seized it by the neck and carried it off, undismayed by the shouts of the men all round him. Some one proposed to give the impudent marauder a change of shot, but the marquis decided to let him go, and Reynard took advantage of the unwritten law against fox shooting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Keeping Her Down.

Mrs. Lowerten—Well, Sally, I s'pose we've got to call on that new neighbor. Just take your scissors and cut some sort of a hole in the middle of our visiting card.

Daughter—What fer, maw? What does that signify?

Mrs. Lowerten—It don't mean anything that I knows of, but she'll think it does, and feel mighty cheap to find she don't know as much about society ways as we does.—New York Weekly.

A SCENE FROM EGYPT.

AS UNREPORTED MEXICAN LIFE APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN.

Picturesque Sights In Monterey—General Taylor's Dismantled Guns on the Hillside—A Perpetually Changing Picture. What the People Are Like.

Every American who makes a journey to Mexico late in life must wonder that he never made it before, such a treasure house of natural scenery, and of people picturesque enough to match the scenery, and of romantic story and legend enough to match country and people both, and all this crowding up hard against the edge of our own country.

If there be any excuse for our neglect of these things, it is the difficulty of crossing our own great country itself. The Rio Grande is a long way from the Hudson, and the hot plains of Texas are an obstacle. Eighty degrees in the shade in the middle of January! For this or any long journey I can recommend to any aged traveler as traveling companion some college football expert, at whose determined advance difficulties will vanish from before the windows of baggage offices and ticket offices.

Where have our writers and artists been traveling that they have left most of us ignorant of Monterey—that wonderful semicircle of mountains, the view up or down every street ending in massive mountain wall, like the glories that Denver's people exult in?

Take a street car out to the old bishop's palace, whence General Taylor bombarded the city and where some of his spiked and dismantled guns still lie on the hillside, and what more interesting historic spot could an American ask? While for the view, go and look at it. You will find a very big street car, hauled by a very small donkey. The Indian driver startles you by breaking his whip in two when he reaches the top of the grade and beginning to eat it—the whip is a sugar cane. And this street, with its long, low buildings—a single story most of them—roofs flat and invisible or else thatched with cane, windows heavily grated with iron bars, through which you catch glimpses of faces —Indian some of them, Spanish some of them and fair to look upon.

It is a scene from Egypt or Asia or anywhere far away—far away, for even the horse car cannot bring it into any sort of connection with things modern and near. Do your readers know that such things are to be found all within a week's journey from New York? And there must be something pleasing in the long horizontal lines and strange tints of such architecture, for when your ride brings you to one solitary modern brick house, such as might be seen in New York or anywhere, you find yourself pained and shocked with its ugliness.

And the people who fill these streets—by what kind gift from heaven are they all, patricians and beggars, a whole race, enabled to make such pictures of themselves? The man passing you with his brilliant "serape" of every impossible color thrown over his shoulder, the woman with her "rebosa" or "tapalo" twisted before her face—it is a perpetually changing picture, restful to eyes that have wearied of the respectable monotony of Fifth avenue or the opera, though indeed, speaking of opera, there is a curious suggestion of some "Conspirators' Chorus" in half the men you meet.

Think of marketing in corner groceries with such splendid designations as the "Firmament" or the "Aurora Borealis."

One might well reconcile himself to possible deficiencies in the stock within. And where trade offers such entertainment there seems hardly need of the announcement of "Four bulls to die on Sunday, four."

What are the people like who live in such a city? The passing traveler may not be a witness most competent to testify on that point, though he always tries. They have soldiers—even the sojourner can see that, and he may meet a squad of them any hour of the day crossing the plaza with ingenious diversity of step. They have taxes, too, and you may find the irksome stamp on everything from your sleeping car ticket to your grocer's account book.

They have poverty, therefore, and many must be contented with a rigidly literal fulfillment of the petition for "daily bread this day." They have some aspirations toward cleanliness, for at any hour you may see stalwart specimens of the population bathing in the city's public water supply.

And godliness? They have godliness, or at least religion, for the low roofs of house and shop have a fine supremacy to dome and towers of the cathedral and the moldering arches of the old convent of San Francisco. Looking in at the doors of any of these great churches you see veiled penitents kneeling and worshiping according to the splendid ritual of Rome. And there are worshipers, also, according to other forms which may seem more homelike to the northern visitor.

The memory will remain with one traveler at least of sweet hymns and fervent prayers and most cordial greetings from a little congregation of Protestants among these dusky people. Could he employ his time better than for looking further into this unreported side of Mexican life and character?

But as yet remains in the mind that most bewildering impression of things strange, eastern, Spanish, romantic—this artists' and poets' paradise, and only just out of Texas! You are carried into it on the Aztec express, you find your lodgings in the midst of it, next to the sign of "La Malinche," and you sigh over the fate of Cortez s gentle interpreter.

And so these are the descendants of the Montezumas and of Cortez s soldiers, whose smooth Spanish sentences you are puzzling yourself to understand, and you are only four days from New York.—Cor. New York Mail and Express.

A Portrait of Lewis Cass.

The state department received from the New York descendants of Lewis Cass a half length oil portrait of the general, who was secretary of war and minister to France under Jackson and secretary of state under Buchanan. The portrait is evidently a copy, and the comparatively youthful appearance of the subject as well as the glimpse of embroidered wine colored waistcoat suggests that it may have been painted in Paris about the year 1838, when Sumner noted in his journal that "Mr Cass is said to live in a style superior to that of any minister ever sent by America."—Washington Letter.

Her First Dinner.

Young Husband—Say, darling, what a peculiar flavor this stewed steak has!

Young Wife (diffidently)—I really cannot account for it. Indeed in order to take away the bad taste of the onions I scalded them myself in eau de cologne.—Neckar Zeitung.

No Doubt About It.

May—Is it true that they are madly in love with each other?

Carrie—Madly? Yes, indeed. They are always quarreling.—Truth.

Worse Than a Fit.

Fred (trying on a new coat)—Is it a fit, Charlie?

Charlie—Fit? Why, it's a convulsion.—Texas Siftings.

Carlyle Rebuked.

Charles Godfrey Leland says that on his first meeting with Carlisle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1636."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some slurring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical!"

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What's that ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch:

"Na, na, I'm nae thot!" he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.—Youth's Companion.

Historic Chicago Houses.

It has generally been accepted as a fact that the old house of Mahlon D. Ogden that used to stand on the site of the Newberry library was the single one that outlived the conflagration.

Now that the historic old residence is a thing of the past, it looks like vandalism to remove the halo of romance that surrounds it. But the fact is it was not the only house that came out of the blaze scathless. At least two others shared this distinction, and neither of them was so favorably located as the Ogden residence.

One of the greatest miracles of the fire is the two story wooden residence at 845 North Clark street, which still stands. It was directly in the path of the fire, and its occupants left the house and its contents to their fate and fled for their lives. To make any effort to save either at the time looked the height of absurdity. But it came through it with nothing worse than a few blisters, caused by the intense heat. It is well known that to the north of this whole blocks were wiped out like matchwood, and the fire burned itself out at the city limits.

By a strange freak of the elements, although the immediate neighborhood was a raging sea of flame, this frail wooden structure lived to tell the story like the lonely survivor of a wreck at sea. C. E. Tuerk afterward occupied this house as a residence.

Across the way, in Lincoln park, about 100 yards from this spot, stood a modest little wooden house, occupied as a dwelling by the superintendent of Lincoln park.

It was of course abandoned, no hope being entertained that it would weather the holocaust. But it did. It stood for years after this, having sustained little or no damage, until it was demolished to make room for the new Academy of Sciences.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Texas Mirages.

In Texas mirages can be witnessed in as wonderful forms as are ever produced in any part of the world. In that portion of the state marked upon the maps of the olden time as a desert, where no plant could grow or breathing thing live, but which is now cut up into immense wheat or grazing fields, I have experienced the most lifelike optical delusions of which the mind can conceive. For that matter, the entire prairie appears to be a delusion. The air is so rare that no odor is perceptible, even from carrion. As a man rides along he sees before him beautiful groves of majestic trees, which, when reached, prove to be mesquite bushes three or four feet in height. Over the plain are what appear to be stakes six or eight feet high, which in reality are Spanish daggers about a foot in height, the entire plain being called the "staked plain," from the effect produced by this plant.

The best mirages, or cloud pictures, are to be seen about Amarillo, where beautiful lakes appear to be but a mile or two away, and strangers almost invariably ask if they contain fish Views of the gulf are occasionally had, and once a steamer in distress was seen, and it was learned that a steamer had been lost at sea at that time. A few miles above Amarillo is a steep canyon, the prairie ending abruptly where the river flows between perpendicular rocks 1,000 feet below the table land. This canyon [illegible] sometimes be seen inverted in the sky [illegible] mirages a scene all kinds of shapes, [illegible] the summer season few days pass [illegible] ng which there is not some kind of [illegible] ape scene in the sky.—St. Louis Globe Democrat

Outdone [illegible] a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him, "You never will amount to much—you never can do much business—you are too small." "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.—Ram's Horn.

Do Married People Look Alike?

Three or four years ago I gave a little article in The Republic which had the heading, "On Remarkable Resemblances Between Husbands and Wives." The Photographic association of Geneva has recently been investigating the matter. They took photos of 78 elderly married couples, and among these they found that in 24 instances the resemblance between the husband and wife was greater than that between brother and sister, and that in 31 other cases it was fully as great.—St. Louis Republic.

That Fugitive Pocket.

She (excitedly)—Oh, George, some woman on the car has stolen my purse!

He—How do you know it was a woman?

She—Why, I had it in the pocket of my dress!—Chicago Record.

To Remove an Obstinate Glass Stopper.

In order to remove a glass stopper which sticks fast in the bottle, heat the neck by pouring over it hot water without spilling any on the stopper until the latter becomes loosened; or, if that course fails, hold the neck over a gas jet turned down low or other small flame, slowly revolving the bottle while the neck is being heated, thus minimizing the danger of cracking the glass.

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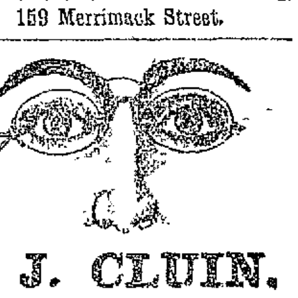

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THE SHIP OF DEATH.

Narrative of a Mutiny on the Privateer Misery In 1762.

(Story Complete In This Issue.)

The following narrative is taken verbatim from a manuscript left by the late Geoffrey Pember, sometime master of the letter of marque Misery, who died at the age of 90 in 1798, and who lies buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's at Shrewsbury:

In the month of January, 1762, being then in my fifty-fourth year and having followed the sea all my life, I obtained command of the letter of marque Misery, a ship of 600 tons burden, that mounted 16 guns on the broadside and a long brass swivel on the quarter deck, and that had been fitted out by some merchants of Bristol to cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

It was not without much labor that I got a crew, all the better men having been pressed for the king's service, and when I did get one I had no great cause to be pleased, for a more ruffianly and unruly set I never set eyes upon. Yet I had with me as master an old and tried shipmate, Warren Hodges, and there was also with me my dear son Humphrey, who 17 years later was killed, lieutenant of the Ruby, at the gallant capture of the French frigate La Prudente off Gonaive. At the time of which I speak he was no more than 18, yet he was so brave and determined a lad and so good a seaman that with him and Warren Hodges I thought to make shift to do my business and to manage my rabble in the forecastle.

It was on the 21st of the month that we weighed anchor and dropped down the river with the tide and with a pleasant breeze from the northeast. There being then a convoy coming down channel and bound for Jamaica, I lay to all the 22d and 23d to the southward of St. Mary's, and early on the morning of the 24th I sighted the king's frigate Rainbow, which, with the Gosport and Biddeford, had under her charge not fewer than 60 sail of merchantmen. To my chagrin, the captain of the Rainbow, a young buck who, I make no doubt, was more at home in St. James park than on his own quarter deck, and who was scented like a French dancing master, pressed nine of my best men. Yet, there being then many Spanish frigates and ships of the line off our coast, I could not disdain the company of the king's ships and was forced to bear with it, even though it cost me so dear.

With them I sailed until Feb. 9, when, being as nearly as I could reckon in longitude 40 degrees west and latitude 27 degrees 30 minutes south—for, by cause of the foul weather, we had taken no observation for two days—a storm scattered the fleet, and we, with only three of the merchantmen still in sight, were driven by the force of the gale to the southward.

The storm abated somewhat on the 11th, and we were enabled to bear up again for Jamaica, but my men, having now no fear of the king's ships, put on from that instant a mutinous disposition and soon began to carry themselves so outrageously toward me that I perceived they were minded to stick at nothing in order to seize the Misery for their own ends.

Being plainly assured of this as well by my own sight and hearing as by the reports of my faithful servant, Richard White, a blackamoor whom I had brought nine years before out of Guinea, I took counsel with my son and Warren Hodges to prepare for the worst. I caused the arm chest to be removed into the great cabin, the door of which I fortified from within. I ordered the brass swivel on the quarter deck to be kept loaded with a keg of bullets, so that I might be able to sweep all the deck forward, and I made Richard White sleep every night under the gun, with a dark lantern beside him and a match in his hand.

But these and the other provisions that I took were of no avail against the treachery of the crew, and to add to my uneasiness I had the mortification of finding that we lost sight one by one of the three remaining merchantmen, and that by the middle of the month we had but ourselves for company.

One morning, hearing a noise upon the forecastle, I ran up on deck. Warren Hodges, who had the morning watch, was not to be seen, but I could hear his voice raised in anger and the voices of some of the crew threatening him, with oaths. Returning to the cabin for a pistol and a hanger, I went forward and found that the mutineers had seized both Warren Hodges and the blackamoor and had already bound them and thrown them into the chains, where they lay crying lustily for help.

I whipped out my hanger to cut the ropes with which they were bound, whereat a great man named Morton, the ringleader, as I now knew him to be of the mutiny, stepped out from among the men and declared that if I dared to interfere I should pay the penalty with my life; that he and his friends had determined to seize the ship and to cruise with her on their own account against the Spaniards, and that I might either stay where I was and serve under him or take the consequences.

Angered at the fellow's insolence, I raised my pistol with the intention of shooting him as he stood, but the powder flashed in the pan, and in an instant I was seized from behind, flung upon the deck and bound as securely as Warren Hodges and the blackamoor. My first thought was for the safety of my dear son. I now had the mortification of seeing him led, bound, from the cabin, where during all this time he had been asleep, and with us he was put under close guard in the hold.

For a full week Morton came daily to see us, seeking to persuade us to throw in our lot with his, but we steadfastly refused, and on the eighth day he came to us early with the news that as we were but idlers in the ship, and as he could not spare men for our guard, he would send us adrift that morning.

At noon, therefore, having lowered the yawl, they unbound us and ordered us over the side. So stiff were we from our long confinement and so weak from lack of food, for the villains had gone near to starve us, that we could not but do their bidding, nor could we all of us do that without help from the mutineers, who nevertheless jeered at our sad condition and mockingly wished us a pleasant voyage. In three hours we were out of sight of the ship in an open boat, without either water, provisions, sails, oars or compass, with a blazing sun above us and with, as I made out, not less than 200 leagues between us and the nearest land.

Warren Hodges had received a blow on the head at the first outbreak and had ever since lain half dazed, speaking little. In three hours, maddened, as I supposed by the sun, he was a raving maniac, calling for water and desiring to throw himself overboard, and that night he died.

Nor were any of us in much better plight, but by taking off our shirts, fastening them together and dragging them in our wake we fortunately collected a few shellfish, with which we stilled the worst pangs of hunger. By continually wetting our clothes also we lessened our terrible thirst. Nevertheless Richard White, disdaining my counsel, drank some of the sea water on the second day and on the fourth day died, raving mad, like Warren Hodges.

Now were we two indeed in a sorry way. Our strength had so diminished that we could barely raise ourselves in the boat, our throats were so parched that we could not speak above a whisper, our bodies were so ill humored as well from dirt and evil food as from the glare of the sun that we were all over sores. At night we lay shivering with ague and praying for the day; by day we lay burning and longing for the night.

I had lost all hope of deliverance when on the ninth day I saw what I at first took for a bird's wing glistening in the sunlight far to windward. But, as I soon knew, it was a sail. My eyes were so weak and so clogged with salt that for a time I dared not trust them. Yet as the strange ship came drifting rather than sailing right across our course I could doubt no longer, and with my heart almost bursting I tried to tell the news to my son. But I could not speak. I could only touch him and point, and he for his part, as I afterward heard from him, could neither speak nor see. With infinite trouble I fashioned a little mast and sail from the thwarts of the boat and my shirt.

This sufficed to enable me to steer the boat, and in an hour, during which, thanks to God and fears that the strange ship might yet escape us struggled in my heart for mastery, we ran alongside and made fast to a rope which was trailing overboard.

It was with much surprise that I found we were suffered to approach without being hailed, for I could perceive that our ship was a Spaniard, but even had they hailed us we were in no condition to reply. Indeed no sooner had I made fast than I fell back senseless in the boat, nor did I know more until darkness had set in, when the cold wind awoke me.

At first I thought that I was dreaming, and not until I had touched the great hull and watched it slowly rising and falling beside me on the moonlit water did I recollect and rightly understand what had happened. Even then it was some time before, do what I would, I could climb on board. When at length I did so the ship seemed to be deserted. She was a big, high pooped craft, such as the Spaniards term a galleon, and chiefly used for their rich traffic with the Indies, and although her masts were all standing and some of her sail was set there was not a man to be seen.

I walked forward, making a great noise with my feet, for I could not cry out. Then I walked aft, noticing the fine guns of brass and the new cordage, until I put my hand on the handle of the door of the great cabin and opened it. Then, from weakness, I sank down on the threshold. There was no light within and no sound. Even there I could hear the lap of the water against the ship's side. It was as if the whole galleon was asleep, save that I could distinguish no breathing and no motion of slumbering men. I had sunk down against a locker, and stretching forth my hand found that it was open. Within, to my great joy, was a bag of bread, which, with some small flasks of wine, I made no scruple of taking, and as soon as I was again a little recovered I returned, even before I had ministered to my own craving, to my son, who still lay without life in the boat alongside. He was so far gone that at first I could do no more than moisten his tongue and lips with the wine, but in a short space he revived and was able with my help to get on board.

By this time our voices were restored to us, and no sooner were we on deck than we knelt down to thank God for the deliverance he had vouchsafed to us. Then, caring little whether we had fallen into the hands of friends or of foes, we dragged ourselves under the shelter of one of the quarter deck guns and there fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The sun was high when I again awoke, but the decks were as before. No one was at the helm, the sails flapped in the light air against the masts, and the ship drifted whither she would. I was still very weak, but some bread and a draft of wine strengthened me, and then I set about exploring the great vessel. Leaving my son Humphrey, who yet slept, I went to the door of the cabin in which I had found the provisions. It was open as I had left it the night before, and as I drew near I perceived that a smell as of a charnel house issued forth from it. Even before I entered I could see that on the deck within lay several bodies of dead men. Not knowing what to do and stricken with horror, I halted.

The nearest body to me, that of a tall and elderly man, had fallen from the bed in which it had lain and moved from side to side with the slow roll of the ship. Close to it on a kind of couch was the body of a boy. Farther aft were the bodies of three men, one of which was dressed in menial fashion, yet richly withal, as if its owner in life might have been servant to some great lord. Sick at heart, I entered gently and reverently at last. It was vain to search for any spark of life there. In certain of the other cabins were other bodies and in the forecastle and on the lower deck a great store of them, 37 in all, but there was not one living soul on board save us.

When I returned to my son Humphrey, I awoke him, and finding him much refreshed I told him, yet not without caution, of all that I had seen. The ship, I said, was stout and strong and well found, but of the crew some were clearly departed—for certain of the boats were lacking—and all that remained were dead. And while we sat cleansing our sores and washing ourselves by the gun we debated what were best to be done.

Humphrey, who had seen but little of death and was full of terror of it, was all for loading our own boat with what we could find and for intrusting ourselves once more to the mercy of the sea. Nor did I at first seek to dissuade the lad, for I feared lest the sickness which had, as it appeared, stricken down the crew might now seize upon us. Yet, seeing that we both were weak and unable, I was minded, if only for a day or two, to stay by the ship that we might properly recover ourselves ere we ventured abroad anew.

And in this opinion he at length agreed. But in the evening, feeling wonderfully strong again, I renewed my search about the ship, and so fine and beautiful a craft did she then show herself to me that I fell to doubting whether I could bring myself to leave her again. And when beneath the floor of the great cabin I found some chests of pieces of eight half broken open—I doubt not by those who had gone away in the boats—I determined that so long as there might be hope of bringing so valuable a prize into port I would remain in her.

In this opinion also, when I had given a handful of pieces of eight into his keeping, my son agreed, and next day, after having passed the second night on deck for fear of the evil emanations from the dead, we set to work to rid the ship of the bodies and to cleanse the cabins and lower deck.

That day I was able to take an observation and to determine that we were then in longitude 51 degrees 3 west and latitude 40 degrees 2 north—that is to say, in the full course of that current which is called the great gulf stream, and which, running round the point of Florida, crosses the western ocean toward Ireland and the Shetlands. That day also, finding that my son's stomach was too weak for the work of the cabin, I set the lad at the helm and so kept the ship before the wind, which blew from the southwest, yet so gently as scarcely to ruffle the bosom of the sea.

By degrees I committed the bodies to the deep, and when the ship was, as I thought, clear I burned tobacco, herbs and flowers of sulphur in all close places and kept the portholes open to purify the foul air. Yet still for some days I found yet other bodies in divers holes and corners, whither, I suppose, the poor wretches had crept to die of the plague which had seized upon the vessel.

The last that I found was in the lower hold among the bilge, but how it got there I never knew, nor could I guess, unless perchance the man in the madness of his fever had wandered hither unwittingly and had been unable to return. In all there were three and fifty dead in the ship when we boarded her. When, as I afterward learned, she left the Havana, she had 311 souls in her, of whom 214 had died and had been buried in the sea. Whereupon 35 of the rest had fled in the boats, leaving the residue to their fate. Those who remained were all so sick and so weakly that they could bury but 11 of their number as they died. The others staid where they were until the ship was as we found it. As for those who fled, they were never again heard of, and I doubt not they perished either of the sickness or of hunger and privation.

The ship carried when we found her only her forestaysail, mizzen and fore and main topsails, and I dared not hoist more, knowing not what might befall us if the fine weather should fail. We did not, therefore, make much progress, and it was seven weeks ere we were in the longitude of Cape Clear. During all that time the weather held, and although the wind shifted many times it never blew hard, a thing which in these latitudes and in the early part of the year seemed to me so marvelous that I could not but look upon it as the work of Providence, for had a gale sprung up we could have done nothing to save the ship. My son Humphrey and I never were together in the cabin or below. We kept watch in turn, we ate our food alone, and we made shift to do with so little sleep that I have often since wondered that men so weak did not sink under the load of deprivation and anxiety.

Off the Old Head of Kinsale we sighted a smack, the master of which ran alongside, after we had put out our colors, and asked for the news. Persuading him to come on board, I learned that he belonged to Castletown, a fishing village in the bay of Bantry, in the kingdom of Ireland, and being taken by the honesty of his countenance I concluded with him and his men to ship with me as far as Plymouth, whither I had made up my mind to take the galleon, for I would not trust myself in the channel as we were, seeing that even if I had not chanced upon bad weather I should have been at the mercy of the first king's cruiser that might choose to take me in tow, upon the plea that I could not manage the ship, and I had no mind to share my prize with all the world.

The Irishmen, therefore, to the number of six, came on board upon my engagement that upon arriving at Plymouth I would pay to each of them 100 guineas and to the master 200 for his pains, which engagement I most faithfully observed. And so, with their smack in tow, we made our way up channel and without further adventure dropped anchor on April 21 in Plymouth sound, very weary of our voyage, yet happy withal in having come so well out of it.

Upon anchoring we caused no small commotion in the port, no ship of so great a burden having yet been taken since the beginning of the war. Nor were there many finer ships even in the king's navy.

But the commotion grew greatly when, the officers of the port having boarded us and made an examination of the galleon, it was known—which I myself had not till that moment suspected—that we had in her bullion and pieces of eight to the value of £223,000, besides a costly cargo of tobacco and other products of the West Indies.

Rear Admiral his Royal Highness the Duke of York himself paid me the honor of a visit, coming in his barge from the Princess Amelia, and a week later I was commanded to attend upon King George, who was pleased most graciously to offer my son Humphrey a commission in the navy and me the honor of a knighthood for what he deigned to call our unequaled exploit of taking and bringing home the galleon. As for the knighthood, I had no mind for it, although the N. Senora del Carmen provided me with money enough worthily to support that dignity. As for the commission, Humphrey thankfully accepted it and afterward, as I have said, fell honorably in his country's service. Poor lad! I have often wished since that he had refused the commission and I had accepted the knighthood, for then it might have happened that he would have lived to inherit the wealth which is but a sorry burden to a childless old man.

The Misery never again anchored in an English port after getting rid of us. Morton, the leader of the mutineers, cruised with some success for two or three months among the islands. He took a Spanish brig, the S. Isidro, and several smaller vessels, but was at last chased by the Spanish frigate Thetis, and to avoid capture ran ashore. The crew, being unable to reach the land by reason of the surf, were taken off by the frigate boats and made prisoners.

A fortnight later, on June 2, the Thetis, after a sharp action, was captured by the English frigate Alarm, Captain James Alms, which formed part of Admiral Sir George Pocock's fleet destined for the reduction of the Havana. The English prisoners on board the Thetis endeavored to prove that I as well as they had been engaged with the Spaniard, but the affair of the Misery having by this time been reported to Sir George from England he, on the day after the capitulation of the town, hanged every one of the pirates on board his flagship, the Namur.

This I learned from Captain the Hon. A. J. Hervey, who was sent home in the Dragon with dispatches, and who on his passage had the good fortune to take a French ship valued at £30,000. He was so polite as to bring the intelligence in person, and I am not ashamed to say that I was very pleased to know that the rascals had got their deserts.—William Laird Cowes.

An Old Nook.

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and fire aglow,
And lamps so softly beaming—oh!
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hopes first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?
—Richard le Gallienne in Chicago Figaro.

JUMPING FROM A BALLOON.

Miss Hazel Keyes Tells How It Feels to Meet the Earth.

Mrs. Romig is a pleasant, bright eyed, capable looking little personage of modest demeanor and methods of conversation.

She has been engaged in ballooning for a number of years. Professionally she is known as Miss Hazel Keyes, balloonist and parachute jumper.

She was a trained nurse by profession and engaged in aeronautics because her husband's health failed him, and she found it necessary to do something more lucrative than nursing, and as he was a professional aeronaut, and she had gathered quite an interest and knowledge of the business from him, she determined to enter his field and win in a rapid way the income that was necessary for the schooling of her three children, the maintenance of the family generally and the added expense of his illness. She says she has succeeded amply in her undertaking, and though Mr. Romig's health is greatly improved she has no special desire to relinquish the business.

Asked to explain as clearly as possible the sensations peculiar to the ascent and descent of a person to and from the extraordinary altitudes to which she travels, Mrs. Romig said:

"The sensations are diametrically opposite to the general idea that prevails among people who never made such attempts. Instead of feeling yourself lifted bodily and swiftly up into space, you have a realistic sense of staying just exactly where you were and of the earth falling away and downward from you. This feeling continues just so long as your balloon continues to rise. When it comes to a standstill, you realize for the first time that you have moved upward, and of course the wonderful panorama spread out below you gives you instant advice of the immense altitude you have attained.

"The descent from such a tremendous height by the parachute is another thing, though it, too, involves something of the same sensation, reversed. You seem to see the earth ascending to meet you, but your progress downward is so gentle and so much more deliberate that you cannot but know you are going down. This fact is forcibly impressed upon your mind when you cut loose from the balloon.

"The descent, then, until the parachute fills is as sheer and sudden and direct as any unpremeditated fall you ever experienced, ranging in depth, according to the volume of wind, from 25 to 100 feet, and this is the most unpleasant part of my business. The same precaution of holding the breath is as imperatively necessary in this first fall as it is when you are submerged in the water, and in default of such precaution you are equally liable to strangulation and death as in the water."

In response to a question as to the longest jump she had made in her career as an aeronaut, Mrs. Romig said that in 1890, at Baker's beach, just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco, she made a perfectly successful jump from an altitude determined by mathematical instruments to be just a fraction over 2½ miles. She alighted in the bay, but being fully protected with a life preserver—which she always does when exhibiting near rivers, lakes or other large bodies of water—she was all right when picked up by the boatmen who went instantly to her relief.

Mrs. Romig says, "The easiest place in which to land is a body of water or a plowed field, but of the two I prefer the field."—Oregon Statesman.

A Relic of Queen Elizabeth.

There is now in this city, in the possession of Mr. Charles A. Hewins, a valuable and interesting relic of "Good Queen Bess" of England. It is a glove which was worn by her majesty at her coronation ceremonies, way back in the year of grace 1559. It is also interesting as an example of the glovemaker's art at that early day. Surprising as it may seem, it would be regarded as a very good gauntlet even now. It is a well known fact that the queen was possessed of a hand of more than ordinary size, and many of her courtiers grieved full sore at the vigorous way she had of using it to cuff the ears of the presumptuous ones. Although this glove was never in all probability as tight fitting as a woman of rank would demand of a glove today for a ceremony of such importance, yet it could not have been much too large, notwithstanding the size, according to the modern measures, is 8. As it lies on a background of blue velvet, carefully preserved from moth and dust by a frame of gold and glass, it shows little of its original beauty. It was evidently of sheepskin, dressed white, and its ample gauntlet was handsomely embroidered in gold with the orb, crown and ostrich plumes, the insignia of English royalty. Today the glove is gray and soiled, and the embroidery is black with tarnish, but its grace is still there.—Boston Transcript.

Steeling a Bluff.

The rustic citizen, inquisitive and guileless, was bunched in a crowded car on a Michigan Central train with an elaborate drummer from Chicago, and in a few minutes he began to sound his seatmate.

"Goin fer?" he asked innocently.

"To Kalamazoo."

"Come from Detroit?"

"Yes."

Then he asked several dozen more questions, and the drummer got tired.

"I s'pose you went to the World's fair?" asked the rustic, starting in on a new deal.

"The World's fair?" repeated the drummer questioningly. "What's that?"

"Don't you know what the World's fair is?" exclaimed the rustic in open eyed astonishment.

"No, I never heard of it."

"Never heard of the World's fair at Chicago?"

"Never. Where is Chicago?"

The rustic looked the drummer over from head to foot and pulled a $5 from his pocket.

"You're foolin me, stranger," he said, "and here's $5 that says you are a Chicago man, fer nobody but a Chicago man could be as smooth a liar as you are."

And the drummer laughed and confessed and thereafter let the rustic ask all the questions he wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fox's Daring.

Among the many stories of foxes' daring the following deserves a place: On the Yorkshire estates of the Duke of Leeds was shooting a party of nine guns, including the Marquis of Carmarthen, M. P., Lord Barnard, Sir John Willoughby and Captain Vyner, accompanied by some 60 beaters. Into the midst of this little army fell a pheasant, shot by Lord Carmarthen, but the bird had hardly touched the ground when a large dog fox seized it by the neck and carried it off, undismayed by the shouts of the men all round him. Some one proposed to give the impudent marauder a charge of shot, but the marquis decided to let him go, and Reynard took advantage of the unwritten law against fox shooting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Keeping Her Down.

Mrs. Lowerten—Well, Sally, I s'pose we've got to call on that new neighbor. Just take your scissors and cut some sort of a hole in the middle of our visiting card.

Daughter—What fer, maw? What does that signify?

Mrs. Lowerten—It don't mean anything that I knows of, but she'll think it does, and feel mighty cheap to find she don't know as much about society ways as we does.—New York Weekly.

A SCENE FROM EGYPT.

AS UNREPORTED MEXICAN LIFE APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN.

Picturesque Sights In Monterey—General Taylor's Dismantled Guns on the Hillside—A Perpetually Changing Picture. What the People Are Like.

Every American who makes a journey to Mexico late in life must wonder that he never made it before, such a treasure house of natural scenery, and of people picturesque enough to match the scenery, and of romantic story and legend enough to match country and people both, and all this crowding up hard against the edge of our own country.

If there be any excuse for our neglect of these things, it is the difficulty of crossing our own great country itself. The Rio Grande is a long way from the Hudson, and the hot plains of Texas are an obstacle. Eighty degrees in the shade in the middle of January! For this or any long journey I can recommend to any aged traveler as traveling companion some college football expert, at whose determined advance difficulties will vanish from before the windows of baggage offices and ticket offices.

Where have our writers and artists been traveling that they have left most of us ignorant of Monterey—that wonderful semicircle of mountains, the view up or down every street ending in massive mountain wall, like the glories that Denver's people exult in?

Take a street car out to the old bishop's palace, whence General Taylor bombarded the city and where some of his spiked and dismantled guns still lie on the hillside, and what more interesting historic spot could an American ask? While for the view, go and look at it. You will find a very big street car, hauled by a very small donkey. The Indian driver startles you by breaking his whip in two when he reaches the top of the grade and beginning to eat it—the whip is a sugar cane. And this street, with its long, low buildings—a single story most of them—roofs flat and invisible or else thatched with cane, windows heavily grated with iron bars, through which you catch glimpses of faces—Indian some of them, Spanish some of them and fair to look upon.

It is a scene from Egypt or Asia or anywhere far away—far away, for even the horse car cannot bring it into any sort of connection with things modern and near. Do your readers know that such things are to be found all within a week's journey from New York? And there must be something pleasing in the long horizontal lines and strange tints of such architecture, for when your ride brings you to one solitary modern brick house, such as might be seen in New York or anywhere, you find yourself pained and shocked with its ugliness.

And the people who fill these streets—by what kind gift from heaven are they all, patricians and beggars, a whole race, enabled to make such pictures of themselves? The man passing you with his brilliant "serape" of every impossible color thrown over his shoulder, the woman with her "rebosa" or "tapalo" twisted before her face—it is a perpetually changing picture, restful to eyes that have wearied of the respectable monotony of Fifth avenue or the opera, though indeed, speaking of opera, there is a curious suggestion of some "Conspirators' Chorus" in half the men you meet.

Think of marketing in corner groceries with such splendid designations as the "Firmament" or the "Aurora Borealis."

One might well reconcile himself to possible deficiencies in the stock within. And where trade offers such entertainment there seems hardly need of the announcement of "Four bulls to die on Sunday, four."

What are the people like who live in such a city? The passing traveler may not be a witness most competent to testify on that point, though he always tries. They have soldiers—even the sojourner can see that, and he may meet a squad of them any hour of the day crossing the plaza with ingenious diversity of step. They have taxes, too, and you may find the irksome stamp on everything from your sleeping car ticket to your grocer's account book.

They have poverty, therefore, and many must be contented with a rigidly literal fulfillment of the petition for "daily bread this day." They have some aspirations toward cleanliness, for at any hour you may see stalwart specimens of the population bathing in the city's public water supply.

And godliness? They have godliness, or at least religion, for the low roofs of house and shop have a fine supremacy to dome and towers of the cathedral and the moldering arches of the old convent of San Francisco. Looking in at the doors of any of these great churches you see veiled penitents kneeling and worshiping according to the splendid ritual of Rome. And there are worshipers, also, according to other forms which may seem more homelike to the northern visitor.

The memory will remain with one traveler at least of sweet hymns and fervent prayers and most cordial greetings from a little congregation of Protestants among these dusky people. Could he employ his time better than for looking further into this unreported side of Mexican life and character?

But as yet remains in the mind that first bewildering impression of things strange, eastern, Spanish, romantic—this artists' and poets' paradise, and only just out of Texas! You are carried into it on the Aztec express, you find your lodgings in the midst of it, next to the sign of "La Malinche," and you sigh over the fate of Cortez's gentle interpreter.

And so these are the descendants of the Montezumas and of Cortez's soldiers, whose smooth Spanish sentences you are puzzling yourself to understand, and you are only four days from New York.—Cor. New York Mail and Express.

A Portrait of Lewis Cass.

The state department received from the New York descendants of Lewis Cass a half length oil portrait of the general, who was secretary of war and minister to France under Jackson and secretary of state under Buchanan. The portrait is evidently a copy, and the comparatively youthful appearance of the subject as well as the glimpse of embroidered wine colored waistcoat suggests that it may have been painted in Paris about the year 1838, when Sumner noted in his journal that "Mr. Cass is said to live in a style superior to that of any minister ever sent by America."—Washington Letter.

Her First Dinner.

Young Husband—Say, darling, what a peculiar flavor this stewed steak has!

Young Wife (diffidently)—I really cannot account for it. Indeed in order to take away the bad taste of the onions I scalded them myself in eau de cologne.—Neckar Zeitung.

No Doubt About It.

May—Is it true that they are madly in love with each other?

Carrie—Madly? Yes, indeed. They are always quarreling.—Truth.

Worse Than a Fit.

Fred (trying on a new coat)—Is it a fit, Charlie?

Charlie—Fit? Why, it's a convulsion.—Texas Siftings.

Carlyle Rebuked.

Charles Godfrey Leland says that on his first meeting with Carlisle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1636."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some slurring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical!"

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry.

"What'n that ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch:

"Na, na, I'm nae that!" he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.—Youth's Companion.

Historic Chicago Houses.

It has generally been accepted as a fact that the old house of Mahlon D. Ogden that used to stand on the site of the Newberry library was the single one that outlived the conflagration.

Now that the historic old residence is a thing of the past, it looks like vandalism to remove the halo of romance that surrounds it. But the fact is it was not the only house that came out of the blaze scathless. At least two others shared this distinction, and neither of them was so favorably located as the Ogden residence.

One of the greatest miracles of the fire is the two story wooden residence at 845 North Clark street, which still stands. It was directly in the path of the fire, and its occupants left the house and its contents to their fate and fled for their lives. To make any effort to save either at the time looked the height of absurdity. But it came through it with nothing worse than a few blisters, caused by the intense heat. It is well known that to the north of this whole blocks were wiped out like matchwood, and the fire burned itself out at the city limits.

By a strange freak of the elements, although the immediate neighborhood was a raging sea of flame, this frail wooden structure lived to tell the story like the lonely survivor of a wreck at sea. C. E. Tuerk afterward occupied this house as a residence.

Across the way, in Lincoln park, about 100 yards from this spot, stood a modest little wooden house, occupied as a dwelling by the superintendent of Lincoln park.

It was of course abandoned, no hope being entertained that it would weather the holocaust. But it did. It stood for years after this, having sustained little or no damage, until it was demolished to make room for the new Academy of Sciences.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Texas Mirages.

In Texas mirages can be witnessed in as wonderful forms as are ever produced in any part of the world. In that portion of the state marked upon the maps of the olden time as a desert, where no plant could grow or breathing thing live, but which is now cut up into immense wheat or grazing fields, I have experienced the most lifelike optical delusions of which the mind can conceive. For that matter, the entire prairie appears to be a delusion. The air is so rare that no odor is perceptible, even from carrion. As a man rides along he sees before him beautiful groves of majestic trees, which, when reached, prove to be mesquite bushes three or four feet in height. Over the plain are what appear to be stakes six or eight feet high, which in reality are Spanish daggers about a foot in height, the entire plain being called the "staked plain," from the effect produced by this plant.

The best mirages, or cloud pictures, are to be seen about Amarillo, where beautiful lakes appear to be but a mile or two away, and strangers almost invariably ask if they contain fish. Views of the gulf are occasionally had, and once a steamer in distress was seen, and it was learned that a steamer had been lost at sea at that time. A few miles above Amarillo is a steep canyon, the prairie ending abruptly where the river flows between perpendicular rocks 1,000 feet below the land. This canyon can sometimes be seen inverted in the sky. The mirages assume all kinds of shapes, and in the summer season few days pass during which there is not some kind of landscape scene in the sky.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Outdone by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him, "You never will amount to much—you never can do much business—you are too small." "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.—Ram's Horn.

Do Married People Look Alike?

Three or four years ago I gave a little article in The Republic which had the heading, "On Remarkable Resemblances Between Husbands and Wives." The Photographic association of Geneva has recently been investigating the matter. They took photos of 78 elderly married couples, and among these they found that in 24 instances the resemblance between the husband and wife was greater than that between brother and sister, and that in 31 other cases it was fully as great.—St. Louis Republic.

That Fugitive Pocket.

She (excitedly)—Oh, George, some woman on the car has stolen my purse!

He—How do you know it was a woman?

She—Why, I had it in the pocket of my dress!—Chicago Record.

To Remove an Obstinate Glass Stopper.

In order to remove a glass stopper which sticks fast in the bottle, heat the neck by pouring over it hot water without spilling any on the stopper until the latter becomes loosened; or, if that course fails, hold the neck over a gas jet turned down low or other small flame, slowly revolving the bottle while the neck is being heated, thus minimizing the danger of cracking the glass.

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First-class Gas Cooking Stoves set up and rented at a low rate per year, piping included. COKE, broken, screened and delivered at $4.50 per chaldron, $2.25 per half chaldron, cash.

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No charge made for running supply pipes from street mains to consumer's cellar.

Orders when left at office promptly attended to.

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'Tis time it was working in good order. Call on

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For assistance if you need it. Order a new Furnace at once. We have the best stock of

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And Kitchen Equipment in New England.

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80 AND 81 MARKET STREET.

We are sole agents for the Gov. Winthrop B. Ranges and Winthrop Parlor which is superior to anything ever put on the market. Our stock is selected from the best patterns in the states, at prices that cannot be beat. Please call and examine before purchasing. Repairs for all Stoves furnished. Piping and Plumbing promptly attended to.

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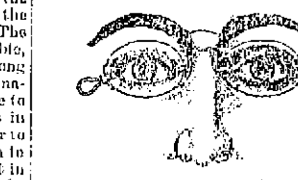

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BIRDS

We shall sell those sweet singing HARTZ MOUNTAIN CANARIES for a few days only at $2. Usual price $2.25. These birds have been fed well and the choicest and are the best birds to buy. We warrant every one in full song. Fine Brass Cages $1; also a full line of Talking Parrots, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Pigeons, etc, at

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BRANCH BIRD STORE,

110 CENTRAL ST.

WM. E. LIVINGSTON,

DEALER IN

Coal, Wood, Lime,

CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL,

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NO. 27 THORNDIKE STREET,

Branch office, 53 Merrimack street,—Calderwood's cigar store.

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HARDWARE STORE,

Is the most Centrally Located in the city, with a

Full and Complete Line of Goods

AT LOWEST PRICES.

RUNELS' BL'C,

COR. MERRIMACK AND BRIDGE

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in The Sun building. Rent very low.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Spring Fabrics From all the Nations of the Earth.

Many Novelties From Remote Places—Hopsacking is a New and Handsome Dress Material—The Pinafore Gown a Fresh Favorite—Garments For Girls.

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SPRING COATS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The figure on the left represents an outdoor coat for a miss of twelve, made of fawn vicuna trimmed with white fur. The front and yoke are of green cloth, with a narrow silk drapery across the chest. That on the right is a coat of chocolate brown cloth, with chinchon velvet collar, caps and cuffs. The coat is plaited front and back and has three narrow lines of astrakhan trimming. The collar and sleeves are fur trimmed also.

The wants of womankind are many and varied if one can judge by the supply. There is no country, however remote and savage, that does not yield tribute. There are woolens made of Thibet and Australian fleece, there are mohairs made from "real mos," as one enthusiastic salesman said, and there are others made from the scrubby locks, from the ugly whiskers, which the camel wears on his long neck instead of his chin, where they ought to grow, and there are

SPRING GARMENTS FOR GIRLS.

silky fabrics of llama hair and angora goats. Besides all these we have fabrics made of woven down from eider ducks and swans' breasts.

We see silks from all sorts of lands, each bearing some distinguishing mark There are silks from India, from Italy, Turkey, Greece, Arabia, France, England, China and Japan, with possibly a few other countries not mentioned. We have cottons from France and England, ginghams from Scotland, and also from that land of cakes and porridge the unapproachable cheviots and heather mixtures. Verily no one but a Scotchman could have woven such a fabric with all the purplish bloom mingled with the dust and dry twigs, the blue of the sky and the green of the almost hidden foliage. The "heather mixture" will always be a fabric that will belong to that one country, not to be imitated elsewhere.

There are also Irish goods in the windows—frieze for storm coats, linens fine beyond compare and Irish poplins. These last are richer than any all silk goods, handsomer than bengaline and only surpassed by the best Lyons velvet. These poplins have never been made outside of Ireland, and they always remain in style, like the Irish point laces and their linens. These poplins are to be made plain, with the exception of a little velvet as a finish, and point lace where it can be obtained.

There are grass linens this season from South America, from the Azores and from Panama and Mexico. There are ginghams from Madras and shawl patterns in the piece for trimmings from Persia, and there are queer embroideries from Dalmatia and Bulgaria. These are to be sewed on the new hopsacking cloths. These new hopsackings come in a check no larger than the one flat thread. There will be one gray thread and one blue, lengthwise, and the same arrangement across the cloth, and this forms what would be called pinhead checks in any other material, but in this, each thread being wide and flat, forms one check, while the others take five or six threads for each square. These hopsackings are in green and drab, red and gray, blue and gold or gray, and so on through all the season's colors. They are very handsome goods. Some are as heretofore, all in one solid color, in neutral tints, and get their distinction from the way they are trimmed.

The very handsomest of these I have seen made up so far was one in hemp color, with a plain five gored skirt. Around the bottom was a festooned flounce of hempen guipure headed by a silken rope of hemp, with a cherry twist. There was a looped belt made of this cord, with two short ends, with tassels of the same. The waist was plain and round, with a bertha of the guipure headed also by the cord. It was stylish and elegant.

Generally, anything new that is superlatively ugly is called "so stylish" and accepted on sufferance, but hopsacking is certainly a handsome dress material when properly handled. Besides this, it is light and does not drag, as do too many woolen goods.

I think from what I see and am told the old Persian palm leaf and Paisley patterns are sure of a revival in dress goods, particularly printed silks, sateens and challis, besides cashmeres. Even a few patterns of broadcloth have borderings in Paisley pattern, brocaded along the bottom. One pattern has a mixed ground, mostly browns on a dark green, with a swivel pattern in gold colored silk, in the old palm leaf design. There were two borders, one 10 inches deep for the bottom and one 3 inches for the corsage and sleeve trimming. There was a white peau de laine broadcloth, and the borders to this were done in black and gold. It was very beautiful. Another one

SPRING BONNETS.

was of biscuit, and the borderings were in green, dull red and gold. These colors are all so interwoven that the effect is soft and artistic rather than brilliant.

The new ginghams are as soft as silk, and indeed one has both to look closely at them and feel them to be sure they are not silk. There are more stripes than plaids so far, and they are in the most delicate of shades and designs. They are cheap, but by the time they are finished and trimmed they are not very economical, yet nothing gives better satisfaction for wash dresses than ginghams. I have seen several very pretty gowns made of cheesecloth, both cream colored and pale pink. This material costs about 2 cents a yard, but requires much lace and ribbon to make it "look anyhow," and so a neat sprigged lawn or gingham is really better economy. Besides, cheesecloth does not wash very well, it is apt to get crapy and crinkle.

The cotton crepons are lovely. I saw one lilac crepon made with lots of cream colored lace and cream ribbon down the front diagonally from the right shoulder to the left side clear to the feet in jabot trimming. The sleeves were bishop, with a fall of lace at the wrist and small bow on the top just over the back of the hand. It made a very dainty dress. There was another one of bright mandarin yellow, with black Russian net trimming. This was cut from the piece and scalloped with black chenille. There was such a quantity of this net that it partly veiled the aggressive yellow and toned it down.

I was told in one house where special attention is given to children's garments that no child will have a complete wardrobe who has not a changeable taffeta frock. The mothers and big sisters will have to cede to the children's requirements, as the best dresses for little girls will be of chameleon silk. One was shown me which had just been finished for a young girl of 14. It was of reseda green and shrimp pink. The skirt was cut circular, with two bias ruffles at the bottom, with a scalloped edge to the skirt above them. The plain waist was scalloped and bound, and the yoke was finished in the same manner. Three full ruffles formed a square bertha and made this one of the most tasteful dresses possible to imagine for a girl of that age.

The fashion has come in which allows young girls to wear thin hair in loose waves or curls, and the catogan braid, or one long tail of hair hanging down the back, has ceased to be the fashion. The ingenue style of having a fluff around the neck is still seen. Young ladies wear full puffs of waves and curls along the sides, just on a level with the ears, and the hair is parted in the middle in a straight line.

I must not forget to mention two pretty little outfits for small girls. One was of dark blue cloth, with a deep box plait reaching from the shoulders to the feet in the back. The sleeves were plain coat shape, with two deep jockeys. Around them and around the bottom were three lines of blue soutache. There was a cunning little hat, Tam O'Shanter shape, of white corduroy, with blue feathers set in front. Dainty white mull ties are seen now very often, and they make a pretty appearance, particularly with the rather sombre costumes of children. The other little coat was of brown camel's hair, plaited to a yoke of velvet in darker shade. The sleeves were gigot, with butterfly caps. A brown velvet sailor shape hat, with pink plumes, was worn with it. I saw another suit for "very best" of white corded velutina, trimmed all around with a reversed plaiting of ruby velvet. The yoke was of ruby, and there was a bonnet made in an exaggerated mob cap shape of ivory surah, with a ruby velvet roll around the high crown and three white ostrich tips on the top.

That reminds me to mention two new bonnets which have been much admired this week. One was of black velvet with a small, high crown. The brim was bent in and piped with apple green satin. Four rolls of the same ribbon were twisted around the crown, and the strings were of the same. There were three pink velvet oleanders set upon it and two black plumes. The other was of gray noil, with green facing. There

NEW VISITING COSTUMES.

were several rosettes of green lisse and two large ones of dark green velvet; two Mercury wings, three ostrich plumes and an aigret completed the trimming.

For early spring there are some startling effects in wool dress material. One gown had a bisque ground, with red diagonal stripes and dark blue figures almost as large as one's hand and like nothing else under the sun The skirt opened on the right side to show an underskirt of blue silk with two blue velvet flounces. The coat basque had enormous pelerine revers of the velvet bound with ermine and a turndown collar of the same. There was an ermine muff. All around the skirt was a band of velvet and above that a narrow bisque ribbon set with cabuchons. The other gown was of light tan stuff, with rough crisscrosses in red, with a black "running" water pattern. This was cut pinafore shape over a mordore velvet skirt and waist. The sleeves were also of velvet and bordered with a narrow band of astrakhan. This pinafore gown, as it is called, has many prototypes and is a favorite already. Several of the light colored summer gowns and dancing gowns for late spring are being made after this model. The gown is fastened in the back.

I have noticed that nearly every new imported gown and most of the handsome ones made here have a small pad of horsehair set in the back to hold up the gathers and give the proper hang to the skirt, and not a few have regular little plaited panniers, which meet in front and are lost under the plaits of the black breadths. Nearly all skirts show some attempt at display, and the gabrielle gown is also among the new styles of the coming season. This comes from France and helps to swell the contribution from all the countries for the special delight of our American ladies.

MATE LEROY.

Bismarck Wouldn't Fight.

It is said that Bismarck once sent a challenge to Virchow because of some frank speaking on the part of the great pathologist. The latter instantly remarked that, as the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons and held up two sausages apparently exactly alike, saying: "One of these is filled with deadly trichinae, and the other is perfectly healthy. Let Bismarck choose which of these he will eat and eat it, and I will eat the other." The duel was not fought.

The Head Continues to Grow.

"All my customers' heads grow," said an English hatter, "up to 65, excepting the ecclesiastical gents, and theirs don't grow after 25." Herein doubtless lies the reason why clerical headgear is so characteristic of the man beneath, for never was a greater fallacy than the adage that "it is not the cowl that makes the monk."

A Cat's Queer Friends.

A cat which associates almost entirely with chickens, even roosting with them at nighttime, is owned by Robert Wiley of Jonesboro, Ind.

The English and the American Rule at Formal Dinner Parties.

In ultra fashionable society introductions are not made. As the guests enter the drawing room their names are announced. Occasionally the man is presented to the woman he takes into dinner, but otherwise there are no general introductions. This is the invariable rule in England, and it sometimes and not infrequently happens that the persons sitting next each other are entirely ignorant of each other's names. This seems awkward and unsocial, and the duty of any hostess should be to avoid the stiffness which follows this formality.

Commenting on this custom, Harper's Bazar says: In this country we can and do introduce strangers to each other, and it is better to do so. If there are among the guests any distinguished men of letters or professional men, it is always well in presenting them to give their full names. It prevents many blunders, and notwithstanding all the cut and dried rules to the contrary nothing which makes the stranger within our gates feel "at home" for the time being can be in bad taste. It is needless to tell any one that the host leads the way into the dining room, having on his arm the lady who is the chief guest of the evening, and who sits at his right. The others follow, the hostess being the last to leave the drawing room. If the number exceeds eight, it is convenient to have a card at each place, with the name of the person who is to occupy the place legibly written.

Wedding Cards.

Most of the wedding cards sent out are plain and simple in style. As a rule, there are not so many cards inclosed as formerly. Of course in case of a large church wedding, where there is danger of a crush and where many outsiders would strive to force their way into the church from curiosity, a church card is indispensable.

Large and Small Matters.

Mr. Nocash—My neighbor, Mr. Slimpurse, has built his fence six inches over the line.

Lawyer—A small matter, which can be amicably arranged. Agree with him to let the fence stay where it is until necessary to rebuild and then have it put where it belongs. Five dollars, please. Thanks. Good day, sir.

Mr. Golde-Bullion—Good morning! My neighbor, Mr. Fatpurse, has built his fence four inches over the line.

Lawyer—He has, eh? We'll fix him. Yes, sir, I'll win that case for you if I have to carry it to the supreme court—yes, sir.—New York Weekly.

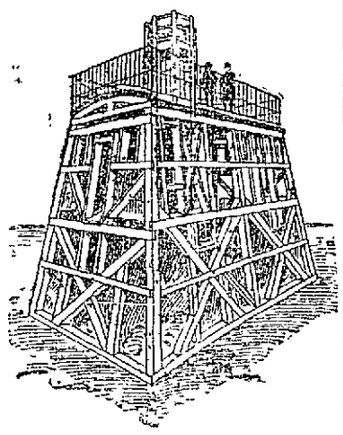
SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

HOW MOUNT BLANC OBSERVATORY WAS CONSTRUCTED.

A History of the Structure—The Thinkers Brain—Accommodations—Something About Balloons—Microbes.

The highest scientific observatory in the world has recently been completed on the summit of Mont Blanc, in Switzerland, 15,780 feet above the sea. Although for several years there was a meteorological station occupied on the summit of Pike's peak, Colo., at an only slightly lower level, yet the meteorological conditions of the two countries are so different that, while the latter peak is accessible for nearly the entire year by a mountain railroad, the summit and sides of Mont Blanc are so covered with snow and ice and so subject to violent storms that it is always a matter of difficulty and frequently of danger to reach the top at all.

The observatory is a wooden building heavily framed, and the difficulties overcome in carrying the timbers and other material over the steep and dangerous trail to the summit and erecting them in the inter-



OBSERVATORY ON MONT BLANC.

vals between the violent blizzards which swept over it testify to the skill and patience of the hardy mountaineers who so successfully accomplished the work.

As no solid foundation for the observatory could be found, it was determined to set it directly upon the ice covering the summit, as observations showed that the level a few feet below the surface remained practically constant. But in case of any slight settling screws have been provided so that the building can be righted. No serious trouble from this cause is anticipated, however.

The observatory consists of two stories. The lower one contains rooms for the storage of instruments and supplies, and also sleeping accommodations for the observers. The upper story, including the roof and the tower, is to be used for observations and will also provide limited accommodations for the numerous parties making the ascent of the mountain. The observatory is not exclusively a meteorological one, but physical, astronomical and spectroscopical phenomena will be carefully observed and studied, says Popular Science News, the source of the foregoing account.

The Thinker's Brain Accommodations.

The thinking power of the brain is believed to reside in the gray matter of the surface. This, as Cassell's Magazine explains it, is a sheet of cellular nerve substance which is crumpled into convolutions through being confined within the narrow limits of the skull. If it were spread out flat, it would be found equal to a layer an inch in thickness and 12 inches long by 11 inches broad—or slightly more—giving a total of 184 cubic inches. If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, there would be room for 27,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3,018,000,000 in the whole. But since many of the cells are smaller the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with the 3,018,000,000. What is a million?

The Bible, Old and New Testaments together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of letters. We should therefore have to pile up 1,113 copies of the Scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells. As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation, they may perhaps be able to grow more brain cells. And Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

Airships.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the distinguished inventor of the telephone, has been grappling with aerial locomotion for some months past in Nova Scotia, and like all the other experimenters in that science he is very hopeful of success. He is not a believer in extreme lightness, but thinks that the solution of the problem lies in proper balancing. He has made machines that will fly to a height of several hundred feet, but the motive power is acquired externally, and motion cannot therefore be long continued. Moreover, there is no method of directing the apparatus while in the air.

Professor S. P. Langley, the director of the Smithsonian institution in Washington, has much the same ideas as Professor Bell and has followed very similar lines In fact, these two investigators have worked together to some extent. Various means of propulsion have been tried, and among them slow burning gunpowder, which has been used successfully in propelling torpedo boats.

In London Mr. Hiram Maxim is still busy with his great airship. The principle he has adopted is that of the kite, sufficient surface being provided to enable the ship to float in the air when a minimum speed of 25 miles per hour has been attained. The propelling force consists of two screws, operated in the usual fashion by a boiler and steam engine.

The Good Side of the Microbe.

However bad the microbe may be in a general way, it seems that, like most things, he is good for trade. Whole sets of surgical instruments are now specially fashioned to cope with his baneful power. Knives and needles, forceps and scissors—all those beautifully made little instruments that, like Hamlet, "are but cruel to be kind"—are now being forged entirely of steel, and when necessary to be jointed are so hung together that they may be easily disjointed and boiled. Boiling water and steam kill any germ, even the anthrax microbe, one of the most poisonous of the whole tribe, and the boiling of surgical instruments to kill the germs is now in favor with the medical profession, according to The Hospital

The Latest.

Sam—Wha's dat thing Lindy's got stuck on de buzzum ob her dress?

Josiah—Sh! Dean yo' gib it away. She couldn't affohd to buy no cyrsanthums, so she jes' swiped some of de cold slaw from de restaurant whar she's workin and tied it up in a bunch instid.—Brooklyn Life.

AN ACT OF PROVIDENCE.

How a Brig's Crew Was Miraculously Saved From the Malays.

We were standing up the gulf of Siam, with the Malay country not over 10 miles away, when the wind died out and left us heaving and falling on the glassy ground swell. It was the merchant brig Fearnaught, with a crew of 11 men, and the captain had his wife and child aboard. It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon when the wind left us, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon we had drifted to within five miles of the land. From noon to 2 o'clock the captain and mate appeared troubled and anxious and frequently swept the coast line with their glasses. At the latter hour the captain called us aft and said:

"Men, you know what sort of a coast lies over there. The Malays no longer attack vessels at sea, but we've drifted in close, and there's not another sail in sight, and it's a greater temptation than they can withstand. A crowd of them are pulling out to visit us. If they get aboard, not a man of us will be alive 10 minutes later. Will you stand by to beat them off?"

"Aye, sir!" answered one man for all of us, "but what are we to do it with?"

In almost every house in the land there's a firearm of some sort, but shipowners to this day will send a craft to the cannibal islands without even an old musket aboard.

If the Malays attacked us, our only weapons would be capstan bars and belaying pins. They were pulling out to us in a sort of galley, with as many as 10 oars on a side, and we could figure that there would be at least 40 of them and all well armed. It did not take us five minutes to get ready. It did not take any man five seconds to figure out what would follow an attack. The Malays never left a witness of their cruelties alive behind them. You see men turn pale and shiver as they go into battle. When you see men quietly arming themselves to make a hopeless fight, you mark the contrast. Their faces flush, their eyes glare, and they bite their lips without feeling the pain. They move on tiptoe, they speak in whispers, they look around them as if taking a farewell of earth. When the galley was yet two miles away, our ship was as silent as the grave, though this silence was broken at intervals by sobs from the cabin. The captain had told his wife of the danger. Womanlike, she uttered a sob of despair now and then, but even as she did so she was weighting her clothing and that of her sleeping child with bars of lead. If the Malays boarded us, she would take the child in her arms and leap overboard. That was settled from the very first.

Did the fellows pull a lazy stroke to deceive us into the belief that they were coming out on some matter of no great importance? The mate's glass made out 43 men in the boat, and their weapons caught and reflected the rays of the sun as they came along. We swept the sea for sight of sail or steamer's smoke, but we were alone. We uttered bitter curses as we realized our helpless situation, but we must let them scramble aboard of the brig before our weapons would be of any use. It was positively maddening to witness their slow and careless approach. It was as if they felt so sure of victory that they need put forth no particular exertion. The galley was steered for our port broadside, and she was within 200 feet of us, and we could look into the evil eyes of her desperate crew when her way was checked. Then her captain stood up, made us a profound bow and in fairly good English observed:

"Captain, I trust you are loaded with English goods for Bangkok."

Our captain bowed, but did not speak.

"Because," continued the other, "that is just such a cargo as I want, and your brig also pleases me very well. Do you surrender?"

"No! No! No!" yelled half a dozen voices in reply.

"Ah, you do not? Do you wish to jump overboard and drown, or shall I have to kill you and throw your bodies to the sharks? I am in no hurry. I will give you three minutes in which to decide!"

About 15 of the natives had English rifles, probably purchased at Singapore, and the others were armed with blowguns, pistols and swords. They needn't come a foot nearer to pick off every man of us. The captain and mate conversed for a minute, and then the former quietly said to us:

"Men, we have all got to meet death right here and now, but let us show them that the brig carries no cowards! Be ready for them when they dash in!"

I think their first idea was to use their rifles, but they abandoned it for fear the firing might betray them, though, as I said before, there was nothing in sight. Those who had their guns raised now lowered them, the rowers lifted the oars, and the long sweeps had just dropped into the water when we beheld a singular spectacle. The galley suddenly lifted itself out of water and went up and up until it reached a point 30 feet high and then turned over and came down so broken and shattered that it instantly sank from sight. Right under the boat was the head of a whale, and it followed it up for at least 15 feet. Then the monster fell on his side, gave his tail a flirt or two and disappeared from view. It was like a magician's trick. The time consumed was not over 15 seconds. We saw the boat bows on to us. We saw her high in the air. We saw a few of her planks dashing about on the waves kicked up by the whale. That was all. But for the half dozen Malays who reached our bows and were killed there, but for the racing to and fro of the sharks, all of us would have wondered if it was not a horrible dream. The wife sat in the cabin weeping and waiting. The child slept on without moving a hand. We looked into each other's faces; we looked from sea to shore and down at the splintered planks floating about. Then we heard the captain's voice quietly saying:

"There comes an offshore breeze, Mr. Merwin, and you can swing the yards and make sail. Tell the steward to serve out grog and see if he can't loosen the tongues of the lads and get up a cheer or two."

M. QUAD.

Got as Far as Bangor.

Sarah Orne Jewett's charming story of the gentle old lady, an inmate of a Maine poorhouse, who managed to get to Philadelphia and see the wonders of the Centennial is recalled to mind by the adventures of Charles Snowman, a half witted inmate of the Castine almshouse, who started last summer to walk to the World's fair. He got as far as Rockland, where he was arrested as a tramp and given 30 days' exercise in the city stoneyard. After serving his time there he managed to get to Bucksport, where he borrowed money to pay his fare to Bangor. Here he found quarters at the almshouse, where he remained until a short time ago, when he was discovered and sent back to Castine. —Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Who Want Offices Most.

In England a candidate "stands" for an office. In this country he "runs" for it. This shows who want the offices the most. —Tammany Times.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

—o—

Our Special Semi-Annual Sale

—OF—

SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT

Ladies' Cloth Suitings.

They comprise the accumulation of slightly imperfect goods made at the mills during the past six months. 347 pieces, embracing the following popular shades: Wine, green, plum, drab, tan, slate, light brown, medium brown, dark brown, stone, olive, cardinal, grey, nile, maroon, black, navy, brown mixed, medium and dark grey mixed. Every piece warranted All-Wool, double width, and full strength. The imperfections are very slight and in almost every instance near the selvage.

For several years we have had these semi-annual sales of Imperfect Ladies' Cloth Suitings, and our price has been 53c. per yard, but owing to the depression in woolen manufacturing we were enabled to secure this lot at much less than former price, and shall offer them at the unprecedented low price of

ONLY 39c. PER YARD.

Which is only a trifle more than one-half the price of regular goods. We would suggest an early call to secure the best selection.

—xx—

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

See It In Our Advertisement and It's So!

400 Pieces Amoskeag Ginghams, best styles and patterns. **Price only 5c. Yard.**

3 Solid Cases of Merrimack Prints, perfect goods, no remnants in this lot. **Price 5c. Yard.**

Largest stock of Bleached, Unbleached and Half Bleached Cottons, all widths.

PRICES ON THE ABOVE COTTONS ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED.

If in need of Cottons, buy now and save money. Advance in prices now offered sure to come.

—o—

HERE IS A BARGAIN—75 NEW STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

Best 25c. Satines for only 12½c. a Yard.

Nothing can be found in any material equal to these goods at the price named.

Hamburg Edgings,

From 1c. to Dollars a Yard.

But the people's choice 3c., 5c., 7c., 10c., 12½c. up to 50c. a yard.

More than 1000 pieces, all clean and fresh, to pick from.

—xOx—

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

Furniture, Carpets &c., at a Great Sacrifice at the old house of BENNER & COREY 230 Central St. Business to be closed up; goods must be sold. B. C. BENNER.

TEETH

$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $15 and $18 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 20 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON, Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

—o—

WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

—AND—

Small Loaves to 4 Cents.

The Bread is Second to None in the City.

Bakery, Cor. Market and Dutton Streets.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Gorham, Cor. Appleton St.

LADIES!

DON'T FORGET You can have your children's hair taken care of, as well as your own, at Mrs. J. W. Forsythe's Hair Dressing Parlors. Also Hair Goods and Hair Work. Orders promptly attended to. Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer Street.

ATTENTION!

Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists.

In fact everybody take notice that the cheapest place to buy dry goods is at

DRAIN'S,

57 Gorham Street.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Spring Fabrics From all the Nations of the Earth.

Many Novelties From Remote Places—Hopsacking is a New and Handsome Dress Material—The Pinafore Gown a Fresh Favorite—Garments For Girls.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

SPRING COATS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The figure on the left represents an outdoor coat for a miss of twelve, made of fawn vienna trimmed with white fur. The front and yoke are of green cloth, with a narrow silk drapery across the chest. That on the right is a coat of chocolate brown cloth, with chinchron velvet collar, caps and cuffs. The coat is plaited front and back and has three narrow lines of astrakhan trimming. The collar and sleeves are fur trimmed also.

The wants of womankind are many and varied if one can judge by the supply. There is no country, however remote and savage, that does not yield tribute. There are woolens made of Thibet and Australian fleece, there are mohairs made from "real mos," as one enthusiastic salesman said, and there are others made from the scrubby locks, from the ugly whiskers, which the camel wears on his long neck instead of his chin, where they ought to grow, and there are

SPRING GARMENTS FOR GIRLS.

silky fabrics of llama hair and angora goats. Besides all these we have fabrics made of woven down from elder ducks and swans' breasts.

We see silks from all sorts of lands, each bearing some distinguishing mark. There are silks from India, from Italy, Turkey, Greece, Arabia, France, England, China and Japan, with possibly a few other countries not mentioned. We have cottons from France and England, ginghams from Scotland, and also from that land of cakes and porridge the unapproachable cheviots and heather mixtures. Verily no one but a Scotchman could have woven such a fabric with all the purplish bloom mingled with the dust and dry twigs, the blue of the sky and the green of the almost hidden foliage. The "heather mixture" will always be a fabric that will belong to that one country, not to be imitated elsewhere.

There are also Irish goods in the windows—frieze for storm coats, linens fine beyond compare and Irish poplins. These last are richer than any all silk goods, handsomer than bengaline and only surpassed by the best Lyons velvet. These poplins have never been made outside of Ireland, and they always remain in style, like the Irish point laces and their linens. These poplins are to be made plain, with the exception of a little velvet as a finish, and point lace where it can be obtained.

There are grass linens this season from South America, from the Azores and from Panama and Mexico. There are ginghams from Madras and shawl patterns in the piece for trimmings from Persia, and there are queer embroideries from Dalmatia and Bulgaria. These are to be sewed on the new hopsacking cloths. These new hopsackings come in a check no larger than the one flat thread. There will be one gray thread and one blue, lengthwise, and the same arrangement across the cloth, and this forms what would be called pinhead checks in any other material, but in this, each thread being wide and flat, forms one check, while the others take five or six threads for each square. These hopsackings are in green and drab, red and gray, blue and gold or gray, and so on through all the season's colors. They are very handsome goods. Some are as heretofore, all in one solid color, in neutral tints, and get their distinction from the way they are trimmed.

The very handsomest of these I have seen made up so far was one in hempen olor, with a plain five gored skirt. Around the bottom was a festooned flounce of hempen guipure headed by a silken rope of hemp, with a cherry twist. There was a looped belt made of this cord, with two short ends, with tassels of the same. The waist was plain and round, with a bertha of the guipure headed also by the cord. It was stylish and elegant.

Generally, anything new that is superlatively ugly is called "so stylish" and accepted on sufferance, but hopsacking is certainly a handsome dress material when properly handled. Besides this, it is light and does not drag, as do too many woolen goods.

I think from what I see and am told the old Persian palm leaf and Paisley patterns are sure of a revival in dress goods, notwithstanding the many and fearfully printed silks, sateens and challis, besides cashmeres. Even a few patterns of broadcloth have borderings in Paisley pattern, brocaded along the bottom. One pattern has a mixed ground, mostly browns on a dark green, with a swivel pattern in gold colored silk, in the old palm leaf design. There were two borders, one 10 inches deep for the bottom and one 3 inches for the corsage and sleeve trimming. There was a white peau de laine broadcloth, and the borders to this were done in black and gold. It was very beautiful. Another one

SPRING BONNETS.

was of biscuit, and the borderings were in green, dull red and gold. These colors are all so interwoven that the effect is soft and artistic rather than brilliant.

The new ginghams are as soft as silk, and indeed one has both to look closely at them and feel them to be sure they are not silk. There are more stripes than plaids so far, and they are in the most delicate of shades and designs. They are cheap, but by the time they are finished and trimmed they are not very economical, yet nothing gives better satisfaction for wash dresses than ginghams. I have seen several very pretty gowns made of cheesecloth, both cream colored and pale pink. This material costs about 2 cents a yard, but requires much lace and ribbon to make it "look anyhow," and so a neat sprigged lawn or gingham is really better economy. Besides, cheesecloth does not wash very well; it is apt to get crape and crinkle.

The cotton crepons are lovely. I saw one blue crepon made with lots of cream colored lace and cream ribbon down the front diagonally from the right shoulder to the left side clear to the feet in jabot trimming. The sleeves were bishop, with a fall of lace at the wrist and small bow on the top just over the back of the hand. It made a very dainty dress. There was another one of bright mandarin yellow, with black Russian net trimming. This was cut from the piece and scalloped with black chenille. There was such a quantity of this net that it partly veiled the aggressive yellow and toned it down.

I was told in one house where special attention is given to children's garments that no child will have a complete wardrobe who has not a changeable taffeta frock. The mothers and big sisters will have to cede to the children's requirements, as the best dresses for little girls will be of chameleon silk. One was shown me which had just been finished for a young girl of 14. It was of resedas green and shrimp pink. The skirt was cut circular, with two bias ruffles at the bottom, with a scalloped edge to the skirt above them. The plain waist was scalloped and bound, and the yoke was finished in the same manner. Three full ruffles formed a square bertha and made this one of the most tasteful dresses possible to imagine for a girl of that age.

The fashion has come in which allows young girls to wear thin hair in loose waves or curls, and the catogan braid, or one long full of hair hanging down the back, has ceased to be the fashion. The ingenue style of having a fluff around the neck is still seen. Young ladies wear full puffs of waves and curls along the sides, just on a level with the ears, and the hair is parted in the middle in a straight line.

I must not forget to mention two pretty little outfits for small girls. One was of dark blue cloth, with a deep box plait reaching from the shoulders to the feet in the back. The sleeves were plain coat shape, with two deep jockeys. Around them and around the bottom were three lines of blue soutache. There was a cunning little hat, Tam O'Shanter shape, of white corduroy, with blue feathers set in front. Dainty white mull ties are seen now very often, and they make a pretty appearance, particularly with the rather somber costumes of children. The other little coat was of brown camel's hair, plaited to a yoke of velvet in darker shade. The sleeves were gigot, with butterfly caps. A brown velvet sailor shape hat, with pink plumes, was worn with it. I saw another suit for "very best" of white corded velutina, trimmed all around with a reversed plaiting of ruby velvet. The yoke was of ruby, and there was a bonnet made in an exaggerated mob cap shape of ivory surah, with a ruby velvet roll around the high crown and three white ostrich tips on the top.

That reminds me to mention two new bonnets which have been much admired this week. One was of black velvet with a small, high crown. The brim was bent in and piped with apple green satin. Four rolls of the same ribbon were twisted around the crown, and the strings were of the same. There were three pink velvet oleanders set upon it and two black plumes. The other was of gray felt, with green facing. There

NEW VISITING COSTUMES.

were several rosettes of green lisse and two large ones of dark green velvet; two Mercury wings, three ostrich plumes and an aigret completed the trimming.

For early spring there are some startling effects in wool dress material. One gown had a bisque ground, with red diagonal stripes and dark blue figures almost as large as one's hand and like nothing else under the sun. The skirt opened on the right side to show an underskirt of blue silk with two blue velvet flounces. The coat basque had enormous pelerine revers of the velvet bound with ermine and a turndown collar of the same. There was an ermine muff. All around the skirt was a band of velvet and above that a narrow bisque ribbon set with cabuchons. The other gown was of light tan stuff, with rough crisscrosses in red, with a black "running" water pattern. This was cut pinafore shape over a mordore velvet skirt and waist. The sleeves were also of velvet and bordered with a narrow band of astrakhan. This pinafore gown, as it is called, has many prototypes and is a favorite already. Several of the light colored summer gowns and dancing gowns for late spring are being made after this model. The gown is fastened in the back.

I have noticed that nearly every new imported gown and most of the handsome ones made here have a small pad of horsehair set in the back to hold up the gathers and give the proper hang to the skirt, and not a few have regular little plaited panniers, which meet in front and are lost under the plaits of the black breadths. Nearly all skirts show some attempt at display, and the gabrielle gown is also among the new styles of the coming season. This comes from France and helps to swell the contribution from all the countries for the special delight of our American ladies.

MATE LEROY.

Bismarck Wouldn't Fight.

It is said that Bismarck once sent a challenge to Virchow because of some frank speaking on the part of the great pathologist. The latter instantly remarked that, as the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons and held up two sausages apparently exactly alike, saying: "One of these is filled with deadly trichinae, and the other is perfectly healthy. Let Bismarck choose which of these he will eat and eat it, and I will eat the other." The duel was not fought.

The Head Continues to Grow.

"All my customers' heads grow," said an English hatter, "up to 65, excepting the ecclesiastical gents, and theirs don't grow after 25." Herein doubtless lies the reason why clerical headgear is so characteristic of the man beneath, for never was a greater fallacy than the adage that "it is not the cowl that makes the monk."

A Cat's Queer Friends.

A cat which associates almost entirely with chickens, even roosting with them at nighttime, is owned by Robert Wiley of Jonesboro, Ind.

The English and the American Rule at Formal Dinner Parties.

In ultra fashionable society introductions are not made. As the guests enter the drawing room their names are announced. Occasionally the man is presented to the woman he takes into dinner, but otherwise there are no general introductions. This is the invariable rule in England, and it sometimes and not infrequently happens that the persons sitting next each other are entirely ignorant of each other's names. This seems awkward and unsocial, and the duty of any hostess should be to avoid the stiffness which follows this formality.

Commenting on this custom, Harper's Bazar says: In this country we can and do introduce strangers to each other, and it is better to do so. If there are among the guests any distinguished men of letters or professional men, it is always well in presenting them to give their full names. It prevents many blunders, and notwithstanding all the cut and dried rules to the contrary nothing which makes the stranger within our gates feel "at home" for the time being can be in bad taste. It is needless to tell any one that the host leads the way into the dining room, having on his arm the lady who is the chief guest of the evening, and who sits at his right. The others follow, the hostess being the last to leave the drawing room. If the number exceeds eight, it is convenient to have a card at each place, with the name of the person who is to occupy the place legibly written.

Wedding Cards.

Most of the wedding cards sent out are plain and simple in style. As a rule, there are not so many cards inclosed as formerly. Of course in case of a large church wedding, where there is danger of a crush and where many outsiders would strive to force their way into the church from curiosity, a church card is indispensable.

Large and Small Matters.

Mr. Noeash—My neighbor, Mr. Slimpurse, has built his fence six inches over the line.

Lawyer—A small matter, which can be amicably arranged. Agree with him to let the fence stay where it is until necessary to rebuild and then have it put where it belongs. Five dollars, please. Thanks. Good day, sir.

Mr. Goldc-Bullion—Good morning! My neighbor, Mr. Fatpurse, has built his fence four inches over the line.

Lawyer—He has, eh? We'll fix him. Yes, sir, I'll win that case for you if I have to carry it to the supreme court—yes, sir.—New York Weekly.

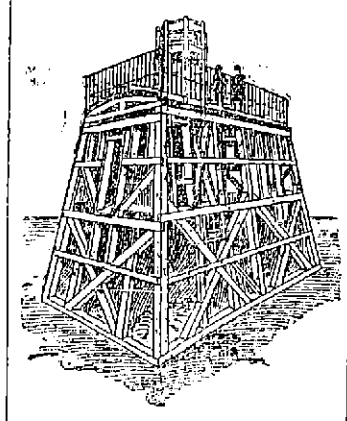
SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

HOW MOUNT BLANC OBSERVATORY WAS CONSTRUCTED.

A History of the Structure—The Thinkers Brain—Accommodations—Something About Balloons—Microbes.

The highest scientific observatory in the world has recently been completed on the summit of Mont Blanc, in Switzerland, 15,780 feet above the sea. Although for several years there was a meteorological station occupied on the summit of Pike's peak, Colo., at an only slightly lower level, yet the meteorological conditions of the two countries are so different that, while the latter peak is accessible for nearly the entire year by a mountain railroad, the summit and sides of Mont Blanc are so covered with snow and ice and so subject to violent storms that it is always a matter of difficulty and frequently of danger to reach the top at all.

The observatory is a wooden building heavily framed, and the difficulties overcome in carrying the timbers and other material over the steep and dangerous trail to the summit and erecting them in the inter-



OBSERVATORY ON MONT BLANC.

vals between the violent blizzards which swept over it testify to the skill and patience of the hardy mountaineers who so successfully accomplished the work.

As no solid foundation for the observatory could be found, it was determined to set it directly upon the ice covering the summit, as observations showed that the level a few feet below the surface remained practically constant. But in case of any slight settling screws have been provided so that the building can be righted. No serious trouble from this cause is anticipated, however.

The observatory consists of two stories. The lower one contains rooms for the storage of instruments and supplies, and also sleeping accommodations for the observers. The upper story, including the roof and the tower, is to be used for observations and will also provide limited accommodations for the numerous parties making the ascent of the mountain. The observatory is not exclusively a meteorological one, but physical, astronomical and spectroscopical phenomena will be carefully observed and studied, says Popular Science News, the source of the foregoing account.

The Thinker's Brain Accommodations.

The thinking power of the brain is believed to reside in the gray matter of the surface. This, as Cassell's Magazine explains it, is a sheet of cellular nerve substance which is crumpled into convolutions through being confined within the narrow limits of the skull. If it were spread out flat, it would be found equal to a layer an inch in thickness and 12 inches long by 11 inches broad—or slightly more—giving a total of 184 cubic inches. If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, there would be room for 37,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3,018,000,000 in the whole. But since many of the cells are smaller the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with the 3,018,000,000. What is a million?

The Bible, Old and New Testaments together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of letters. We should therefore have to pile up 1,118 copies of the Scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells. As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation, they may perhaps be able to grow more brain cells. And Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

Airships.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the distinguished inventor of the telephone, has been grappling with aerial locomotion for some months past in Nova Scotia, and like all the other experimenters in that science he is very hopeful of success. He is not a believer in extreme lightness, but thinks that the solution of the problem lies in proper balancing. He has made machines that will fly to a height of several hundred feet, but the motive power is acquired externally, and motion cannot therefore be long continued. Moreover, there is no method of directing the apparatus while in the air.

Professor S. P. Langley, the director of the Smithsonian institution in Washington, has much the same ideas as Professor Bell and has followed very similar lines. In fact, these two investigators have worked together to some extent. Various means of propulsion have been tried, and among them slow burning gunpowder, which has been used successfully in propelling torpedo boats.

In London Mr. Hiram Maxim is still busy with his great airship. The principle he has adopted is that of the kite, sufficient surface being provided to enable the ship to float in the air when a minimum speed of 25 miles per hour has been attained. The propelling force consists of two screws, operated in the usual fashion by a boiler and steam engine.

The Good Side of the Microbe.

However bad the microbe may be in a general way, it seems that, like most things, he is good for trade. Whole sets of surgical instruments are now specially fashioned to cope with his baneful power. Knives and needles, forceps and scissors—all those beautifully made little instruments that, like Hamlet, "are but cruel to be kind"—are now being forged entirely of steel, and when necessary to be jointed are so hung together that they may be easily disjointed and boiled. Boiling water and steam kill any germ, even the anthrax microbe, one of the most poisonous of the whole tribe, and the boiling of surgical instruments to kill the germs is now in favor with the medical profession, according to The Hospital.

The Latest.

Sam—Who's dat Cing Lindy's got stuck on de buzzum ob her dress?

Josiah—Sh! Dean yo' gib it away. She couldn't afford to buy no cyrsanthums, so she jes' swiped some of de cold slaw from de restaurant whar she's workin and tied it up in a lunch hatsid.—Brooklyn Life.

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"Men, you know what sort of a coast lies over there. The Malays no longer attack vessels at sea, but we've drifted in close, and there's not another sail in sight, and it's a greater temptation than they can withstand. A crowd of them are pulling out to visit us. If they get aboard, not a man of us will be alive 10 minutes later. Will you stand by to beat them off?"

"Aye, sir!" answered one man for all of us, "but what are we to do it with?"

In almost every house in the land there's a firearm of some sort, but shipowners to this day will send a craft to the cannibal islands without even an old musket aboard.

If the Malays attacked us, our only weapons would be capstan bars and belaying pins. They were pulling out to us in a sort of galley, with as many as 10 oars on a side, and we could figure that there would be at least 40 of them and all well armed. It did not take us five minutes to get ready. It did not take any man five seconds to figure out what would follow an attack. The Malays never left a witness of their cruelties alive behind them. You see men turn pale and shiver as they go into battle. When you see men quietly arming themselves to make a hopeless fight, you mark the contrast. Their faces flush, their eyes glare, and they bite their lips without feeling the pain. They move on tiptoe, they speak in whispers, they look around them as if taking a farewell of earth. When the galley was yet two miles away, our ship was as silent as the grave, though this silence was broken at intervals by sobs from the cabin. The captain had told his wife of the danger. Womanlike, she uttered a sob of despair now and then, but even as she did so she was weighting her clothing and that of her sleeping child with bars of lead. If the Malays boarded us, she would take the child in her arms and leap overboard. That was settled from the very first.

Did the fellows pull a lazy stroke to deceive us into the belief that they were coming out on some matter of no great importance? The mate's glass made out 40 men in the boat, and their weapons caught and reflected the rays of the sun as they came along. We swept the sea for sight of sail or steamer's smoke, but we were alone. We uttered bitter curses as we realized our helpless situation, but we must let them scramble aboard of the brig before our weapons would be of any use. It was positively maddening to witness their slow and careless approach. It was as if they felt so sure of victory that they need put forth no particular exertion. The galley was steered for our port broadside, and she was within 200 feet of us, and we could look into the evil eyes of her desperate crew when her way was checked. Then her captain stood up, made us a profound bow and in fairly good English observed:

"Captain, I trust you are loaded with English goods for Bangkok."

Our captain bowed, but did not speak.

"Because," continued the other, "that is just such a cargo as I want, and your brig also pleases me very well. Do you surrender?"

"No! No! No!" yelled half a dozen voices in reply.

"Ah, you do not? Do you wish to jump overboard and drown, or shall I have to kill you and throw your bodies to the sharks? I am in no hurry. I will give you three minutes in which to decide!"

About 15 of the natives had English rifles, probably purchased at Singapore, and the others were armed with blowguns, pistols and swords. They needn't come a foot nearer to pick off every man of us. The captain and mate converged for a minute, and then the former quietly said to us:

"Men, we have all got to meet death right here and now, but let us show them that the brig carries no cowards! Be ready for them when they dash in!"

I think their first idea was to use their rifles, but they abandoned it for fear the firing might betray them, though, as I said before, there was nothing in sight. Those who had their guns raised now lowered them, the rowers lifted the oars, and the long sweeps had just dropped into the water when we beheld a singular spectacle. The galley suddenly lifted itself out of water and went up and up until it reached a point 30 feet high and then turned over and came down so broken and shattered that it instantly sank from sight. Right under the boat was the head of a whale, and it followed it up for at least 15 feet. Then the monster fell on his side, gave his tail a flirt or two and disappeared from view. It was like a magician's trick. The time consumed was not over 15 seconds. We saw the boat bows on to us. We saw her high in the air. We saw a few of her planks dashing about on the waves kicked up by the whale. That was all. But for the half dozen Malays who reached our bows and were killed there, but for the racing to and fro of the sharks, all of us would have wondered if it was not a horrible dream. The wife sat in the cabin weeping and waiting. The child slept on without moving a hand. We looked into each other's faces; we looked from sea to shore and down at the splintered planks floating about. Then we heard the captain's voice quietly saying:

"There comes an offshore breeze, Mr. Merwin, and you can swing the yards and make sail. Tell the steward to serve out grog and see if he can't loosen the tongues of the lads and get up a cheer or two."

M. QUAD.

Got as Far as Bangor.

Sarah Orne Jewett's charming story of the gentle old lady, an inmate of a Maine poorhouse, who managed to get to Philadelphia and see the wonders of the Centennial is recalled to mind by the adventures of Charles Snowman, a half witted inmate of the Castine almshouse, who started last summer to walk to the World's fair. He got as far as Rockland, where he was arrested as a tramp and given 30 days' exercise in the city stoneyard. After serving his time there he managed to get to Bucksport, where he borrowed money to pay his fare to Bangor. Here he found quarters at the almshouse, where he remained until a short time ago, when he was discovered and sent back to Castine.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Who Want Offices Most.

In England a candidate "stands" for an office. In this country he "runs" for it. This shows who want the offices the most.—Tammany Times.

A. G. Pollard & Co.,

—o—

Our Special Semi-Annual Sale

—OF—

SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT

Ladies' Cloth Suitings.

They comprise the accumulation of slightly imperfect goods made at the mills during the past six months. 347 pieces, embracing the following popular shades: Wine, green, plum, drab, tan, slate, light brown, medium brown, dark brown, stone, olive, cardinal, grey, nile, maroon, black, navy, brown mixed, medium and dark grey mixed. Every piece warranted All-Wool, double width, and full strength. The imperfections are very slight and in almost every instance near the selvage.

For several years we have had these semi-annual sales of Imperfect Ladies' Cloth Suitings, and our price has been 58c. per yard, but owing to the depression in woolen manufacturing we were enabled to secure this lot at much less than former price, and shall offer them at the unprecedented low price of

ONLY 39c. PER YARD.

Which is only a trifle more than one-half the price of regular goods. We would suggest an early call to secure the best selection.

—xx—

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

See It In Our Advertisement and It's So!

400 Pieces Amoskeag Ginghams, best styles and patterns. **Price only 5c. Yard.**

3 Solid Cases of Merrimack Prints, perfect goods, no remnants in this lot. **Price 5c. Yard.**

Largest stock of Bleached, Unbleached and Half Bleached Cottons, all widths.

PRICES ON THE ABOVE COTTONS ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED.

If in need of Cottons, buy now and save money. Advance in prices now offered sure to come.

—o—

HERE IS A BARGAIN—75 NEW STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

Best 25c. Satines for only 12½c. a Yard.

Nothing can be found in any material equal to these goods at the price named.

Hamburg Edgings,

From 1c. to Dollars a Yard.

But the people's choice 3c., 5c., 7c., 10c., 12½c. up to 50c. a yard.

More than 1000 pieces, all clean and fresh, to pick from.

—xOx—

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235 and 237 Central Street.

Furniture, Carpets &c., at a Great Sacrifice at the old house of BENNER & COREY 230 Central St. Business to be closed up; goods must be sold. B. C. BENNER.

TEETH

$5 TO $10 A SET.

To our patients who do not find it convenient to call during the day, please call at noontimes, or Saturday afternoons as our office is not open evenings. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRACTING.

Every Set warranted to be the same Teeth that other dentists ask $10 and $15 for, and every Set warranted to fit. Gold Fillings and Gold Crown work a specialty. Teeth Filled with Gold by Electricity. No Pain. Teeth extracted Without Pain by our new method. 30 years experience. DRS. J. K. BICKELL & SON. Painless Dentists, Rooms 24, 25, and 32 Runels' Building, Cor. Merrimack and Bridge Sts

Now is the Time to Save Your Money.

And deposit it in the Savings Bank, where it will be safe and draw interest at 4 per cent.

Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today.

—■—

WASHINGTON SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

147 Central and 4 Gorham Sts.

Open daily 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evening 7 to 9.

McNaughton's Bakery.

The price of bread has been reduced.

Large Loaves to 8 Cents

—AND—

Small Loaves to 4 Cents.

The Bread is Second to None in the City.

Bakery, Cor. Market and Dutton Streets.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT.

MOORS' DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.

Sure cure for all Summer Complaints: Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold at Moors' Pharmacy,

Gorham, Cor. Appleton St.

LADIES!

DON'T FORGET You can have your children's hair taken care of, as well as your own, at Mrs. J. W. Forsythe's Hair Dressing Parlors. Also Hair Goods and Hair Work. Orders promptly Attended to. Over O'Donnell & Gilbride's. Entrance on Palmer Street.

E. E. HILL,

297 Central Street, Opp. Church.

Wishes to call the attention of the city that he has a complete line of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices which will defy competition. Call and examine our $2.00 BOOTS before you purchase elsewhere.

ATTENTION!

Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists.

In fact everybody takes notice that the cheapest place to buy dry goods is at

DRAIN'S,

57 Gorham Street.

FEW WOMEN IN PRISON

DOES THAT PROVE THAT THEY ARE BETTER THAN MEN?

A Newspaper Woman Has Been Investigating the Subject—A Penitentiary Warden Tells Her That the Courts Are Lenient, but She Refutes Him Easily.

I have been studying prison statistics, and I find the average proportion is 20 women to 1,000 men. In the case of the Columbus (O.) penitentiary there are only 28 women to nearly 2,000 men. At the Western penitentiary in this state there are 19 women to over 1,000 men. Talking with the courteous warden of this latter institution a few days since, I asked him for his theory and got it with readiness. It was with a mind made up that he answered, "It is largely owing to the leniency of the court that more women are not convicted."

"But," said I, "people must be arraigned before they can be convicted, and there are proportionately so few women brought to trial. Either they do not violate the law, or they are more clever in covering up their tracks, and this with a cleverness that amounts to talent, and even if this last be true does there not still remain something to be said for them from a worldly point of view? The Spartans taught their youth the sin was not in stealing, but in being found out, you know." And the warden agreed that the Spartans were not all dead yet, or at least that their teachings had lived after them, but would concede nothing to women on the ground of morality.

Women are something of a bother to most men, but to wardens in particular, I have concluded, and having known them both wisely and well I suppose when one such custodian insists that women of a low grade are worse than men of the same grade we should accept his judgment without question. But what I want to find out is why there are not as many women as men of this same grade? Warden Wright goes further and is especially positive that women in general are not better than men, and that once bad they are more incorrigible, and it is his experience that there are not so many reformations among women convicts as among the men, by which we may infer that women love wrongdoing.

Out of the fullness of his knowledge Mr. Wright argues that by the time women land in the penitentiary they are so steeped in sin as to be quite past redemption here, and I got the impression he had not much hope of them hereafter.

But let us see about the iniquity of women. In the first place, there are more women than men in the world. Therefore if women are more immoral than men ought they not to commit at least an equal number of crimes?

But they have not equal opportunity. They are not in the world as men are, therefore are not so beset by temptations, is the reply. But we may deny this, since there are now over 500 occupations for women and all crowded until there is scarcely any room, even at the top, whereas in 1850 there were but 40 employments in which women earned a living.

They are now by the hundreds working shoulder to shoulder with men in all the professions and a majority of the trades. And are they not subjected to the same temptations? It is now quite the exception to find a man on the cashier's stool in stores and restaurants, etc., and could there be a better card to woman's honesty? And yet it has been said women are only given this place and like places of responsibility because they can be hired for less money. So more the temptation to steal them. If women are so prone to go to such lengths to gratify their love for dress, as has been asserted, would they not, unless morally better, be more likely to steal than men who are paid a living salary and have less provocation?

But who ever heard of a woman running away with funds intrusted to her? There is no such curiosity on exhibition in the human menagerie at the Western penitentiary at least, though, to tell the truth, there is a greater one—that of a horse thief! The mention of this freak feminine suggests one more "manly pursuit" as free to women as to men. Why do not more women steal horses? They admire them, and surely a stolen horse is worth as much owned or sold to a woman who would steal as to a man?

And are not women as clever with the pen? Then why not Jane the penman as well as Jim? Yet how seldom we hear of women forging!

Prison reports the country over for 1891-2 show an alarming increase in the population of such institutions, but such statistics do not show a proportionate increase in crime among women. One of the propelling forces leading to criminality upon which the authorities are quite agreed is "the desire to live beyond legitimate means," and ever since women began wearing "store clothes" they have been accused of this very thing. Why, then, do they not steal to gratify this desire as their brothers do?

Through the courtesy of the warden I was permitted to visit the woman's department of the Western penitentiary. So far as I know I then stood for the first time face to face with a criminal of my own sex. I assure all who have not had the experience that it is a painful one, even though one cannot fully realize the situation just at the time. That character can be read in the countenance had up to that time been a pet theory of mine. It has been exploded

There they sat in the light sewing room, working away as demurely and industriously and apparently as contentedly as if at a boarding school. Smiling and good humored, too, as if never a thought of evildoing had crossed the mind. There were pink and white blonds, the soulful blue eyes one reads about, and clear skinned brunettes, with the equally fetching dark eyes of that quality commonly called mournful, but whether blonds or brunettes I think the most expert observer, without having known they were criminals, could not have guessed it, nor could he have picked out from the lot those having had murder in their hearts or on their hands.—Meg in Philadelphia Times.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by, Baby.'" "The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."—Ram's Horn.

What She Forgot.

Visitor—So you have a little baby brother?

Little Girl—Yes'm. I prayed for a little baby sister, but I s'pose the angels had run out of girl babies. I forgot to tell them there wasn't any hurry.—Good News

A Growing Pleasure.

He—Aren't you pleased with the way my mustache is growing?

She—Yes, indeed! I'm more tickled with it every time you call.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Cold.

Mamma—Why don't you go outdoors and play?

Little Daughter—I've lost dolly's mittens.—Good News.

WHAT CIDER IS MADE OF.

Some Things Besides Apples That Find Their Way Into the Mills.

"Them's 'good cider apples,'" said the cider miller. "Ain't nothin the matter with them."

"But they are windfalls, for the most part, all knotty and dried up. Miserable things."

"Make tiptop cider, them apples will," persisted the miller.

"But look at the rotten ones. Half of the apples that I can see are touched with decay, while a great many of them are rotten from skin to skin. Look at that," said the correspondent, poking his cane into one of the apples. "There isn't a sound spot in it."

"That don't hurt 'em none for cider," answered the miller. "Makes the cider all the better, some folks says."

"How about wormy apples? Are they fit to make into cider?"

The miller had talked long enough, and so one of the hangers on about the place volunteered a reply:

"Gues you wasn't ever into a cider mill 'fore today, was ye? If you had been, I reckon you wouldn't ask no questions about worms. Worms don't hurt cider none."

The correspondent looked incredulous.

"Don't you b'lieve it? Well, I tell ye what t' do. When you go home tonight, just try an experiment. Wait till it's dark, an then take two apples an go down int' the cellar an see if you can tell the difference 'twixt the one with a worm into it an t'other one."

"What do you mean? Why do you tell me to go down into the cellar?"

"Why, that's the most darkish place 'bout the house, ain't it? Don't take no light wich ye."

"But how am I to examine the apples in the dark? Of course I shouldn't know which was which just by feeling of them."

"Thunder'n lightnin, you don't s'pose I wanted ye't' go down there an sit round a-feelin of the apples, did ye? That wan't what I meant. What I meant was this: You jest take a wormy apple an a sound one an go down int' the cellar an eat 'em, an I'll bet ye a shillin you won't know when you eat the worm."

The correspondent shuddered.

"Don't that prove it?" ran on the man. "Course it does. We put the worms right int' the grater 'long with the rest. How many of 'em they is we don't know. All we know is that they all turn into cider, an the man ain't livin that kin tell when he's drinkin the cider what part's apple juice an what part's worm juice.

"Then, ag'in, we couldn't do diff'rent if we tried. We couldn't send every wormy apple to a hospital an doctor it with vermifuge till we'd killed off the live stock. No, sir, the worms has to go, an they'll keep a-goin, I s'pose, till one of 'em cruelty to animal fellers shuts down on it an makes us 'gree to dose the worms with chloryform 'fore we grind 'em up."—New York Times.

The Tomb of Confucius.

The city of Chufu-hsien, the Mecca of the believers in Confucianism, is in the province of Shangtung, one of the most populous districts of the orient. Here Confucius was born, and here his sacred bones lie buried. The tomb, which is located in one of the largest cemeteries in the province, about three miles out from the city above mentioned, is one of the most imposing in the whole empire.

The grave itself is surmounted by an earth mound about 12 feet in height, the whole surrounded by a cluster of gnarled oaks and stately cypress trees. Before the mound is a tablet about 6 feet broad and 20 feet high, upon which is inscribed the names and deeds of the great founder of Confucianism, a religion adhered to by over 400,000,000 human beings. The burden of this inscription, according to reliable translation, is "Perfect One," "Absolutely Pure," "Perfect Sage," "First Teacher," "Great Philosopher," etc.

The avenue which leads up to the philosopher's tomb is even more interesting than the actual place of burial itself. On each side of the avenue are rows of figures of huge animals cut in stone—lions, tigers, elephants and horses, besides numerous mythical creatures, such as animals half dog and half frog, beasts with four legs and twice as many wings, besides a multitude of unnamable monsters that never lived on the earth, in the water or in the air. Taken altogether, the burial place of Confucius is one of the chief spots of interest in the orient.—St. Louis Republic.

It Outlived the Pharaohs.

The stone age and the bronze age have passed, but the advertising age remains.

Advertising is not so very modern. The pharaohs were prudent advertisers. With what subtilty they put their ads in crafty lines on obelisk and pyramid, and they have drawn in the shekels splendidly!

Advertising is the searchlight of trade. The advertiser is more privileged than the plaintiff's attorney. The former not merely has the opening and closing addresses, but keeps the ear of the jury all the time.

No exposition ever had such worldwide reputation as the Columbian. Why not? No other has ever advertised so ably and elaborately. Cause and effect!—Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

Mathematics and Money.

Husband—According to your own figures, you spent over $100 this year in cheap fripperies which had to be thrown away after once wearing. That $100 would have bought a piece of lace that would have lasted a lifetime—in fact, could be used by your descendants for generations.

Wife—Well, give me $100, and I will buy the lace for next year.

Husband—Um—never mind. I—I don't think lace is very becoming to your style of beauty. Here's 10 cents for another ruffle.—New York Weekly.

Different.

Head of the House (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?

Young Man—Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a three months' gas bill to collect.

Head of the House (in a milder tone)—I see. You will please call again.—London Million.

His Love.

Primus—Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.

Secundus—Which of the girls is it, young man?

Primus—Any of the three, sir.—Paris Grelot.

Hypnotism and Hysteria.

An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies, mental and physical, that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained it passes off very quickly.—Exchange.

She Was Liberal.

City Missionary—My good woman, did you ever give a cup of cold water to any one?

Mrs. Rafferty—Sure an Oi hev. Only yistiddy Oi threw a whole bucketful on me husband's head.—Harper's Bazar.

New York city, with its 800,000 Hebrews, may properly be said to contain more Israelites than all Palestine.

POINTS AT CUE ENDS.

THEY SCORE AT THE TIP AND SHOW CHARACTER AT THE BUTT.

Watch a Man Playing Billiards, and You Will Learn Something About His Disposition—How to Tell the "Sharp"—Signs Which Betoken the Mean Man.

During these days of graphology, physiognomy and bootology—if I may coin a word for the science of character studying from one's old boots—it will not be surprising to learn that a man's many weaknesses and good or bad qualities invariably manifest themselves when "cannoning" or "hazarding" with the fascinating ivories. Let me see a man play a hundred up, and I will tell you with unerring accuracy more about his everyday character than the ordinary observer would know after years of close intercourse.

A well known authority, in a treatise on billiards, by way of warning to the tyro, says, "Beware of the man who carries the chalk in his trousers pocket and calls the marker John, for verily he is a sharp." With all due deference to the writer of the advice, I must say that my own experience is in direct antipodes to his aphorism. The sharp of today is not so easily spotted. You see that man playing over at the far table, possessed of a childlike and bland manner? Well, that is the modern billiard sharp. With patent leather boots and dressed with faultless taste, he lies in wait for the unsuspicious and confiding learner. To all appearances he is a perfect stranger to the marker, and it would not do to hint that the latter is subsidized and "goes whacks" in the spoil. Our gentleman sharp, you will notice, inquires innocently the way to turn the marking board, makes a tremendous number of scientific misses, does not carry the chalk in his pocket, makes shots worthy of Roberts himself and then apologizes for them to his unsuspecting opponent as "beastly flukes." He is most profuse with "I beg your pardon, sir," when he "unintentionally" pots his antagonist's white and assures him, with every expression of sincerity, that "he played for a screw cannon."

At the commencement of the game he insinuatingly suggests that the small sum of 2s. 6d. shall be a stake on the game, not for the sake of having a bet, but just to have a little "interest" in the game, while his real reason is to have both principal and interest in his pocket. He never wins by too many, and then he has been "exceedingly lucky to win," "the balls ran for him," but he will give his opponent "double or quits" on the next game if he cares to have his revenge. He constantly ejaculates "Hard lines, sir," "You are having all the bad luck," and so the sharp plucks his pigeon.

From my experience I should say that no game of skill in the world brings out a man's meanness like billiards. There is a mean man playing. Watch him prepare for the combat. Probably he has argued his friend into giving him half the game, for he never plays with a stranger—he might get taken in, he says. See him carefully chalk his cue, and with what care and anxiety he gives the preliminary miss in balk, his face expressive of his mental agony for fear the ball should stop out of balk. Watch him during the progress of the game, how he walks round the table and views the position of the balls when it is his stroke from every part of the table, lest he should by an oversight give his opponent an advantage. His hesitation over each shot is prolonged, and when he does make up his mind to strike his nervous prostration is terrible as the balls go spinning round the table, and he knocks one of the shades off as he flourishes his cue about in his endeavor to influence the course of the balls. Great is his disappointment when he fails to score. Listen to his grumbles deep and loud when his adversary brings off "a fluke." Let us leave him, for it is dreadfully painful to play with him, and to see him grudgingly part with a shilling, if he be the loser, is like having a tooth drawn. "When found" in a billiard room, "make a note of" and avoid. The jolly, good natured man is the life and soul of the room. He doesn't care a straw whether he wins or loses. He wants a game and means to enjoy it. "Which ball do I prefer?" he says. "I don't care. They are both round." Off he goes, forgets to chalk his cue and then laughs heartily when he gives a miss, rarely asks for points, and if you beat him will ask you to have a cigar, tips the marker and laughs loud and long when you make some extraordinary fluke. You play carelessly with the generous man, and as a consequence often get beaten, but you take your defeat kindly enough from a man like this.

The grumbler and the mean man at billiards are very much akin, and you take a keen delight, in which the spectators participate, in giving him a sound beating. He is to be met with in every large room, and whether the game be pool, pyramids or billiards his grumbles are to the fore, to the annoyance of every one, with the result that he gets intensely hated. He is always being "sold" at pool and is "the unluckiest man in the world." "Gets the yellow ball, which is crooked, nine times out of ten," and he "missed a certain division through one of the spectators ordering a mild and bitter." His tip always comes off on an important stroke which would have won him the game, he "missed a big break through his ball, which, by the way, is anything but round, jumping over an infinitesimal piece of chalk on the cloth," which the marker fails to find. "There is not a straight cue in the room," the cushions are too slow or too fast, bad light, the gas flickers, the room is drafty. Who can make a shot with all this row? And the marker is the worst he ever met—"always talking to some one and not paying attention to the game." One would wonder that he continues to play with all these various conditions against him. He leaves the room in a temper every night, to the great relief of the frequenters, solemnly vowing that he will never play again, only to bob up grumblingly the next night. He can't help it, poor fellow! It is his nature. Watch that youth over there. He has just been talking of a big 50 break he made while on his recent holidays and playing the marker of the hotel at Slosbcum-on-the-Sand. "Take points?" Not he! "Will play the best player in the room level." He rolls up his sleeves, takes the chalk out of his pocket and after a big flourish commences the game. The uninitiated are prepared for something big, but are doomed to disappointment, as the youngster is only an empty boaster, just learning to play, and after being hopelessly beaten by 60 says he is out of form tonight and the table does not suit him. He is quite content to part with his shilling if he conveys the impression that he is a great player.—London Sporting Life.

Absurd.

German Landlord (to agent for firm of wine growers)—How is it you sell your red native wine dearer than your white?

Agent—Do you think we get the color for nothing?—Tit-Bits.

A Conclusive Argument.

First Dog—That's my ham bone.

Second Dog—Gr-r-r-r-o-o-o-u-u-r-r-a-a-l-l-a-a-y-r-r-e.

First Dog—I'm wrong; it's your bone.—Philadelphia Call.

A LAND OF MYSTERY.

The Weird Sketch of Country Tapped by the Nevada Southern Road.

One of the most peculiar and interesting places on the American continent lies across the diagonal line that forms the southern boundary of the state of Nevada, spreading into California and reaching almost to the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. The old forty-niners passed through this section during the California gold excitement. Many perished from the thirst, and the remains of their wagons, such as the tires and other iron parts, may be found strewn about the valleys.

Near Resting springs a man of the name of Lee has a ranch, an Indian wife and family of eight children. Not far from there is what is believed to be the famous Gunsight mine. One of the pioneers in passing through that section picked up a piece of lead almost pure and made a sight for his gun with it. It was so rich that when he told the story in civilization prospectors started out to locate it. The fact of the similarity of all the valleys led many astray, and they perished from thirst. His description of the spot applied to so many spots that no one has been able to locate the mine, but the present owners believe they have found it.

The valley adjoining that which is the route of the Nevada Southern is called Pahrump. It is the principal one of them all for gold and silver and lead mines. Up the valley, which is one of those dry, barren sand gulches between two perpendicular walls of rock, is the Mesquite stamp mill. On one side is the Keystone gold mine, from which $90,000 has been extracted. Up at the head of the alley is the Montgomery gold district. Several miles above the mill is the Pahrump springs, where a hardy pioneer has settled in a beautiful little oasis and reared a family.

Those who have visited the family say that away off there, imprisoned by canyon walls and sandy deserts, is the most beautiful woman in the west. She is one of nature's queens, and her fame for beauty is spreading quite rapidly since grim civilization placed his foot in the Pahrump valley. The Pahrump valley has not been noted for its civilization. A band of renegade Indians—a mixture of the Mohaves, Chingowayras and Pintes, all of which inhabit that country—have settled in it. They once had a chief, and when he died his son was the candidate for the chieftainship.

The tribe did not want him and would not elect him, so they went without a head, but not for long. Tecopa stepped into the job and has since held it and is looked up to as the chief. Chief Tecopa's attire consists of a plug hat and an old striped shirt. Once in awhile he wears trousers, but very seldom. When Mr. Blake went there Chief Tecopa said that he owned all that country, and that his consent was necessary before any railroads could be built. His consent could be bought with a plug hat and a red striped shirt. These being promised over a pipe, Tecopa allowed the white chief to proceed with his railroad.—Denver Republican.

Fish.

Firmness of the flesh and clearness of the eyes are the great criteria of any fish being fresh and good. In mackerel such tests are most important, as also in fresh herrings and in fresh water fish. The flavor and excellence of salmon, too, depend upon its firmness, and it should be tested in the same way. Cod is known to be fresh by the rigidity of the muscles or flesh, the redness of the gills and clearness of the eyes. Turbot and all flat white fish, besides being rigid and firm when fresh, will have the under side of a rich cream color. If out of season or too long kept, this becomes a bluish white and the flesh soft and flaccid. Lobsters, crabs and cray fish recently caught always retain some remains of muscular action in the claws, which may be excited by pressing the eyes with the fingers. When boiled, the tail of the lobster preserves its elasticity if fresh, but loses it as soon as it becomes stale. The heaviest lobsters are the best. When light, they are watery and poor. Prawns and shrimps, when fresh, are firm and crisp. If oysters are fresh, the shells are firmly closed. When the shells are open, the fish are dead and unfit for food. A peculiar elasticity will be perceived in fish recently caught, little or no permanent impression being made by the ordinary pressure of the fingers, the flesh immediately rising again. Fresh fish also lie in a slightly curved position and never quite straight.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Wasn't Superstitious.

A friend said to me the other day, "I used to be superstitious, but I have overcome the feeling entirely."

"Entirely?" I echoed.

"Oh, yes," was her reply. "Beginning anything on Friday or on the thirteenth of the month, going under ladders, refusing to turn back after I have started out, picking up black pins, meeting cross eyed people on Monday, singing before breakfast—in fact, all those ridiculous ideas—I have got bravely over."

"Good!" I replied as I put on my bonnet—we were going out together—"I am glad to know that you are so sensible."

"Have you got a hatpin you can loan me, Polly, dear?" she asked.

An idea struck me. I went to my jewel case and took out a long scarfpin with an opal head and handed it to her. She took it and then dropped it as if it was hot.

"Mercy me!" she cried, "I wouldn't wear an opal for $100 a minute!"

"But I thought you weren't superstitious?"

"Oh, well, opals everybody knows about. That's a fact and not a superstition," was her unconvincing and ungrammatical reply.

So there you are!—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Time Lost by an Overcoat.

He was an eminent practitioner in Philadelphia, and one of his patients noticed that he more often than otherwise came into the room with his overcoat on. Questioned about it, the doctor said:

"Whenever I can, I keep on my overcoat. It saves time. I average, say, 40 calls a day. Now, I cannot get on and off my overcoat in less than a minute. This would be 40 minutes wasted. I must save my time, and that is one of the best ways of doing it."

"But, doctor," expostulated the patient, "you would not recommend such a practice to me. You would at once say to me that keeping on my overcoat in the house would excite perspiration and so give me a cold when I went out."

"Yes, I would say that to you—you are the patient. I the doctor. Do as I say, not as I do."—Philadelphia Call.

A Firm Foundation.

The lady has implied a doubt as to the statement of the dairyman.

"Madam," he said indignantly, "my reputation rests upon my butter."

"Well," she replied testily, "you needn't get ugly about it. The foundation is strong enough to keep it up forever."—Detroit Free Press.

A Big Surprise.

Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkemdown paid a high compliment to me today.

Mother—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that a woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnny—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am.—Tit-Bits.

INDIANS AND LUNATICS.

The Former's Respect For the Latter Once Saved a Yale Professor.

"One very peculiar characteristic of the Indian," said Major Barbour, a former plainsman now metamorphosed into a clubman and raconteur, "is his reverence, amounting to absolute fear in many instances, of an insane person. They never harm one whom they believe to be mentally affected. I remember one striking instance which will illustrate. I was a member of the expedition headed by General Custer that made a tour through the Yellowstone valley and that section of the country the year before the Custer massacre.

"It was put on foot in the interest of science, and we had a lot of fellows from the Smithsonian institution and about a dozen Yale professors. It was a big party, comprising two or three companies of cavalry, one of infantry and some artillery, so the Sioux, who at that time simply swarmed over that country, were afraid to tackle us. But they hung around us all the time, and General Custer gave orders after two men who were hunting had been killed that no one should leave camp without permission.

"Those Yale professors just worried the life out of the soldiers. Every professor had a detail of five men who had to watch him. They would go around picking up bugs and chasing butterflies all over the prairie and would break up rocks and powwow over them with magnifying glasses until the soldiers swore that every man of them was a howling idiot.

"One day the worst old fellow in the crowd, a bugologist, who wore two pairs of glasses—one red and one green—managed in some way or other to get out of the sight of his detail and wandered two or three miles away. He ran plump into a gang of Sioux. He walked up to them and offered to shake hands. They grabbed him, and the first thing they did was to dive down into a big green baize bag he carried.

"They pulled out lizards and pieces of clay and bits of rock and bugs and the worst assortment of truck imaginable. Just about this time the old professor caught sight of a peculiar looking bug. He caught it, pulled out his glass and began to study it. That settled it.

"An Indian took him by the hand, led him to a hill close by, and pointing to the army below said, 'Go.' He came back and said that the soldiers totally misunderstood the Indians. 'Why, I found them the most polite and courteous of people,' said he to General Custer. But the old chief afterward told me that they wouldn't have had him stay in that country for anything on earth."—Washington Post.

An African Pest.

With regard to the utility of the crocodile there are diverse opinions. It is certainly a scavenger, though when the rapid currents of most rivers are taken into consideration the importance of his mission dwindles. The author of "In the Moramba Marsh" says that along the banks of African streams it is dangerous to approach the river edge. Water for domestic purposes is obtained from the top of the banks by means of a cup attached to a bamboo pole 20 or 30 feet in length, and in spite of these precautions the death roll is a most ghastly one.

The primitive dugouts used by the natives for traveling on the rivers are in many cases merely deathtraps. While the man is paddling along, barely two inches above the surface of the water, the crocodile seizes his hand and drags him to the bottom.

On one occasion I sent down some letters by a Hindoo merchant, and a few weeks later heard that both letters and postman had been devoured by crocodiles. At another time I was strolling along the bank, and hearing cries arrived at the water's edge in time to seize a young boy whose leg had been caught by one of these brutes and torn from him. He escaped with his life, thanks to my timely arrival.

In some places one sees thousands of crocodiles on a mud bank, most of them scarcely 2 inches in length, evidently just hatched. A week does not pass but in some river village wails and lamentations are heard for a fresh victim to the crocodile's insatiable appetite.—Youth's Companion.

Working a Racket.

The tramp was looking fairly respectable, and as he moved along the street a brilliant idea occurred to him—how to work a racket for a breakfast—and he went into the first good looking residence he came to and knocked at the front door. The lady of the house came out.

"Do you want to know how to prevent moths in carpets?"

"No," she replied curtly.

"Want to know how to prevent mold in first floor closets?"

"No."

"Want to know how to clean windows without water?"

"No."

"Would you like the secret of preserving the polish on furniture?"

"No."

He hesitated a moment.

"Excuse me," he said insinuatingly, "can I get something to eat here?"

"Of course you can," she replied promptly. "Why didn't you say so at first? Go on around to the kitchen door." And as he followed her directions he kicked himself four times for ever letting a brilliant thought occur to him how to work a racket.—Detroit Free Press.

Praising the Chinese Servant.

"I have had a good deal of experience with Chinese labor," said Judge Worden of Denver, "and my belief is that the Chinese make the best servants in the world. They will do just what you tell them to and in the way that you tell them to do it. A combination of three virtues constitutes their principal fault—they are industrious, obedient and frugal. Hence they will do more work, do it more willingly, do it cheaper and save more money than any other race of people. The difference in wages is not as great as is generally represented, and the coolies on the fruit farms in southern California, where I have seen more of them than any place else, are paid as well as similar labor is elsewhere. As house servants they are par excellence. They will obey the rules of the household and do not draw the lines as to what their duties shall or shall not be. They can be relied upon and are not given to changing employers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A King Who Could Change the Winds.

King Erricus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm arose they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again wearing his magic cap!"—St. Louis Republic.

A Cold Snap.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?"

"Yep."

"And the result?"

"The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."—Indianapolis Journal.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE WHALE CONSIDERED AS A MAMMAL.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal Beauty—Where the Capitol Has Been in the United States—Wild Goose Triangle.

Australia is set in the midst of a whale frequented sea, and it is but natural, therefore, that Sydney should have the best collection of whales in the world. An observer of the natural history of the whale writes from there: The whale is not a fish at all. It is a warm blooded, air breathing, simple, affectionate animal. It has descended from a family which "once upon a time" had four legs and lived upon the land. The law of nature is that if any organ is not used it becomes atrophied, useless and finally disappears. If a man uses his tongue too much and neglects his brain, the latter will become atrophied. We can see that law working today in New South Wales.

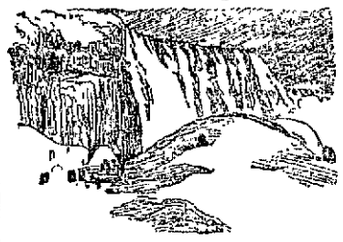
The whale family found the life was too hard on shore, so the members took to the sea. A tail was of more service there than hind legs, so the hind legs gradually went out of fashion, and the tail developed enormously. Then the fore paws were gradually modified into a monster fin.

The first time I noticed anything peculiar about a whale was off the coast of Peru a good many years ago. We had harpooned a large sperm whale that had a calf with her, and the whole desire of the mother whale appeared to be to save her babe, which was between 12 and 15 feet long. When the mother rose to the surface, gasping for air, she tried to get the baby on to her great fin and carry her away from the cruel hunters, but the rope attached to the harpoon kept her back. She had to give way to the merciless power of her pursuers, and her frantic efforts on behalf of her babe only hastened her own doom. After she had covered the sea with blood and foam and lay "fin up" in death, the little one came alongside of the dead mother and rubbed its nose against the smooth black skin and whistled pitifully to the one that would answer nevermore.

When we had planted our flag on the dead mother's body and cut loose from our harpoon, it became necessary to kill the little one. A protest arose from all the crew, for we were human beings, with hearts as tender as other people, and we were touched at the sight of the baby whale's grief, but we had to submit to see it harpooned, for its own sake. It had lost the "school" of whales now to which its mother belonged, and it would be starved to death on the trackless sea, or it would fall an easy victim to the swordfish, thrashers, sharks or other pirates of the sea.

A Monster Ice Bound.

The dull roar, the smooth glassy green rush over the precipice, the soft white foam, giving one the idea of the greatest reserve power in the world; the placid, lakelike expanse above, then the impatient rapid, which spares the islands and bridges apparently only in obedience to a supreme will—this is the impression that many visitors have carried away from Niagara. But, impossible as it may seem, the falls some times freeze in winter into a great hill of ice.



NIAGARA IN WINTER.

The Niagara river receives the waters of the upper lakes and flows on, full and clear, perpetually the same, not materially affected by either rains or droughts, except that about once every seven years its waters have a gradual rise and fall, which are attributed to some undiscovered disturbance that affects Lake Erie. It has long been a theory that the deep chasm through which the river flows and the gigantic cataract have been made by the action of the water on the limestone strata through countless ages. Within the short period of less than 100 years changes have occurred that appear to support this theory. Sir Charles Lyell's estimate of the wearing away of the falls is about one foot of the precipice every year.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal of Beauty.

Grenaille, a French author of the sixteenth century, wrote a large and very scientific book on female beauty and endowed his ideal of female loveliness with the following attributes: "Youth, medium stature, medium fulness of form, chestnut brown hair, symmetry of limb, a delicate skin revealing the blue veins, rosy complexion, a smooth, serene brow; uniformly arched temples; narrow eyebrows, which do not meet; eloquent, dark brown eyes; a winsome smile, cherry red lips, a small mouth; small, milk white teeth, a sweet breath; a soft, agreeable voice; a chin which does not protrude and is graced by a dimple; small, rosy ears; a slender throat of ivory whiteness; small, soft, white hands; nicely tapering fingers, graceful gestures; an even, dignified walk; shining finger nails, smooth and well curved; an even, pleasant temperament; good taste in dress, superficial education, small, pretty feet, and attentive demeanor toward others."

Where the Capital Has Been.

The capital of the United States has been situated at different times in different places. An exchange gives the following list of them with dates: At Philadelphia from Sept. 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from Dec. 20, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from Sept. 27, 1777, to Sept. 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from Sept. 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., from June 30, 1783, to Nov. 20, 1783; at Annapolis from November, 1783, to November, 1784; at Trenton from November, 1784, to January, 1785; at New York from Jan. 11, 1785, to 1790, when the seat of government was changed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

Why Wild Geese Form a Triangle In Flight.

Why do flocks of wild ducks and geese form a triangle when they have to fly long distances? It is said to be because they know that in that form they can cleave the air most easily. The most courageous bird takes its position at the apex of the great triangle, and when it becomes weary with the heavy task another takes its place.

Designs on Coins.

Numismatists say that no human head was impressed on coins until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that were of deities.

A Great Impression.

Fogg—Was up at Grosgrain's last evening. His daughter spoke of you. You have made an impression there, you young racal.

Fenderson—I believe I am something of a lady killer.

Fogg—Yes, the Grosgrain girls said they thought they would die a-laughing about you after you went away.—Boston Transcript.

Contentment

is folly when you might do better.

What is the matter with your time? A little fast? A little slow? Always a few minutes wrong?—Does your watch cost more to carry than it did to buy it? Repairs, regulating, cleaning; a dollar or two every time you bump it? You might save it over and over in a year; show just as much style and always be on time, too, with the new, quick-winding Waterbury.

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FEW WOMEN IN PRISON

DOES THAT PROVE THAT THEY ARE BETTER THAN MEN?

A Newspaper Woman Has Been Investigating the Subject—A Penitentiary Warden Tells Her That the Courts Are Lenient, but She Refutes Him Easily.

I have been studying prison statistics, and I find the average proportion is 20 women to 1,000 men. In the case of the Columbus (O.) penitentiary there are only 98 women to nearly 2,000 men. At the Western penitentiary in this state there are 10 women to over 1,000 men. Talking with the courteous warden of this latter institution a few days since, I asked him for his theory and got it with readiness. It was with a mind made up that he answered, "It is largely owing to the leniency of the court that more women are not convicted."

"But," said I, "people must be arraigned before they can be convicted, and there are proportionately so few women brought to trial. Either they do not violate the law, or they are more clever in covering up their tracks, and this with a cleverness that amounts to talent, and even if this last be true does there not still remain something to be said for them from a worldly point of view? The Spartans taught their youth the sin was not in stealing, but in being found out, you know." And the warden agreed that the Spartans were not all dead yet, or at least that their teachings had lived after them, but would concede nothing to women on the ground of morality.

Women are something of a bother to most men, but to wardens in particular, I have concluded, and having known them both wisely and well I suppose when one such custodian insists that women of a low grade are worse than men of the same grade we should accept his judgment without question. But what I want to find out is why there are not as many women as men of this same grade? Warden Wright goes further and is especially positive that women in general are not better than men, and that once bad they are more incorrigible, and it is his experience that there are not so many reformations among women convicts as among the men, by which we may infer that women love wrongdoing.

Out of the fullness of his knowledge Mr. Wright argues that by the time women land in the penitentiary they are so steeped in sin as to be quite past redemption here, and I got the impression he had not much hope of them hereafter.

But let us see about the iniquity of women. In the first place, there are more women than men in the world. Therefore if women are more immoral than men ought they not to commit at least an equal number of crimes?

But they have not equal opportunity. They are not in the world as men are, therefore are not so beset by temptations, is the reply. But we may deny this, since there are now over 500 occupations for women and all crowded until there is scarcely any room, even at the top, whereas in 1850 there were but 40 employments in which women earned a living.

They are now by the hundreds working shoulder to shoulder with men in all the professions and a majority of the trades. And are they not subjected to the same temptations? It is now quite the exception to find a man on the cashier's stool in stores and restaurants, etc., and could there be a better card to woman's honesty? And yet it has been said women are only given this place and like places of responsibility because they can be hired for less money. So more the temptation to steal then. If women are so prone to go to such lengths to gratify their love for dress, as has been asserted, would they not, unless morally better, be more likely to steal than men who are paid a living salary and have less provocation?

But who ever heard of a woman running away with funds intrusted to her? There is no such curiosity on exhibition in the human menagerie at the Western penitentiary at least, though, to tell the truth, there is a greater one—that of a horse thief! The mention of this freak feminine suggests one more "manly pursuit" as free to women as to men. Why do not more women steal horses? They admire them, and surely a stolen horse is worth as much owned or sold to a woman who would steal as to a man?

And are not women as clever with the pen? Then why not Jane the penman as well as Jim? Yet how seldom we hear of women forging!

Prison reports the country over for 1891-2 show an alarming increase in the population of such institutions, but such statistics do not show a proportionate increase in crime among women. One of the propelling forces leading to criminality upon which the authorities are quite agreed is "the desire to live beyond legitimate means," and ever since women began wearing "store clothes" they have been accused of this very thing. Why, then, do they not steal to gratify this desire as their brothers do?

Through the courtesy of the warden I was permitted to visit the woman's department of the Western penitentiary. So far as I know I then stood for the first time face to face with a criminal of my own sex. I assure all who have not had the experience that it is a painful one, even though one cannot fully realize the situation just at the time. That character can be read in the countenance had up to that time been a pet theory of mine. It has been exploded

There they sat in the light sewing room, working away as demurely and industriously and apparently as contentedly as if at a boarding school. Smiling and good humored, too, as if never a thought of evildoing had crossed the mind. There were pink and white blonds, the soulful blue eyes one reads about, and clear skinned brunettes, with the equally fetching dark eyes of that quality commonly called mournful, but whether blonds or brunettes I think the most expert observer, without having known they were criminals, could not have guessed it, nor could he have picked out from the lot those having had murder in their hearts or on their hands.—Meg in Philadelphia Times.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of burglarizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by, Baby.'" "The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."—Ram's Horn.

What She Forgot.

Visitor—So you have a little baby brother?

Little Girl—Yes'm. I prayed for a little baby sister, but I s'pose the angels had run out of girl babies. I forgot to tell them there wasn't any hurry.—Good News

A Growing Pleasure.

He—Aren't you pleased with the way my mustache is growing?

She—Yes, indeed! I'm more tickled with it every time you call.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Cold.

Mamma—Why don't you go outdoors and play?

Little Daughter—I've lost dolly's mittens.—Good News.

WHAT CIDER IS MADE OF.

Some Things Besides Apples That Find Their Way Into the Mills.

"Them's good cider apples," said the cider miller, "Ain't nothin the matter with them."

"But they are windfalls, for the most part, all knotty and dried up. Miserable things."

"Make tiptop cider, them apples will," persisted the miller.

"But look at the rotten ones. Half of the apples that I can see are touched with decay, while a great many of them are rotten from skin to skin. Look at that," said the correspondent, poking his cane into one of the apples. "There isn't a sound spot in it."

"That don't hurt 'em none for cider," answered the miller. "Makes the cider all the better, some folks says."

"How about wormy apples? Are they fit to make into cider?"

The miller had talked long enough, and so one of the hangers on about the place volunteered a reply:

"Guess you wasn't ever into a cider mill 'fore today, was ye? If you had been, I reckon you wouldn't ask no questions about worms. Worms don't hurt cider none."

The correspondent looked incredulous.

"Don't you b'lieve it? Well, I tell ye what t' do. When you go home tonight, just try an experiment. Wait till it's dark, an then take two apples an go down int' the cellar an see if you can tell the difference 'twixt the one with a worm into it an t'other one."

"What do you mean? Why do you tell me to go down into the cellar?"

"Why, that's the most darkish place 'bout the house, ain't it? Don't take no light with ye."

"But how am I to examine the apples in the dark? Of course I shouldn't know which was which just by feeling of them."

"Thunder'n lightnin, you don't s'pose I wanted ye't' go down there an sit round a-feelin of the apples, did ye? That wan't what I meant. What I meant was this: You jest take a wormy apple an a sound one an go down int' the cellar an eat 'em, an I'll bet ye a shillin you won't know when you eat the worm."

The correspondent shuddered.

"Don't that prove it?" ran on the man. "Course it does. We put the worms right int' the grater 'long with the rest. How many of 'em they is we don't know. All we know is that they all turn into cider, an the man ain't livin that kin tell when he's drinkin the cider what part's apple juice an what part's worm juice.

"Then, ag'in, we couldn't do diff'rent if we tried. We couldn't send every wormy apple to a hospital an doctor it with vermifuge till we'd killed off the live stock. No, sir, the worms has to go, an they'll keep a-goin, I s'pose, till one of 'em cruelty to animal fellers shuts down on it an makes us 'gree to dose the worms with chloryform 'fore we grind 'em up."—New York Times.

The Tomb of Confucius.

The city of Chufu-hsien, the Mecca of the believers in Confucianism, is in the province of Shangtung, one of the most populous districts of the orient. Here Confucius was born, and here his sacred bones lie buried. The tomb, which is located in one of the largest cemeteries in the province, about three miles out from the city above mentioned, is one of the most imposing in the whole empire.

The grave itself is surmounted by an earth mound about 12 feet in height, the whole surrounded by a cluster of gnarled oaks and stately cypress trees. Before the mound is a tablet about 6 feet broad and 20 feet high, upon which is inscribed the names and deeds of the great founder of Confucianism, a religion adhered to by over 400,000,000 human beings. The burden of this inscription, according to reliable translation, is "Perfect One," "Absolutely Pure," "Perfect Sage," "First Teacher," "Great Philosopher," etc.

The avenue which leads up to the philosopher's tomb is even more interesting than the actual place of burial itself. On each side of the avenue are rows of figures of huge animals cut in stone—lions, tigers, elephants and horses, besides numerous mythical creatures, such as animals half dog and half frog, beasts with four legs and twice as many wings, besides a multitude of unnamable monsters that never lived on the earth, in the water or in the air. Taken altogether, the burial place of Confucius is one of the chief spots of interest in the orient.—St. Louis Republic.

It Outlived the Pharaohs.

The stone age and the bronze age have passed, but the advertising age remains.

Advertising is not so very modern. The pharaohs were prudent advertisers. With what subtility they put their ads in crafty lines on obelisk and pyramid, and they have drawn in the shekels splendidly!

Advertising is the searchlight of trade.

The advertiser is more privileged than the plaintiff's attorney. The former not merely has the opening and closing addresses, but keeps the ear of the jury all the time.

No exposition ever had such worldwide reputation as the Columbian. Why not? No other has ever advertised so ably and elaborately. Cause and effect.—Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

Mathematics and Money.

Husband—According to your own figures, you spent over $100 this year in cheap fripperies which had to be thrown away after once wearing. That $100 would have bought a piece of lace that would have lasted a lifetime—in fact, could be used by your descendants for generations.

Wife—Well, give me $100, and I will buy the lace for next year.

Husband—Um—never mind. I—I don't think lace is very becoming to your style of beauty. Here's 10 cents for another ruffle.—New York Weekly.

Different.

Head of the House (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?

Young Man—Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a three months' gas bill to collect.

Head of the House (in a milder tone)—I see. You will please call again.—London Million.

His Love.

Primus—Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.

Secundus—Which of the girls is it, young man?

Primus—Any of the three, sir.—Paris Grelot.

Hypnotism and Hysteria.

An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies, mental and physical, that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained it passes off very quickly.—Exchange.

She Was Liberal.

City Missionary—My good woman, did you ever give a cup of cold water to any one?

Mrs. Rafferty—Sure an Oi hev. Only yisthiddy Oi threw a whole bucketful on me husband's head.—Harper's Bazar.

New York city, with its 800,000 Hebrews, may properly be said to contain more Israelites than all Palestine.

POINTS AT CUE ENDS.

THEY SCORE AT THE TIP AND SHOW CHARACTER AT THE BUTT.

Watch a Man Playing Billiards, and You Will Learn Something About His Disposition—How to Tell the "Sharp"—Signs Which Betoken the Mean Man.

During these days of graphology, physiognomy and bootology—if I may coin a word for the science of character studying from one's old boots—it will not be surprising to learn that a man's many weaknesses and good or bad qualities invariably manifest themselves when "cannoning" or "hazarding" with the fascinating ivories. Let me see a man play a hundred up, and I will tell you with unerring accuracy more about his everyday character than the ordinary observer would know after years of close intercourse.

A well known authority, in a treatise on billiards, by way of warning to the tyro, says, "Beware of the man who carries the chalk in his trousers pocket and calls the marker John, for verily he is a sharp." With all due deference to the writer of the advice, I must say that my own experience is in direct antipodes to his aphorism. The sharp of today is not so easily spotted. You see that man playing over at the far table, possessed of a childlike and bland manner? Well, that is the modern billiard sharp. With patent leather boots and dressed with faultless taste, he lies in wait for the unsuspicious and confiding learner. To all appearances he is a perfect stranger to the marker, and it would not do to hint that the latter is subsidized and "goes whacks" in the spoil. Our gentleman sharp, you will notice, inquires innocently the way to turn the marking board, makes a tremendous number of scientific misses, does not carry the chalk in his pocket, makes shots worthy of Roberts himself and then apologizes for them to his unsuspecting opponent as "beastly flukes." He is most profuse with "I beg your pardon, sir," when he "unintentionally" pots his antagonist's white and assures him, with every expression of sincerity, that "he played for a screw cannon."

At the commencement of the game he insinuatingly suggests that the small sum of 2s. 6d. shall be a stake on the game, not for the sake of having a bet, but just to have a little "interest" in the game, while his real reason is to have both principal and interest in his pocket. He never wins by too many, and then he has been "exceedingly lucky to win," "the balls ran for him," but he will give his opponent "double or quits" on the next game if he cares to have his revenge. He constantly ejaculates "Hard lines, sir," "You are having all the bad luck," and so the sharp plucks his pigeon.

From my experience I should say that no game of skill in the world brings out a man's meanness like billiards. There is a mean man playing. Watch him prepare for the combat. Probably he has argued his friend into giving him half the game, for he never plays with a stranger—he might get taken in, he says. See him carefully chalk his cue, and with what care and anxiety he gives the preliminary miss in balk, his face expressive of his mental agony for fear the ball should stop out of balk. Watch him during the progress of the game, how he walks round the table and views the position of the balls when it is his stroke from every part of the table, lest he should by an oversight give his opponent an advantage. His hesitation over each shot is prolonged, and when he does make up his mind to strike his nervous prostration is terrible as the balls go spinning round the table, and he knocks one of the shades off as he flourishes his cue about in his endeavor to influence the course of the balls. Great is his disappointment when he fails to score. Listen to his grumbles deep and loud when his adversary brings off "a fluke." Let us leave him, for it is dreadfully painful to play with him, and to see him grudgingly part with a shilling, if he be the loser, is like having a tooth drawn. "When found" in a billiard room, "make a note of" and avoid. The jolly, good natured man is the life and soul of the room. He doesn't care a straw whether he wins or loses. He wants a game and means to enjoy it. "Which ball do I prefer?" he says. "I don't care. They are both round." Off he goes, forgets to chalk his cue and then laughs heartily when he gives a miss, rarely asks for points, and if you beat him will ask you to have a cigar, tips the marker and laughs loud and long when you make some extraordinary fluke. You play carelessly with the generous man, and as a consequence often get beaten, but you take your defeat kindly enough from a man like this.

The grumbler and the mean man at billiards are very much akin, and you take a keen delight, in which the spectators participate, in giving him a sound beating. He is to be met with in every large room, and whether the game be pool, pyramids or billiards his grumbles are to the fore, to the annoyance of every one, with the result that he gets intensely hated. He is always being "sold" at pool and is "the unluckiest man in the world." "Gets the yellow ball, which is crooked, nine times out of ten," and he "missed a certain division through one of the spectators ordering a mild and bitter." His tip always comes off on an important stroke which would have won him the game, he "missed a big break through his ball, which, by the way, is anything but round, jumping over an infinitesimal piece of chalk on the cloth," which the marker fails to find. "There is not a straight cue in the room," the cushions are too slow or too fast, bad light, the gas flickers, the room is drafty. Who can make a shot with all this row? And the marker is the worst he ever met—"always talking to some one and not paying attention to the game." One would wonder that he continues to play with all these various conditions against him. He leaves the room in a temper every night, to the great relief of the frequenters, solemnly vowing that he will never play again, only to bob up grumblingly the next night. He can't help it, poor fellow! It is his nature. Watch that youth over there. He has just been talking of a big 50 break he made while on his recent holidays and playing the marker of the hotel at Slosheum-on-the-Sand. "Take points?" Not he! "Will play the best player in the room level." He rolls up his sleeves, takes the chalk out of his pocket and after a big flourish commences the game. The uninitiated are prepared for something big, but are doomed to disappointment, as the youngster is only an empty boaster, just learning to play, and after being hopelessly beaten by 60 says he is out of form tonight and the table does not suit him. He is quite content to part with his shilling if he conveys the impression that he is a great player.—London Sporting Life.

Absurd.

German Landlord (to agent for firm of wine growers)—How is it you sell your red native wine dearer than your white?

Agent—Do you think we get the color for nothing?—Tit-Bits.

A Conclusive Argument.

First Dog—That's my ham bone.

Second Dog—Gr-r-r-r-o-o-o-u-u-r-r-r-a-a-l-l-a-a-y-r-r-u.

First Dog—I'm wrong; it's your bone.—Philadelphia Call.

A LAND OF MYSTERY.

The Weird Sketch of Country Tapped by the Nevada Southern Road.

One of the most peculiar and interesting places on the American continent lies across the diagonal line that forms the southern boundary of the state of Nevada, spreading into California and reaching almost to the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. The old forty-niners passed through this section during the California gold excitement. Many perished from the thirst, and the remains of their wagons, such as the tires and other iron parts, may be found strewn about the valleys.

Near Resting springs a man of the name of Lee has a ranch, an Indian wife and family of eight children. Not far from there is what is believed to be the famous Gunsight mine. One of the pioneers in passing through that section picked up a piece of lead almost pure and made a sight for his gun with it. It was so rich that when he told the story in civilization prospectors started out to locate it. The fact of the similarity of all the valleys led many astray, and they perished from thirst. His description of the spot applied to so many spots that no one has been able to locate the mine, but the present owners believe they have found it.

The valley adjoining that which is the route of the Nevada Southern is called Pahrump. It is the principal one of them all for gold and silver and lead mines. Up the valley, which is one of those dry, barren sand gulches between two perpendicular walls of rock, is the Mesquite stamp mill. On one side is the Keystone gold mine, from which $90,000 has been extracted. Up at the head of the alley is the Montgomery gold district. Several miles above the mill is the Pahrump springs, where a hardy pioneer has settled in a beautiful little oasis and reared a family.

Those who have visited the family say that away off there, imprisoned by canyon walls and sandy deserts, is the most beautiful woman in the west. She is one of nature's queens, and her fame for beauty is spreading quite rapidly since grim civilization placed his foot in the Pahrump valley. The Pahrump valley has not been noted for its civilization. A band of renegade Indians—a mixture of the Mohaves, Chingowayras and Piutes, all of which inhabit that country—have settled in it. They once had a chief, and when he died his son was the candidate for the chieftainship.

The tribe did not want him and would not elect him, so they went without a head, but not for long. Tecopa stepped into the job and has since held it and is looked up to as the chief. Chief Tecopa's attire consists of a plug hat and an old striped shirt. Once in awhile he wears trousers, but very seldom. When Mr. Blake went there Chief Tecopa said that he owned all that country, and that his consent was necessary before any railroads could be built. His consent could be bought with a plug hat and a red striped shirt. These being promised over a pipe, Tecopa allowed the white chief to proceed with his railroad.—Denver Republican.

Fish.

Firmness of the flesh and clearness of the eyes are the great criteria of any fish being fresh and good. In mackerel such tests are most important, as also in fresh herrings and in fresh water fish. The flavor and excellence of salmon, too, depend upon its firmness, and it should be tested in the same way. Cod is known to be fresh by the rigidity of the muscles or flesh, the redness of the gills and clearness of the eyes. Turbot and all flat white fish, besides being rigid and firm when fresh, will have the under side of a rich cream color. If out of season or too long kept, this becomes a bluish white and the flesh soft and flaccid. Lobsters, crabs and cray fish recently caught always retain some remains of muscular action in the claws, which may be excited by pressing the eyes with the fingers. When boiled, the tail of the lobster preserves its elasticity if fresh, but loses it as soon as it becomes stale. The heaviest lobsters are the best. When light, they are watery and poor. Prawns and shrimps, when fresh, are firm and crisp. If oysters are fresh, the shells are firmly closed. When the shells are open, the fish are dead and unfit for food. A peculiar elasticity will be perceived in fish recently caught, little or no permanent impression being made by the ordinary pressure of the fingers, the flesh immediately rising again. Fresh fish also lie in a slightly curved position and never quite straight.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Wasn't Superstitious.

A friend said to me the other day, "I used to be superstitious, but I have overcome the feeling entirely."

"Entirely?" I echoed.

"Oh, yes," was her reply. "Beginning anything on Friday or on the thirteenth of the month, going under ladders, refusing to turn back after I have started out, picking up black pins, meeting cross eyed people on Monday, singing before breakfast—in fact, all those ridiculous ideas—I have got bravely over."

"Good!" I replied as I put on my bonnet—we were going out together—"I am glad to know that yet are so sensible."

"Have you got a hatpin you can loan me, Polly, dear?" she asked.

An idea struck me. I went to my jewel case and took out a long scarfpin with an opal head and handed it to her. She took it and then dropped it as if it was hot.

"Mercy me!" she cried, "I wouldn't wear an opal for $100 a minute!"

"But I thought you weren't superstitious?"

"Oh, well, opals everybody knows about. That's a fact and not a superstition," was her unconvincing and ungrammatical reply.

So there you are!—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Time Lost by an Overcoat.

He was an eminent practitioner in Philadelphia, and one of his patients noticed that he more often than otherwise came into the room with his overcoat on. Questioned about it, the doctor said:

"Whenever I can, I keep on my overcoat. It saves time. I average, say, 40 calls a day. Now, I cannot get on and off my overcoat in less than a minute. This would be 40 minutes wasted. I must save my time, and that is one of the best ways of doing it."

"But, doctor," expostulated the patient, "you would not recommend such a practice to me. You would at once say to me that keeping on my overcoat in the house would excite perspiration and so give me a cold when I went out."

"Yes, I would say that to you—you are the patient, I the doctor. Do as I say, not as I do."—Philadelphia Call.

A Firm Foundation.

The lady has implied a doubt as to the statement of the dairyman.

"Madam," he said indignantly, "my reputation rests upon my butter."

"Well," she replied testily, "you needn't get ugly about it. The foundation is strong enough to keep it up forever."—Detroit Free Press.

A Big Surprise.

Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkemdown paid a high compliment to me today.

Mother—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that a woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnny—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am.—Tit-Bits.

INDIANS AND LUNATICS.

The Former's Respect For the Latter Once Saved a Yale Professor.

"One very peculiar characteristic of the Indian," said Major Barbour, a former plainsman now metamorphosed into a clubman and raconteur, "is his reverence, amounting to absolute fear in many instances, of an insane person. They never harm one whom they believe to be mentally affected. I remember one striking instance which will illustrate. I was a member of the expedition headed by General Custer that made a tour through the Yellowstone valley and that section of the country the year before the Custer massacre.

"It was put on foot in the interest of science, and we had a lot of fellows from the Smithsonian institution and about a dozen Yale professors. It was a big party, comprising two or three companies of cavalry, one of infantry and some artillery, as the Sioux, who at that time simply swarmed over that country, were afraid to tackle us. But they hung around us all the time, and General Custer gave orders after two men who were hunting had been killed that no one should leave camp without permission.

"Those Yale professors just worried the life out of the soldiers. Every professor had a detail of five men who had to watch him. They would go around picking up bugs and chasing butterflies all over the prairie and would break up rocks and powwow over them with magnifying glasses until the soldiers swore that every man of them was a howling idiot.

"One day the worst old fellow in the crowd, a bugoloist, who wore two pairs of glasses—one red and one green—managed in some way or other to get out of the sight of his detail and wandered two or three miles away. He ran plump into a gang of Sioux. He walked up to them and offered to shake hands. They grabbed him, and the first thing they did was to dive down into a big green baize bag he carried.

"They pulled out lizards and pieces of clay and bits of rock and bugs and the worst assortment of truck imaginable. Just about this time the old professor caught sight of a peculiar looking bug. He caught it, pulled out his glass and began to study it. That settled it.

"An Indian took him by the hand, led him to a hill close by, and pointing to the army below said, 'Go.' He came back and said that the soldiers totally misunderstood the Indians. 'Why, I found them the most polite and courteous of people,' said he to General Custer. But the old chief afterward told me that they wouldn't have had him stay in that country for anything on earth."—Washington Post.

An African Pest.

With regard to the utility of the crocodile there are diverse opinions. It is certainly a scavenger, though when the rapid currents of most rivers are taken into consideration the importance of his mission dwindles. The author of "In the Marambala Marsh" says that along the banks of African streams it is dangerous to approach the river edge. Water for domestic purposes is obtained from the top of the banks by means of a cup attached to a bamboo pole 20 or 30 feet in length, and in spite of these precautions the death roll is a most ghastly one.

The primitive dugouts used by the natives for travelling on the rivers are in many cases merely deathtraps. While the man is paddling along, barely two inches above the surface of the water, the crocodile seizes his hand and drags him to the bottom.

On one occasion I sent down some letters by a Hindoo merchant, and a few weeks later heard that both letters and postman had been devoured by crocodiles. At another time I was strolling along the bank, and hearing cries arrived at the water's edge in time to seize a young boy whose leg had been caught by one of these brutes and torn from him. He escaped with his life, thanks to my timely arrival.

In some places one sees thousands of crocodiles on a mud bank, most of them scarcely 2 inches in length, evidently just hatched. A week does not pass but in some river village wails and lamentations are heard for a fresh victim to the crocodile's insatiable appetite.—Youth's Companion.

Working a Racket.

The tramp was looking fairly respectable, and as he moved along the street a brilliant idea occurred to him—how to work a racket for a breakfast—and he went into the first good looking residence he came to and knocked at the front door. The lady of the house came out.

"Do you want to know how to prevent moths in carpets?"

"No," she replied curtly.

"Want to know how to prevent mold in first floor closets?"

"No."

"Want to know how to clean windows without water?"

"No."

"Would you like the secret of preserving the polish on furniture?"

"No."

He hesitated a moment.

"Excuse me," he said insinuatingly, "can I get something to eat here?"

"Of course you can," she replied promptly. "Why didn't you say so at first? Go on around to the kitchen door." And as he followed her directions he kicked himself four times for ever letting a brilliant thought occur to him how to work a racket.—Detroit Free Press.

Praising the Chinese Servant.

"I have had a good deal of experience with Chinese labor," said Judge Worden of Denver, "and my belief is that the Chinese make the best servants in the world. They will do just what you tell them to and in the way that you tell them to do it. A combination of three virtues constitutes their principal fault—they are industrious, obedient and frugal. Hence they will do more work, do it more willingly, do it cheaper and save more money than any other race of people. The difference in wages is not as great as is generally represented, and the coolies on the fruit farms in southern California, where I have seen more of them than any place else, are paid as well as similar labor is elsewhere. As house servants they are par excellence. They will obey the rules of the household and do not draw the lines as to what their duties shall or shall not be. They can be relied upon and are not given to changing employers."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A King Who Could Change the Winds.

King Erricus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler that when a storm arose they would exclaim, "Ah, the king is again wearing his magic cap!"—St. Louis Republic.

A Cold Snap.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?"

"Yep."

"And the result?"

"The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."—Indianapolis Journal.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE WHALE CONSIDERED AS A MAMMAL.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal Beauty—Where the Capitol Has Been in the United States—Wild Goose Triangle.

Australia is set in the midst of a whale frequented sea, and it is but natural, therefore, that Sydney should have the best collection of whales in the world. An observer of the natural history of the whale writes from there: The whale is not a fish at all. It is a warm blooded, air breathing, simple, affectionate animal. It has descended from a family which "once upon a time" had four legs and lived upon the land. The law of nature is that if any organ is not used it becomes atrophied, useless and finally disappears. If a man uses his tongue too much and neglects his brain, the latter will become atrophied. We can see that law working today in New South Wales.

The whale family found the life was too hard on shore, so the members took to the sea. A tail was of more service there than hind legs, so the hind legs gradually went out of fashion, and the tail developed enormously. Then the fore paws were gradually modified into a monster fin.

The first time I noticed anything peculiar about a whale was off the coast of Peru a good many years ago. We had harpooned a large sperm whale that had a calf with her, and the whole desire of the mother whale appeared to be to save her babe, which was between 12 and 15 feet long. When the mother rose to the surface, gasping for air, she tried to get the baby on to her great fin and carry her away from the cruel hunters, but the rope attached to the harpoon kept her back. She had to give way to the merciless power of her pursuers, and her frantic efforts on behalf of her babe only hastened her own doom. After she had covered the sea with blood and foam and lay "fin up" in death, the little one came alongside of the dead mother and rubbed its nose against the smooth black skin and whistled pitifully to the one that would answer nevermore.

When we had planted our flag on the dead mother's body and cut loose from our harpoon, it became necessary to kill the little one. A protest arose from all the crew, for we were human beings, with hearts as tender as other people, and we were touched at the sight of the baby whale's grief, but we had to submit to see it harpooned, for its own sake. It had lost the "school" of whales now to which its mother belonged, and it would be starved to death on the trackless sea, or it would fall an easy victim to the swordfish, thrashers, sharks or other pirates of the sea.

A Monster Ice Bound.

The dull roar, the smooth glassy green rush over the precipice, the soft white foam, giving one the idea of the greatest reserve power in the world; the placid, lakelike expanse above, then the impatient rapid, which spares the islands and bridges apparently only in obedience to a supreme will—this is the impression that many visitors have carried away from Niagara. But, impossible as it may seem, the falls sometimes freeze in winter into a great hill of ice.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

The Niagara river receives the waters of the upper lakes and flows on, full and clear, perpetually the same, not materially affected by either rains or droughts, except that about once every seven years its waters have a gradual rise and fall, which are attributed to some undiscovered disturbance that affects Lake Erie. It has long been a theory that the deep chasm through which the river flows and the gigantic cataract have been made by the action of the water on the limestone strata through countless ages. Within the short period of less than 100 years changes have occurred that appear to support this theory. Sir Charles Lyell's estimate of the wearing away of the falls is about one foot of the precipice every year.

A Sixteenth Century Ideal of Beauty.

Grenaille, a French author of the sixteenth century, wrote a large and very scientific book on female beauty and endowed his ideal of female loveliness with the following attributes: "Youth, medium stature, medium fullness of form, chestnut brown hair, symmetry of limb, a delicate skin revealing the blue veins, rosy complexion, a smooth, serene brow; uniformly arched temples; narrow eyebrows, which do not meet; eloquent, dark brown eyes; a winsome smile, cherry red lips, a small mouth; small, milk white teeth; a sweet breath; a soft, agreeable voice; a chin which does not protrude and is graced by a dimple; small, rosy ears; a slender throat of ivory whiteness; small, soft, white hands; nicely tapering fingers, graceful gestures; an even, dignified walk; shining finger nails, smooth and well curved; an even, pleasant temperament; good taste in dress, superficial education; small, pretty feet, and attentive demeanor toward others."

Where the Capital Has Been.

The capital of the United States has been situated at different times in different places. An exchange gives the following list of them with dates: At Philadelphia from Sept. 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from Dec. 20, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from Sept. 27, 1777, to Sept. 30, 1777; at York, Pa., from Sept. 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, N. J., from June 30, 1783, to Nov. 20, 1783; at Annapolis from November, 1783, to November, 1784; at Trenton from November, 1784, to January, 1785; at New York from Jan. 11, 1785, to 1790, when the seat of government was changed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

Why Wild Geese Form a Triangle In Flight.

Why do flocks of wild ducks and geese form a triangle when they have to fly long distances? It is said to be because they know that in that form they can cleave the air most easily. The most courageous bird takes its position at the apex of the great triangle, and when it becomes weary with the heavy task another takes its place.

Designs on Coins.

Numismatists say that no human head was impressed on coins until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that were of deities.

A Great Impression.

Fogg—Was up at Grosgrain's last evening. His daughter spoke of you. You have made an impression there, you young rascal.

Fenderson—I believe I am something of a lady killer.

Fogg—Yes, the Grosgrain girls said they thought they would die a-laughing about you after you went away.—Boston Transcript.

Contentment

is folly when you might do better.

What is the matter with your time? A trifle fast? A little slow? Always a few minutes wrong?—Does your watch cost more to carry than it did to buy it? Repairs, regulating, cleaning; a dollar or two every time you bump it? You might save it over and over in a year; show just as much style and always be on time, too, with the new, quick-winding Waterbury.

Every jeweler keeps it. A jeweled watch. All styles for everybody. $4 to $15 buys it. Ladies', gentlemen's or boy's watch; cased in nickel, coin-silver or filled gold (10 to 14-karat).

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LOOK!!!

Vaseline 5c. Bottle, 25c. lb.
25c. Pint Bottle Best Amonia 10c.
10c. Cake of Soap 4c., 35c. dozen.
Tooth Brushes from 5c. to 50c. Each.

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Lager and Stock Ales

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CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS.

DR. WALKER DENTIST

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, FEB. 3.

SUN RISES	6 56	MOON RISES	6 02 AM
SUN SETS	5 02	FULL SEA	9 45 AM
LENGTH OF DAY	10 06		10 30 PM

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The area of the high barometer center over the middle Mississippi valley has passed off the middle Atlantic coast.

Forecast for New England: Increasing cloudiness; decidedly warmer; south winds, increasing in force.

IMPORTANT.

There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

The water board met last evening and approved bills.

Mrs. Anna Jordan of Appleton street, is visiting in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Charles W. Mayotte is attending the winter carnival in Quebec.

Patrick McCarthy of this city has received a reissue of pension.

Mrs. Effie Webster of Lynn will give tests for the spiritualists tomorrow.

Prof. Taylor of Andover will preach at the Kirk street church tomorrow.

Miss Florence Garfield of C. I. Hood's, is entertaining Miss Amy Robinson of Waltham.

About 75 residents of Pawtucketville enjoyed a sleigh ride to North Chelmsford, last evening.

Rev. F. D. George of this city has been called to the Free Baptist church at Gardiner, Me.

Officers J. B. Crowley and Frank Fox were present at the ball given by the Nashua police, last evening.

A saloon, everything but the license, on Davidson street, was sold under the sheriff's hammer this morning.

Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T., installed its officers last evening. After the exercises an entertainment was held.

Rev. Dr. D. C. Knowles, a former pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, preaches at the Centralville M. E. church tomorrow.

The Middlesex North Agricultural society held a farmers' institute meeting at Tyngsboro yesterday. The attendance was large.

A. N. Stevens' "Arthur D." will trot with "General Day," on the river, this afternoon. "General Day" is an out-of-town animal.

Rep. James Stuart Murphy was appointed a member of a committee to attend the funeral of a member of the house of representatives yesterday.

Philip Marchaud who with his brother George was suspected of having broken into the house of Josephine Desrosiers in Dracut last November was arrested yesterday by Inspectors Laflamme and Allen. The boys are aged 13 and 11 years. Philip confessed.

The Belmont associates held their tenth annual re-union and banquet at the St. Charles hotel, Thursday evening, and elected the following officers: President, Horace S. Bacon; vice president, William Livingston; secretary and treasurer, Harry S. Duckworth.

The No Name Whist club met Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sherwood on Mt. Vernon street. The first prizes were won by Mr. Sherwood and Mrs. A. E. Nichols, while the second honors went to Mr. A. E. Nichols and Mrs. William Gray.

About one hundred friends of Mr. and Mr. Michael J. Cryan, called upon him last evening at their home 40 Bridge street. During the social time the host and hostess were presented a purse of money, Mr. Breen making the presentation speech. Dancing followed the serving of refreshments.

A jaded horse attached to a milk pung fell down on Central street, last night, and it took twenty minutes to get up, during which time several cars were blockaded. There must have been a crowd of 300 around the horse. When finally it was gotten up it was taken to a Centralville stable for care.

Everiste Richard has sued the Corporation St. Andre for sick benefits, which he claims he is entitled to but never received. He has retained as counsel John J. Harvey, Esq. The sick and visiting committee of the corporation will investigate the case again and unless they decide to pay the sick benefit the case will come to trial.

The Meigs' Elevated.

Joe V. Meigs of this city asked the committee on railroads yesterday for permission to construct a system of elevated roads in Boston.

Mr. Apsley In Luck.

Congressman Apsley, who represents the congressional district in which Billerica belongs, has been elected a member of the republican congressional committee. This committee will have charge of the coming congressional campaign, and Mr. Apsley feels it incumbent on him to see that Massachusetts sends as many republicans as possible to the next congress. The election is in the nature of a compliment, and is doubly so in his case, as he is a new member.

Whist Club Meeting.

The Lawrence Whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Lizzie Hallaren in Pawtucketville, the first prizes being won by Miss Nellie Flynn and Miss Lilian Smith. Refreshments were partaken of at 11 o'clock, after which songs were sung by Miss Nellie Flynn, Miss Dollie LeClaire, Miss Emma Murdock, and a banjo solo and song by Mr. M. Kennedy. The party broke up in the early hours of the morning after having spent an enjoyable evening. The next meeting of the club will take place on Feb. 15, at the home of Miss Nellie Flynn.

HIS MEMORY SACRED.

Wrong Impression Taken From the Story Of Mr. Spaleny.

In relation to the death of Augustus Spaleny, the surviving family say that many misstatements have been made about his life and habits that are either wrong or create the wrong impression. First of all the children had done all they could to have him come and live with them but without avail. The house on Myrtle street was his home, he said, and he would not leave it. As to his leaving much property they say that this is wrong, he owned only a little property, a small part of the amount credited to him. They say also that he had resided here fully 40 years, not 14, and had been a voter many years. He was a musician of considerable note, and had always lived a upright, manly life, well liked by his neighbors and acquaintances. The family regret that his closing days should have been such as they were but there is no reason on their part why he should not have made his home with them and enjoyed a comfortable, peaceful decline. The daughters who reside in Connecticut are in this city, and will return to their homes on Monday. The funeral of Mr. Spaleny occurred today and interment was in the Edson cemetery.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 53 MERK ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

HEARING ON THE REGULATION OF BICYCLES.

Death of Robert C. Brown—The Third Member to Die—Bill to Regulate the Sale of Liquor.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—The committee on cities gave a hearing upon Senator Durant's bill to regulate the speed of bicycles in cities and towns of over 1000 inhabitants. City Solicitor Pevey said that any changes that were deemed advisable would be accepted without objection; all that was wanted was to protect the public and at the same time be fair with the riders. Senator Sanger said the committee were satisfied that some legislation was needed.

Chief Consul Perkins of the Massachusetts League of American Wheelmen said that the bicyclists did not object to any reasonable legislation. They would accept willingly an act regulating the speed of bicycles to 10 miles an hour in public streets, but they feel that eight miles an hour, especially in country towns, is too slow. The Cambridge ordinance, fixing the rate at eight miles an hour, is all right for cities.

The provision in the bill that bicycles shall not go faster than three miles an hour in streets where there is a civic funeral or military procession, Mr. Perkins said, was absurd. He strongly objected to lanterns, as more likely to cause confusion and accidents than to prevent them. He did not object to a law forbidding riding on sidewalks, but thought that the trouble with the proposed bill is that it is too complicated, and a rider would not know whether he were breaking the law or not. Mr. Perkins will present to the committe a draft of a bill that will suit the wheelmen, and the committee will make up a bill themselves if necessary.

The third member of the legislature to die is Robert C. Brown of Taunton, who passed away of brain fever. Deceased was only 27 years of age. He was a lawyer by profession and the son of a lawyer. Representative Brown was born in Taunton, and graduated at the Boston university law school in 1890. He was a member of last year's house and served on the judiciary committee, to which he was reappointed by Speaker Meyer. He was a partner of Lloyd E. White, recently appointed district attorney for the southern district.

Mr. Gray introduced a bill to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage except through public agencies. The bill provides for the appointment by the governor of a liquor commission, to consist of three men, to hold office three years, two years and one year, respectively; the chairman will be termed the liquor manager; the annual question for the people will not be "Shall licenses be granted?" but "Shall liquor be sold?" No licenses shall hereafter be granted except sixth class. The liquor commissioners shall furnish and open one or more places where the vote is "Yes;" not more than one place to each 1000 inhabitants. The liquor commission appoints trusty local liquor agents. The sum of $75,000 is hereby appropriated for the purposes of this act.

SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

Is Mentioned as an Available Piece of Presidential Timber.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Hon. Thomas C. Carter, chairman of the Republican national committee, was yesterday asked if the northwest would present a candidate at the next Republican presidential convention.

"Well," replied the ex-congressman from Montana, "the friends of ex-Senator Spooner of Wisconsin speak of him as a strong candidate, who is thoroughly identified with the interests of the northwest. His name will no doubt receive favorable consideration."

An Exciting Scene.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Pedestrians on Tremont street last evening were startled to see a horse and empty sleigh flying down the street. When the team reached the corner of Winter street it swerved and continued its career on the sidewalk, which was crowded. A number of persons were injured. After receiving medical treatment at the drug stores in the vicinity many were sent to the city hospital.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Another case of smallpox was found in Roxbury (Boston).

Boston borrowed $1,000,000 for nine months at 3 per cent interest.

Christopher Donovan was found dead in a brook at Watertown, Mass.

John Morey was drowned at New York while trying to board a moving ferryboat.

Patrick McLaughlin, 70 years old, hanged himself at the state almshouse at Providence.

William B. Brewer, a Boston lawyer, became suddenly insane as a result of an attack of the grip.

Peter Redpath of Montreal, a merchant and an educational philanthropist, has died at Chislehurst, Eng.

The American ship Louisiana, long overdue at San Francisco, has been reported 700 miles off shore.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken steps to stop the sale of "chameleons."

The New Haven Law and Order league has petitioned the courts to investigate charges of corrupt practices by the prosecuting attorney.

Points For Informers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—A new circular directs that information concerning customs frauds shall be conveyed by the informer direct to the "chief officer" of a port, except when it may be impracticable and improper. A neglect of this precaution will hazard the right of the informer to any compensation.

Appeal of Parnellites.

DUBLIN, Feb. 3.—Members of the Parnellite party have issued a manifesto to Irishmen, appealing for funds and declaring that the present government of England is a confessed failure; that it is the same as the Conservative government, and that home rule has been thrust on one side.

Tax Riots In India.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 3.—Serious riots, in the attempts of the authorities to collect revenue, have occurred at Gauhati and Mangoldai. At Mangoldai the police fired on the mob and killed 15 persons.

Seven Years For Burglary.

SALEM, Mass., Feb. 3.—In the superior criminal court Frank Mellews, for burglary of an unoccupied summer residence at Andover, was sentenced to seven years in state prison.

Founded the Swiss Army.

AARAU, Feb. 3.—General Herzog, the founder of the Swiss army organization, is dead. The cause of his death was influenza of the lungs.

A Million For New York Parks.

ALBANY, Feb. 3.—Governor Flower has signed the act appropriating $1,000,000 for park improvements in New York city.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Old Hundred 10c. cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

E. G. Parker, 23 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The swindler who worked a young woman for $20 and an umbrella on Tyler street a few days ago did the same thing at Fitchburg Thursday, getting $15 from a poor woman. The fellow got away.

The participants in the Spanish dance at the kermiss, together with friends were entertained Thursday evening by Miss Nellie Hicks of Royal street. Prof. Baril entertained the company with several feats of legerdemain, and games were played and refreshments served.

A series of practical talks has been arranged by the Y. M. C. A. The subjects, speakers and dates are: Feb. 18, Rev. W. J. Yarrow, "On the carboniferous age;" Feb. 28, Rev. R. G. Seymour, "Work;" Mar. 7, Rev. Hugh Montgomery, "Missions, as I saw them in Europe during the summer of 1893;" Mar. 14, Rev. W. T. Leland, "The glacial or ice period;" Mar. 28, Rev. H. W. O. Millington, "Character building."

A Sad Case.

Dr. Ricker was called with the ambulance to the club room of the Pawtucketville Social club, where Thomas Conley, a young man about 20 years of age, had been living for three days in a very ill condition. Conley, it seems, was out of work and without money or a home, called at the club room a few days ago, knowing some of the members and asked if he might rest. The members taking pity on him made him a comfortable bed and furnished him with food, and some whiskey which they thought might cure his cold. The following day he went out but came back again and practically lived there for three days, the members doing all in their power to aid him. Last evening his condition became so bad that after a consultation the members decided to call the ambulance. Conley hails from Lewiston Me., and is now at St. John's hospital in critical condition.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

Democrats in the Legislature Refrain From Debating.

The democratic members of the legislature have refrained from taking part in the debate on the women's suffrage bill, preferring to leave the talking with the republicans. The democrats are opposed to the bill and will vote against it on principle. There is no doubt that should the bill pass, there will be more democrats than republicans qualified vote. This would be especially so in this city, as may be seen from the school-committee contest last year. It will be remembered that the women whose sympathies were with the republican party began to register early, and had quite a lead on their democratic friends. However in three days the democrats got out more women voters than the republicans did in two weeks.

The republicans of the legislature refused to allow the bill to be submitted to male voters, in order to obtain their will in the matter. An amendment to submit to the male voters and as many women voters as might be registered at a certain date, was likewise defeated by the republicans. Is not the principle of referendum involved here, and does it not show that these same republican legislators lack confidence in the intelligence of the people, who are privileged to vote?

W. J. Baker
North Pembroke, Mass.

After the Grip

Relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla Wonderful and Permanent.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I had kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, which was brought about by a cold contracted while in camp at Linnfield in 1862. I have been troubled more or less since that time and have been unable to do any heavy work, much less any lifting. I received only temporary relief from medicines. Last spring I had an attack of the grip, which left me with

A Bad Cough, Very Weak

physically, in fact my system was completely run down. I tried a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel so much better that I continued taking it, and have taken six bottles. It has done wonders for me, as I have not been so free from my old pains and troubles since the war. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a God-sent blessing to the suffering." WILLIAM J. BAKER, North Pembroke, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

POLICE COURT.

Week is Brought to a Close in a Quiet Way.

Two drunks.

Philip Marchand, the boy who confessed to having broken into the trunk of Josephine Desrosiers last Novembers was held in $100 until Feb. 9.

Eugene Forget forgot to pay his board and was charged with illegally removing baggage. He was placed on probation.

After the Scamp.

It is thought that the man who swindled a girl out of $20 on Tyler street last week is under arrest in Fall River. Inspector Laflamme went to Fall River today with the young lady who was swindled to see if she can identify him.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

One Reason Why You Should Trade With Us.

22 lbs. best granulated sugar for $1.00. Think of it, saving you eleven per cent. on goods always sold at cost by the general trade. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $ 4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central St.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 406-4.

HARD TIMES!

MUST ECONOMIZE!

These statements voiced by all Women are the best economists; they do the shopping because they recognize bargains the quickest.

Chalifoux's Ladies' Shoe Parlor

—AND—

Men's and Children's Shoe Depts.

Are crowded daily in consequence of

CHALIFOUX'S

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARING SALE

The item of footwear forms no inconsiderable portion of the family expense account, and a saving of twenty to thirty per cent. on the purchase price is a great attraction to shoe buyers Thousands are taking advantage of this sale.

Our Shoes Fit Right.

Hence NO ACHES, NO CORNS, NO BUNIONS. Every Shoe perfect, correct in style and perfect in fit. If any doubt of this statement exists, personal investigation will conclusively prove otherwise.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.

Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

18 CHURCH STREET.

The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'f'g Co., 158-170 Middle St.

JOHN B. COLEMAN

Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

ROOM 7. POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

CUT PRICES

—ON—

STREET AND STABLE BLANKETS

TO REDUCE STOCK.

LOOK AT OUR $9.00 HARNESS.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

We are now Inventorying and when completed we shall offer Bargains that will interest every reader of this paper. For this week we shall offer PARLOR STOVES at prices that will not cover the cost, as we need money and want to close out our stock of stoves at some prices. A few more Quilts at the same low figures of last week. Special Sale on Pictures and Easels for this week. Do not pass by without calling.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

PANTS,

Trousers, Breeches,

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING CO. ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL, MASS.

PANTALOONS.

Call them what you will, they will still be sold lower here than elsewhere. Yes, on some qualities it may be only 5c. or 10c. a pair, and on the better grades 50c. to $1.00 a pair; but then it is a saving, and with the present scarcity of employment you should economize to the single penny's worth. We have three LEADERS for SATURDAY in Young Men's and Men's sizes.

1 Lot Fine All-wool Pants $1.75, actually worth $3.00 a pair.

1 Lot extra quality Fancy Cassimeres, $3.95 a pair, Shuman's custom made, worth $6.00.

1 Lot Fine Fancy Worsteds, in stripes and checks, $2.98, worth $5.00.

1 Lot Boys' Knee Pants, strictly all-wool nobby, fancy Cassimeres, regular $1.00 goods, for SATURDAY and MONDAY 50c. a pair, at

MERRIMACK CORNER, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

FROM A DIME TO A DOLLAR.

—xOx—

Only a Dime is worth saving on a Pair of Rubbers, 25c. to $1 and upwards on better goods. The more expensive the quality of goods the greater the reduction.

We are overhauling our stock and cutting prices to meet the stringency of the times. Do not buy because we want to sell, but if you must buy we will save you from a dime to $1.00 on Rubber and Leather Footwear.

Staple goods are always good value. You can buy them now cheaper than some time hence. Some goods at half price. It may pay you to come and see what we are doing.

—OXO—

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

Best Haxall Flour

$4.75 per Barrel.

BEST No. 1 ONIONS, 75c. Per Bushel.

30 lb. PAILS JELLY, 4c. Per lb.

5 lb. PAILS JAM, 40c. Each.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

Arthur M. Bertrand,

(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)

MERCHANT TAILOR.

FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

14 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dress Suits to Let.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

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FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

All orders promptly attended to.

Warerooms, 323 Moody Street.
Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

WHY USE ELLINGWOOD'S COUGH BALSAM?

Because It cures without delay, And cures forever and a day.
Because Each bottle the makers try, And warrant that 'twill satisfy.
Because Though worth its weight in gold, The price is small at which 'tis sold.
Because Where'er you may be bound, This remedy is easily found.
Because It's winning fame in every state, From the Spindle City to the Golden Gate.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.

109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

If you have a sore arm try one of our Vaccination Shields.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best Cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

LOWELL OPERA HOUSE,

Two Nights and Saturday Matinee.

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2 and 3.

Return of the big show. Greatest indoor entertainment in the world. The mammoth $100,000 Production. C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger's

COUNTRY CIRCUS.

Greater, grander, more gorgeous than ever 100 people, 50 horses and ponies. A world of novelties in the ring, including the leaping phenomenon, JOE DARBY, champion jumper of the world. Three big shows in one pageant, three big shows in one circus.

No advance in prices, 25, 50, 75c., and $1.

Special Children's Matinee Saturday at 2.30 p. m. Seats on sale Wednesday.

Monday, Feb. 5th.

Oscar Wilde's Play,

Lady Windermere's Fan.

Direction of Charles Frohman.

The greatest social comedy since Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

PRICES, $1.00, 75c, 50c., 35c., 25c., 10c. Seats on sale Friday at 10 a. m.

Primrose & West's

SPECTACULAR, FARCICAL ABSURDITY,

MONTE CARLO,

Presenting the famous minstrel comedians, GEORGE WILSON, assisted by the GORMAN BROTHERS (late proprietors of the German Minstrels) and a host of others equally clever. The pretty faces of burlesque, the melody of grand opera, the rollicking fun of minstrelsy, and the consuming and scenic splendor of a Parisian spectacle.

Prices $1, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats ready Monday.

BIJOU THEATRE

EDWARD C. BASCOM, Manager.

ENTIRE WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 29.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

THE GAIETY BURLESQUE CO.

20-ARTISTS.-20.

Opening with a

Mastedon Female Minstrel Performance

....MISS EVA RAYMOND,....
In Popular Vocal Selections.
....BRYANT AND CLEVER,....
In a Taking Comedy Sketch.
....DOT CLEARY,....
In Neat Skirt Dances.
....FERGUSON AND HALE,....
In an Irish Comedy Sketch.
....EDDIE ODEL,....
A Clever Contortionist.
....CASTELLET AND HALL....
In a Strong Musical Act.
....CHARLES ADAMS,....
A Funny Dutch Comedian.

The performance to conclude with a funny afterpiece, "Irish Justice," by the entire comp'y.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Music - Hall

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Nights, Miss Tucker's Society Play,

QUEENA.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday and Saturday Matinee,

Under the Gaslight,

Introducing the Imperial Quartet, re-engaged for these three nights.

SPECIAL—Miss Tucker's Photograph given on Monday and Friday nights, to every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat.

The Mikado.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Merry Opera

Will be produced by the best local talent in behalf of the SACRED HEART CHURCH,

HUNTINGTON HALL,

Tuesday, Feb. 6th.

In the cast will be Lowell's favorite singers: Misses Mabel Ware, Sylvia Burnham, Minnie E. Clifford and Adelaide Sullivan, and Messrs. D. H. Hally of Waltham, James A. Murphy, David A. McHugh, D. S. O'Brien, and W. B. Tyrell.

Tickets now on Sale.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY.

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. --- CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

Great Cut in Prices

For the Next Ten Days

—AT—

YOUNG'S

GREAT

Stock Reducing Sale

111 CENTRAL ST.

39c. Tam O'Shanters, only 15c. each.

39c. Heavy Jersey Vests and Pants, 29c. each.

29c. Heavy Jersey Vests, 20c. each.

98c. Ladies' All-Wool Scarlet Vests, now 69c. each.

9 doz. Gent's Random Wool Shirts and Drawers, only 50c. each, worth 98c

Children's Merino Vests and Pants from 10c. upwards.

20c. buys a large Skein Best Scotch Yarn, well worth 30c.

Best Germantown Yarn 12½c. a skein.

50c. Corsets, all sizes, now 39c. pair.

Children's All-Wool Hose 8c. a pair; just Half Price.

20c. Large Muslin Aprons 10c. each.

Our 12½c. Large Gingham Aprons are the talk of the city.

Ladies' 10c. Fleeced Fast Black Hose 5c. a pair.

Ladies' Jerseys at prices to suit the hard Times.

39c. Jerseys, all sizes, 25c. each.

49c. Jerseys in dark colors, with Jabot Fronts, 39c. each.

Men's Merino Seamless Hose 11c. pair.

Ladies' Gauntlet Gloves 15c. a pair, regular price 39c. a pair. Hamburg Edging from 1c. a yard; an elegant line; come and see it, and lots of other bargains at the Bargain Store of Lowell,

YOUNG'S,

111 Central Street.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

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There are two important requisites for a daily paper: 1st, it should print the news while it is fresh; 2nd, it should be printed so that you can read it. Compare THE SUN with other local papers on these important points.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Towers' Corner Cigar.

The water board met last evening and approved bills.

Mrs. Anna Jordan of Appleton street, is visiting in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Charles W. Mayotte is attending the winter carnival in Quebec.

Patrick McCarthy of this city has received a reissue of pension.

Mrs. Effie Webster of Lynn will give tests for the spiritualists tomorrow.

Prof. Taylor of Andover will preach at the Kirk street church tomorrow.

Miss Florence Garfield of C. I. Hood's, is entertaining Miss Amy Robinson of Waltham.

About 75 residents of Pawtucketville enjoyed a sleigh ride to North Chelmsford, last evening.

Rev. F. D. George of this city has been called to the Free Baptist church at Gardiner, Me.

Officers J. B. Crowley and Frank Fox were present at the ball given by the Nashua police, last evening.

A saloon, everything but the license, on Davidson street, was sold under the sheriff's hammer this morning.

Pride of Lowell lodge, I. O. G. T., installed its officers last evening. After the exercises an entertainment was held.

Rev. Dr. D. C. Knowles, a former pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, preaches at the Centralville M. E. church tomorrow.

The Middlesex North Agricultural society held a farmers' institute meeting at Tyngsboro yesterday. The attendance was large.

A. N. Stevens' "Arthur D." will trot with "General Day," on the river, this afternoon. "General Day" is an out-of-town animal.

Rep. James Stuart Murphy was appointed a member of a committee to attend the funeral of a member of the house of representatives yesterday.

Philip Marchand who with his brother George was suspected of having broken into the house of Josephine Desrosiers in Dracut last November was arrested yesterday by Inspectors Laflamme and Allen. The boys are aged 13 and 11 years. Philip confessed.

The Belmont associates held their tenth annual re-union and banquet at the St. Charles hotel, Thursday evening, and elected the following officers: President, Horace S. Bacon; vice president, William Livingston; secretary and treasurer, Harry S. Duckworth.

The No Name Whist club met Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sherwood on Mt. Vernon street. The first prizes were won by Mr. Sherwood and Mrs. A. E. Nichols, while the second honors went to Mr. A. E. Nichols and Mrs. William Gray.

About one hundred friends of Mr. and Mr. Michael J. Cryan, called upon him last evening at their home 40 Bridge street. During the social time the host and hostess were presented a purse of money, Mr. Breen making the presentation speech. Dancing followed the serving of refreshments.

A jaded horse attached to a milk pung fell down on Central street, last night, and it took twenty minutes to get up, during which time several cars were blockaded. There must have been a crowd of 300 around the horse. When finally it was gotten up it was taken to a Centralville stable for care.

Everiste Richard has sued the Corporation St. Andre for sick benefits, which he claims he is entitled to but never received. He has retained as counsel John J. Harvey, Esq. The sick and visiting committee of the corporation will investigate the case again and unless they decide to pay the sick benefit the case will come to trial.

The Meigs' Elevated.

Joe V. Meigs of this city asked the committee on railroads yesterday for permission to construct a system of elevated roads in Boston.

Mr. Apsley In Luck.

Congressman Apsley, who represents the congressional district in which Billerica belongs, has been elected a member of the republican congressional committee. This committee will have charge of the coming congressional campaign, and Mr. Apsley feels it incumbent on him to see that Massachusetts sends as many republicans as possible to the next congress. The election is in the nature of a compliment, and is doubly so in his case, as he is a new member.

Whist Club Meeting.

The Lawrence Whist club met last evening at the home of Miss Lizzie Hallaren in Pawtucketville, the first prizes being won by Miss Nellie Flynn and Miss Lillian Smith. Refreshments were partaken of at 11 o'clock, after which songs were sung by Miss Nellie Flynn, Miss Dollie LeClaire, Miss Emma Murdock, and a banjo solo and song by Mr. M. Kennedy. The party broke up in the early hours of the morning after having spent an enjoyable evening. The next meeting of the club will take place on Feb. 15, at the home of Miss Nellie Flynn.

HIS MEMORY SACRED.

Wrong Impression Taken From the Story Of Mr. Spaleny.

In relation to the death of Augustus Spaleny, the surviving family say that many misstatements have been made about his life and habits that are either wrong or create the wrong impression. First of all the children had done all they could to have him come and live with them but without avail. The house on Myrtle street was his home, he said, and he would not leave it. As to his leaving much property they say that this is wrong, he owned only a little property, a small part of the amount credited to him. They say also that he had resided here fully 40 years, not 24, and had been a voter many years. He was a musician of considerable note, and had always lived a upright, manly life, well liked by his neighbors and acquaintances. The family regret that his closing days should have been such as they were but there is no reason on their part why he should not have made his home with them and enjoyed a comfortable, peaceful decline. The daughters who reside in Connecticut are in this city, and will return to their homes on Monday. The funeral of Mr. Spaleny occurred today and interment was in the Edson cemetery.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 53 MERK'K ST.

BAY STATE LEGISLATURE.

HEARING ON THE REGULATION OF BICYCLES.

Death of Robert C. Brown—The Third Member to Die—Bill to Regulate the Sale of Liquor.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—The committee on cities gave a hearing upon Senator Durant's bill to regulate the speed of bicycles in cities and towns of over 1000 inhabitants. City Solicitor Pevey said that any changes that were deemed advisable would be accepted without objection; all that was wanted was to protect the public and at the same time be fair with the riders. Senator Sanger said the committee were satisfied that some legislation was needed.

Chief Consul Perkins of the Massachusetts League of American Wheelmen said that the bicyclists did not object to any reasonable legislation. They would accept willingly an act regulating the speed of bicycles to 10 miles an hour in public streets, but they feel that eight miles an hour, especially in country towns, is too slow. The Cambridge ordinance, fixing the rate at eight miles an hour, is all right for cities.

The provision in the bill that bicycles shall not go faster than three miles an hour in streets where there is a civic funeral or military procession, Mr. Perkins said, was absurd. He strongly objected to lanterns, as more likely to cause confusion and accidents than to prevent them. He did not object to a law forbidding riding on sidewalks, but thought that the trouble with the proposed bill is that it is too complicated, and a rider would not know whether he were breaking the law or not. Mr. Perkins will present to the committe a draft of a bill that will suit the wheelmen, and the committee will make up a bill themselves if necessary.

The third member of the legislature to die is Robert C. Brown of Taunton, who passed away of brain fever. Deceased was only 27 years of age. He was a lawyer by profession and the son of a lawyer. Representative Brown was born in Taunton, and graduated at the Boston university law school in 1890. He was a member of last year's house and served on the judiciary committee, to which he was reappointed by Speaker Meyer. He was a partner of Lloyd E. White, recently appointed district attorney for the southern district.

Mr. Gray introduced a bill to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage except through public agencies. The bill provides for the appointment by the governor of a liquor commission, to consist of three men, to hold office three years, two years and one year, respectively; the chairman will be termed the liquor manager; the annual question for the people will not be "Shall licenses be granted?" but "Shall liquor be sold?" No licenses shall hereafter be granted except sixth class. The liquor commissioners shall furnish and open one or more places where the vote is "Yes;" not more than one place to each 1000 inhabitants. The liquor commission appoints trusty local liquor agents. The sum of $75,000 is hereby appropriated for the purposes of this act.

SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

Is Mentioned as an Available Piece of Presidential Timber.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Hon. Thomas C. Carter, chairman of the Republican national committee, was yesterday asked if the northwest would present a candidate at the next Republican presidential convention.

"Well," replied the ex-congressman from Montana, "the friends of ex-Senator Spooner of Wisconsin speak of him as a strong candidate, who is thoroughly identified with the interests of the northwest. His name will no doubt receive favorable consideration."

An Exciting Scene.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Pedestrians on Tremont street last evening were startled to see a horse and empty sleigh flying down the street. When the team reached the corner of Winter street it swerved and continued its career on the sidewalk, which was crowded. A number of persons were injured. After receiving medical treatment at the drug stores in the vicinity many were sent to the city hospital.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Another case of smallpox was found in Roxbury (Boston).

Boston borrowed $1,000,000 for nine months at 3 per cent interest.

Christopher Donovan was found dead in a brook at Watertown, Mass.

John Moray was drowned at New York while trying to board a moving ferryboat.

Patrick McLaughlin, 70 years old, hanged himself at the state almshouse at Providence.

William B. Brewer, a Boston lawyer, became suddenly insane as a result of an attack of the grip.

Peter Redpath of Montreal, a merchant and an educational philanthropist, has died at Chislehurst, Eng.

The American ship Louisiana, long overdue at San Francisco, has been reported 700 miles off shore.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken steps to stop the sale of "chameleons."

The New Haven Law and Order league has petitioned the courts to investigate charges of corrupt practices by the prosecuting attorney.

Points For Informers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—A new circular directs that information concerning customs frauds shall be conveyed by the informer direct to the "chief officer" of a port, except when it may be impracticable and improper. A neglect of this precaution will hazard the right of the informer to any compensation.

Appeal of Parnellites.

DUBLIN, Feb. 3.—Members of the Parnellite party have issued a manifesto to Irishmen, appealing for funds and declaring that the present government of England is a confessed failure; that it is the same as the Conservative government, and that home rule has been thrust on one side.

Tax Riots In India.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 3.—Serious riots, in the attempts of the authorities to collect revenue, have occurred at Gauhati and Mangoldai. At Mangoldai the police fired on the mob and killed 15 persons.

Seven Years For Burglary.

SALEM, Mass., Feb. 3.—In the superior criminal court Frank Mellows, for burglary of an unoccupied summer residence at Andover, was sentenced to seven years in state prison.

Founded the Swiss Army.

AARAU, Feb. 3.—General Herzog, the founder of the Swiss army organization, is dead. The cause of his death was influenza of the lungs.

A Million For New York Parks.

ALBANY, Feb. 3.—Governor Flower has signed the act appropriating $1,000,000 for park improvements in New York city.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Old Hundred 10c. cigar.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted plants and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

E. G. Parker, 28 East Merrimack street, will clear his elevator of coal. His prices are what will do it. See ad.

The greatest favor you can confer on friends is to give them your photo. The place to get photos taken is at Marion's, Barrister's hall.

The swindler who worked a young woman for $20 and an umbrella on Tyler street a few days ago did the same thing at Fitchburg Thursday, getting $15 from a poor woman. The fellow got away.

The participants in the Spanish dance at the kermiss, together with friends were entertained Thursday evening by Miss Nellie Hicks of Royal street. Prof. Baril entertained the company with several feats of legerdemain, and games were played and refreshments served.

A series of practical talks has been arranged by the Y. M. C. A. The subjects, speakers and dates are: Feb. 13, Rev. W. J. Yarrow, "On the carboniferous age;" Feb. 28, Rev. R. G. Seymour, "Work;" Mar. 7, Rev. Hugh Montgomery, "Missions, as I saw them in Europe during the summer of 1893;" Mar. 14, Rev. W. T. Leland, "The glacial or ice period;" Mar. 28, Rev. H. W. O. Millington, "Character building."

A Sad Case.

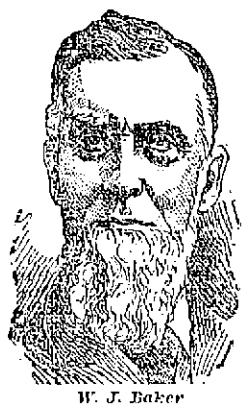
Dr. Ricker was called with the ambulance to the club room of the Pawtucketville Social club, where Thomas Conley, a young man about 20 years of age, had been living for three days in a very ill condition. Conley, it seems, was out of work and without money or a home, called at the club room a few days ago, knowing some of the members and asked if he might rest. The members taking pity on him made him a comfortable bed and furnished him with food, and some whiskey which they thought might cure his cold. The following day he went out but came back again and practically lived there for three days, the members doing all in their power to aid him. Last evening his condition became so bad that after a consultation the members decided to call the ambulance. Conley hails from Lewiston Me., and is now at St. John's hospital in critical condition.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL.

Democrats In the Legislature Refrain From Debating.

The democratic members of the legislature have refrained from taking part in the debate on the women's suffrage bill, preferring to leave the talking with the republicans. The democrats are opposed to the bill and will vote against it on principle. There is no doubt that should the bill pass, there will be more democrats than republicans qualified vote. This would be especially so in this city, as may be seen from the school-committee contest last year. It will be remembered that the women whose sympathies were with the republican party began to register early, and had quite a lead on their democratic friends. However in three days the democrats got out more women voters than the republicans did in two weeks.

The republicans of the legislature refused to allow the bill to be submitted to male voters, in order to obtain their will in the matter. An amendment to submit to the male voters and as many women voters as might be registered at a certain date, was likewise defeated by the republicans. Is not the principle of referendum involved here, and does it not show that these same republican legislators lack confidence in the intelligence of the people, who are privileged to vote?



W. J. Baker
North Pembroke, Mass.

After the Grip

Relief from Hood's Sarsaparilla Wonderful and Permanent.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I had kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, which was brought about by a cold contracted while in camp at Lisnfield in 1862. I have been troubled more or less since that time and have been unable to do any heavy work, much less any lifting. I received only temporary relief from medicines. Last spring I had an attack of the grip, which left me with

A Bad Cough, Very Weak

physically, in fact my system was completely run down. I tried a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel so much better that I continued taking it, and have taken six bottles. It has done wonders for me, as I have not been so free from my old pains and troubles since the war. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a God-sent blessing to the suffering." WILLIAM J. BAKER, North Pembroke, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

POLICE COURT.

Week Is Brought to a Close in a Quiet Way.

Two drunks.

Philip Marchand, the boy who confessed to having broken into the trunk of Josephine Desrosiers last Novembers was held in $100 until Feb. 9.

Eugene Forget forgot to pay his board and was charged with illegally removing baggage. He was placed on probation.

After the Scamp.

It is thought that the man who swindled a girl out of $20 on Tyler street last week is under arrest in Fall River. Inspector Laflamme went to Fall River today with the young lady who was swindled to see if she can identify him.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

One Reason Why You Should Trade With Us.

22 lbs. best granulated sugar for $1.00. Think of it, saving you eleven per cent. on goods always sold at cost by the general trade. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

To Keep Workmen Busy.

I will make ulsters, overcoats and winter suits at cost. Trousers $4.75 up, perfect fitting garments guaranteed. Louis Alexander, successor to Emerson, tailor, 65 Central St.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. D. Swift, 9 Hurlburts hall. Telephone 405-4.

HARD TIMES!

MUST ECONOMIZE!

These statements voiced by all Women are the best economists; they do the shopping because they recognize bargains the quickest.

Chalifoux's Ladies' Shoe Parlor

—AND—

Men's and Children's Shoe Depts.

Are crowded daily in consequence of

CHALIFOUX'S

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARING SALE

The item of footwear forms no inconsiderable portion of the family expense account, and a saving of twenty to thirty per cent. on the purchase price is a great attraction to shoe buyers Thousands are taking advantage of this sale.

Our Shoes Fit Right.

Hence NO ACHES, NO CORNS, NO BUNIONS. Every Shoe perfect, correct in style and perfect in fit. If any doubt of this statement exists, personal investigation will conclusively prove otherwise.

J. L. CHALIFOUX

Central and Middle Streets.

BACHELLER, DUMAS & CO.

Paper Ruling, Book and Pamphlet Binding, Blank Books a Specialty

18 CHURCH STREET.

The Largest Stock of Plumbing and Steam Goods for sale at the Lowest Prices by The H. R. Barker M'fg Co., 158-170 Middle St.

JOHN B. COLEMAN

Fire Insurance Agent,

Will write Fire Insurance Policies in first-class companies on household furniture, dwelling houses, barns, etc., at lowest rates. Parties better call on Mr. Coleman before insuring elsewhere. Both Stock and Mutual Companies represented.

ROOM 7, POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Conant & Company,

338 and 340 Central Street,

CUT PRICES

—ON—

STREET AND STABLE BLANKETS

TO REDUCE STOCK.

LOOK AT OUR $9.00 HARNESS.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

We are now Inventorying and when completed we shall offer Bargains that will interest every reader of this paper. For this week we shall offer PARLOR STOVES at prices that will not cover the cost, as we need money and want to close out our stock of stoves at some prices. A few more Quilts at the same low figures of last week. Special Sale on Pictures and Easels for this week. Do not pass by without calling.

J. J. GAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

PANTS,

Trousers, Breeches,

THE MERRIMACK CLOTHING ASSOCIATE BUILDING LOWELL, MASS.

PANTALOONS.

Call them what you will, they will still be sold lower here than elsewhere. Yes, on some qualities it may be only 5c. or 10c. a pair, and on the better grades 50c. to $1.00 a pair; but then it is a saving, and with the present scarcity of employment you should economize to the single penny's worth. We have three LEADERS for SATURDAY in Young Men's and Men's sizes.

1 Lot Fine All-wool Pants $1.75, actually worth $3.00 a pair.

1 Lot extra quality Fancy Cassimeres, $3.95 a pair, Shuman's custom made, worth $6.00.

1 Lot Fine Fancy Worsteds, in stripes and checks, $2.98, worth $5.00.

1 Lot Boys' Knee Pants, strictly all-wool nobby, fancy Cassimeres, regular $1.00 goods, for SATURDAY and MONDAY 50c. a pair, at

MERRIMACK CORNER, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

FROM A DIME TO A DOLLAR.

—xOx—

Only a Dime is worth saving on a Pair of Rubbers, 25c. to $1 and upwards on better goods. The more expensive the quality of goods the greater the reduction.

We are overhauling our stock and cutting prices to meet the stringency of the times. Do not buy because we want to sell, but if you must buy we will save you from a dime to $1.00 on Rubber and Leather Footwear.

Staple goods are always good value. You can buy them now cheaper than some time hence. Some goods at half price. It may pay you to come and see what we are doing.

—OXO—

O'SULLIVAN BROS., Op. City Hall.

Best Haxall Flour $4.75 per Barrel.

BEST No. 1 ONIONS, 75c. Per Bushel.

30 lb. PAILS JELLY, 4c. Per lb.

5 lb. PAILS JAM, 40c. Each.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Corham St.

Arthur M. Bertrand,

(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)

MERCHANT TAILOR.

FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

14 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dress Suits to Let.

COAL DELIVERED IN BAGS.

100 lbs. in each Bag.
20 Bags to the Ton.
No Dust.
No Scattering of Coal.

No Noise. No injury to Lawns. Order your Coal Delivered in Bags.

Wm. Kittredge Co.

Office: 38 MIDDLE STREET.
Yard: Foot of POND STREET.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at the SUN office

FRED H. ETHIER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

All orders promptly attended to.

Wareroome, 333 Moody Street.
Residence, 411 Moody Street.

Livery Stable, 64 Ford Street.

WHY USE ELLINGWOOD'S COUGH BALSAM?

Because It cures without delay, And cures forever and a day.
Because Each bottle the makers try, And warrant that 'twill satisfy.
Because Though worth its weight in gold, The price is small at which 'tis sold.
Because Wherever you may be bound, This remedy is easily found.
Because It's winning fame in every state, From the Spindle City to the Golden Gate.

PREPARED BY

Ellingwood & Co.,

PHARMACISTS,

Merrimack Street, opp. Post Office.

109 Central Street, Hamilton Drug Store.

And Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Only 25c. for a trial-size bottle.

If you have a sore arm try one of our Vaccination Shields.

A discussion which took place the other evening among a number of old smokers was as to the merits of the best cigar and the honors easily came to

Curfew 10c. Cigar.

LOWELL

OPERA HOUSE,

Two Nights and Saturday Matinee.

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2 and 3,

Return of the big show. Greatest indoor entertainment in the world. The mammoth $100,000 Production. C. B. Jefferson's, Klaw & Erlanger's

COUNTRY CIRCUS.

Greater, grander, more gorgeous than ever 100 people, 50 horses and ponies. A world of novelties in the ring, including the leaping phenomenon, JOE DARBY, champion jumper of the world. Three big shows in one pageant, three big shows in one circus.

No advance in prices, 25, 50, 75c, and $1.

Special Children's Matinee Saturday at 2.30 p. m. Seats on sale Wednesday.

Monday, Feb. 5th.

Oscar Wilde's Play,

Lady Windermere's Fan.

Direction of Charles Frohman.

The greatest social comedy since Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

PRICES, $1.00, 75c, 50c., 35c., 25c., 10c. Seats on sale Friday at 10 a. m.

Primrose & West's

SPECTACULAR, FARCICAL ABSURDITY,

MONTE CARLO,

Presenting the famous minstrel comedians, GEORGE WILSON, assisted by the GORMAN BROTHERS (late proprietors of the German Minstrels) and a host of others equally clever. The pretty faces of burlesque, the melody of grand opera, the rollicking fun of minstrelsy, and the consuming and scenic splendor of a Parisian spectacle.

Prices $1, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c. Seats ready Monday.

BIJOU THEATRE

EDWARD C. BASCOM, Manager.

ENTIRE WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 29.

Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

THE GAIETY BURLESQUE CO.

20-ARTISTS.-20.

Opening with a

Mastodon Female Minstrel Performance

....MISS EVA RAYMOND,....
In Popular Vocal Selections.
....BRYANT AND CLEVER,....
In a Taking Comedy Sketch.
....DOT CLEARY,....
In Neat Skirt Dances.
....FERGUSON AND HALE,....
In an Irish Comedy Sketch.
....EDDIE ODEL,....
A Clever Contortionist.
....CASTELLET AND HALL....
In a Strong Musical Act.
....CHARLES ADAMS,....
A Funny Dutch Comedian.

The performance to conclude with a funny afterpiece, "Irish Justice," by the entire comp'y.

Popular Prices: 10, 20, and 30 cents.

Music - Hall

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Nights, Miss Tucker's Society Play,

QUEENA.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday and Saturday Matinee,

Under the Gaslight,

Introducing the Imperial Quartet, re-engaged for these three nights.

SPECIAL—Miss Tucker's Photograph given on Monday and Friday nights, to every lady and gentleman occupying a reserved seat.

The Mikado.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Merry Opera

Will be produced by the best local talent in behalf of the SACRED HEART CHURCH,

HUNTINGTON HALL,

Tuesday, Feb. 6th.

In the cast will be Lowell's favorite singers: Misses Mabel Ware, Sylvia Burnham, Minnie E. Clifford and Adelaide Sullivan, and Messrs. D. H. Haily of Waltham, James A. Murphy, David A. McHugh, D. S. O'Brien, and W. B. Tyrell.

Tickets now on Sale.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,

LOWELL, MASS.

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies

ESTABLISHED 1852. --- CHARTERED 1865.

This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

Great Cut in Prices

For the Next Ten Days

—AT—

YOUNG'S

GREAT

Stock Reducing Sale

111 CENTRAL ST.

39c. Tam O'Shanters, only 15c. each.

39c. Heavy Jersey Vests and Pants, 29c. each.

29c. Heavy Jersey Vests, 20c. each.

98c. Ladies' All-Wool Scarlet Vests, now 69c. each.

9 doz. Gent's Random Wool Shirts and Drawers, only 50c. each, worth 98c

Children's Merino Vests and Pants from 10c. upwards.

20c. buys a large Skein Best Scotch Yarn, well worth 30c.

Best Germantown Yarn 12½c. a skein.

50c. Corsets, all sizes, now 39c. pair.

Children's All-Wool Hose 8c. a pair; just Half Price.

20c. Large Muslin Aprons 10c. each.

Our 12½c. Large Gingham Aprons are the talk of the city.

Ladies' 10c. Fleeced Fast Black Hose 6c. a pair.

Ladies' Jerseys at prices to suit the hard Times.

39c. Jerseys, all sizes, 25c. each.

49c. Jerseys in dark colors, with Jabot Fronts, 39c. each.

Men's Merino Seamless Hose 11c. pair.

Ladies' Gauntlet Gloves 15c. a pair, regular price 35c. a pair. Hamburg Edging from 1c. a yard; an elegant line; come and see it, and lots of other bargains at the Bargain Store of Lowell,

YOUNG'S,

111 Central Street.